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# SPECIMENS

OF THE

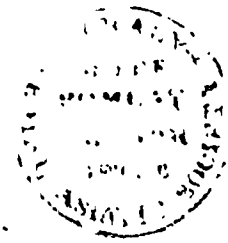
# Later English Poets,

*WITH PRELIMINARY NOTICES;*

BY ROBERT SOUTHEY.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. I.



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# PREFACE.

I. THESE volumes are intended to accompany Mr. Ellis's well known Specimens of the Early English Poets. That series concludes with the reign of Charles II, this begins with that of James his successor: the two together will exhibit the rise, progress, decline and revival of our Poetry, and the fluctuations of our poetical taste, from the first growth of the English language to the present times. A slight difference has been made in arrangement; instead of sorting the Poets, according to the reigns in which they flourished, I have noticed each under the year of his death, where that could be ascertained, otherwise according to the date of his chief publication. It was desirable that the series should be brought down to the end of the last century, and this order deter-

mined whom it should include. In consequence of this arrangement a few names will be found, which are included in the work of Mr. Ellis.

Many worthless versifyers are admitted among the English Poets, by the courtesy of criticism, which seems to conceive that charity towards the dead may cover the multitude of its offences against the living. There were other reasons for including here the reprobate, as well as the elect. My business was to collect specimens as for a *hortus siccus*; not to cull flowers as for an anthology. I wished, as Mr. Ellis has done in the earlier ages, to exhibit specimens of every writer, whose verses appear in a substantive form, and find their place upon the shelves of the collector. The taste of the publick may better be estimated from indifferent Poets than from good ones; because the former write for their contemporaries, the latter for posterity. Cleveland and Cowley, who were both more popular than Milton, characterise their age more truly. Fame, indeed, is of slow growth; like the Hebrew language, it has no present tense. Popularity has no future one. The gourd

which sprang up in a night withered in a day. The list of these writers, will inevitably be imperfect. Of all branches of knowledge bibliology, though always becoming more and more needful, is that in which the student of our literature can find the fewest works to guide his researches. I have, however, to acknowledge with pleasure, much personal assistance. Mr. Heber's stores have been open to me on this, as on former occasions; so also has Mr. Hill's ample collection of English Poetry. The worthy heart of Mr. Isaac Reed would have rejoiced to have known the advantages I have derived from his rare Library, and still rarer knowledge; but while I am adding one more testimony of esteem and thanks to the many due to him, I hear of an event, which places him beyond my praise or my gratitude. Grosvenor Charles Bedford, an old and dear friend, with whom I have lived in habits of unbroken intimacy, since we were school-boys together, has been my coadjutor in the work, has selected many of the specimens, supplied many of the prefatory notices, and conducted

the whole through the press, which, in a situation so remote from London as that of my residence, it was impossible I could do myself.

The biographical notices might easily have been extended, had it been consistent with the plan, or the limits of this selection. Of a few great writers it was unnecessary to say anything—of some ignoble ones sufficient to say what they had written. I have, in a few instances, rather inserted a piece of inferior merit, than those which are so well known, as to be printed in every collection.

II. The collections of our Poets are either too scanty, or too copious. They reject so many, that we know not why half whom they retain should be admitted; they admit so many, that we know not why any should be rejected. There is a want of judgement in giving Bavius a place; but when a place has been awarded him, there is a want of justice in not giving Mævius one also. The sentence of Horace concerning middling Poets is disproved by daily experience; whatever the Gods may do, certainly the publick and the booksellers tolerate them.

When Dr. Aikin began to re-edite Johnson's collection, it was well observed in the Monthly Magazine, 'that to our best writers there should be more commentary; and of our inferior ones less text.' But Johnson begins just where this observation is applicable, and just where a general collection should end. Down to the Restoration it is to be wished, that every Poet, however unworthy of the name, should be preserved. In the worst volume of elder date, the historian may find something to assist, or direct his enquiries; the antiquarian something to elucidate what requires illustration; the philologist something to insert in the margin of his dictionary. Time does more for books than for wine, it gives worth to what originally was worthless. Those of later date must stand or fall by their own merits, because the sources of information, since the introduction of newspapers, periodical essays, and magazines, are so numerous, that if they are not read for amusement, they will not be recurred to for anything else. The Restoration is the great epoch in our annals, both civil and literary: a

new order of things was then established, and we look back to the times beyond, as the Romans under the Empire, to the age of the Republick.

III. The early history of poetry, in every nation of modern Europe is the same; the Monks wrote hymns and legends, while war-songs were composed for the Chieftains and Soldiers, who were as yet only half converted. It is idle to look for the origin in any particular place. Wherever language is found, verse of some kind or other is found also. Wherever any of the Gothick, or any of the Romance languages was spoken; that is, in every country of modern Europe, except the Slavonick confines of barbarism which have never yet been civilized, the institutions, manners, and pursuits of the people were alike, and the same species of poetry was cultivated at the same time; and this similarity continued till the different nations had acquired each its peculiar character. Similar states of intellect produce similar customs; our ancestors tattooed themselves; scalping was a Gothick punishment; the Berserick fury of the Danes, differed only

in its accidents, and not in its essence from the Malay and Malabar practice of running a-muck. It requires, therefore, neither erudition nor hypothesis to explain why poetry is universal, nor why that peculiar species of fiction, which we call Romance, should be found in the early literature of every country, of which the early literature has been preserved. The mind has its instincts and appetites, as well as the body, and they are the same every where.

IV. That similar stories of war and wonders should have delighted nations widely separated from each other, is thus easily explicable; but that the same stories should be found in countries between which there neither was, nor could be, any communion, requires farther explanation. One instance out of many may suffice.

In the Spanish Romance of Alexander, written by Joan Lorenzo Segura de Astorga, about the middle of the thirteenth century, is a long description of Alexander's descent into the sea, in a house of glass, which I have elsewhere had occasion to quote, and therefore

will not repeat here. Where the Spaniard found the story I cannot say; if he is to be understood *literally, it was not a written legend, but one which he received from tradition.

In the Celtick Researches of Mr. Davies, of Olveston, is the following passage, from one of the old Welch Bards... 'I wonder it is not perceived, that Heaven had promised the earth a mighty chief, Alexander the Great, the Macedonian; *Hewyss,* the Iron Genius, the renowned warrior descended into the deep. Into the deep he went, to search for the mystery *(Kelayddyd.)* In quest of science let his mind be importunate, let him proceed on his way in the open air, between two † griffins, to catch a view—no view he obtained—to grant such a present would not be meet. He saw the wonders of the superior race in the fishy seas. He obtained that portion of the world, which

* *Unas facianas suelen las gentes retraer*
*Non yaz en escrito, é es grave de creer.*

† This also makes a part of the fable, both in the Spanish and German authors.

his mind had coveted, and in the end mercy from the God.'

In the German legend of St. Anno, written at the close of the year 1100, Mr. Coleridge has shewn me the same story of Alexander, thus related, with circumstances of greater sublimity than elsewhere; 'He let himself down to the bottom of the sea in a glass. Then his faithless followers cast the chain far away in the sea, and said, if thou wishest to see miracles, go roll for ever in the abyss. There he saw many a great fish, half fish and half man, that struck a vehement terrour into his heart. Then the politick man began to think how he might free himself. The sea surge rolled him into the abyss: there through the glass he saw many wonders, till he greeted the severe ocean with some of his blood; when the ocean saw his blood, then it flung this lord upon the land.'

The Malays of Malacca, according to Diogo de Couto, had this tradition of the origin of their city. 'There was once a King of the world, who desired to see the wonders which are in

the ocean; and had an iron ark made with glass windows, into which he entered, and was lowered down. The king of the ocean received him well, and gave him his daughter in marriage; he lived with her till she had borne him two sons, then went up to visit his dominions and never returned. The wife, when her sons were about ten years old, mounted them on porpoises, and sent them in search of him; and the son of the younger brother founded Malacca.'

Whether this King of the world be Alexander (as is most probable) or not, here is the same story of a descent into the sea, in a diving-house, found in Malacca, Germany, Wales, and Spain; countries of which the languages are all radically different, and between which, when the poems in question were written, there was no communication. It would not be difficult to adduce many more such instances. The fictions of romance, and the stories of the jest-book, have travelled everywhere. The travels of the minstrels will not explain this; their travels were confined to a narrow circuit, they

were not learned in many tongues, and had no common one. But the Jews travelled everywhere; they frequented the uttermost parts of the East, before the wish of discovering the East had arisen in Europe; and they found their own language spoken in every part of the world, where wealth was to be obtained by industry. This subject cannot be pursued here; I shall enlarge upon it hereafter, in a work of more importance; it is now sufficient to express a decided opinion, that in the great literary interchange, which at an early time certainly took place, between Europe and the eastern world, the Jews were the brokers.

V. The classification of our Poets into schools is to be objected to, because it implies that we have no school of our own; a confession not to be admitted, till the prototypes and masters of Chaucer, Shakspeare, and Milton, are produced. We have had foreign fashions in literature, as well as in dress, but have at all times preserved in both, a costume and character of our own. The poems anteriour to Chaucer, are, without exception all, of those kinds which are

indigenous everywhere; legends, hymns, verse-chronicles and romances. The first imported fashion was the Provençal, or Lemosin. Chaucer composed his complimentary poems in this style; for such things it is well adapted, because its dreams and its allegories throw an obscurity over what in itself is mean and insignificant. The Romance of the Rose, which is the great work of this school, he must have translated for its reputation, and not for its merit. At that time any contribution to the quantity of vernacular verse was useful; but it is impossible not to regret, that the time bestowed upon this long and wearying rigmarole, had not been employed upon the Canterbury Tales.

Most of the poems before his time were composed in short lines, as, I believe it will be found that, the early poems of every country are, because they were designed for recitation; short lines were preferred, because they facilitated recollection, and these lines would be either echoingly alliterative, or have a strong cadence, like the Latin Adonics, or be connected by a quick recurrence of rhymes.

It is not easy to understand Chaucer's system of versification, whether it was metrical or rhythmical; to speak plainer, whether he intended that his verses should consist of a certain number of feet, or like the modern *Improvisatori* was satisfied, so they were melodious, without restricting himself to any laws, either of length or cadence. I am inclined to think that this was his system, because upon this system, he is more melodious, and the pronunciation which otherwise is required is so variable, that it seems as if it must always have appeared ridiculous. Be that as it may, it is evident that he had well weighed the subject of versification. Avoiding the harshness and obscurity of alliterative rhythm on the one hand, and on the other the frequent recurrence and intricate intertexture of rhymes which are found in some of the romances; he preferred forms less rude than the one, less artificial than the other; less difficult, and therefore more favourable to perspicuity than either. Chaucer, therefore, became the model of succeeding Poets; the ten-syllable couplet, in which

his best poems are composed, has become our most usual measure; and even when rhyme is disused, that length of line which he considered as best adapted for narrative, is still preferred for it.

Petrarca, Dante, and Chaucer, are the only Poets of the dark ages whose celebrity has remained uninjured by the total change of manners in Europe. The fame of Chaucer has not, indeed, extended so widely as theirs, because English literature has never obtained the same European circulation, as that of the easier languages of the South, and also because our language since his days has undergone a greater alteration than the Italian. To attempt any comparison between three writers, who have so little in common, would be ridiculous; but it may be remarked that Chaucer displays a versatility of talents, which neither of the others seem to have possessed: in which only Ariosto has approached, and only Shakspeare equalled him. Few, indeed, have been so eminently gifted, with all the qualifications of a Poet, essential or accidental. He was well versed

in all the learning of his age, even of the abstrusest kind; he had an eye and an ear, for all the sights and sounds of nature; humour to display human follies, and feeling to understand, and to delineate human passions. As a painter of manners, he is accurate as Richardson; as a painter of character, true to the life and spirit as Hogarth. It is impossible that he can ever regain his popularity, because his language has become obsolete; but his fame will stand. The more he is examined the higher he will rise in estimation. Old Poets in general are only valuable for their antiquity; Chaucer, on the contrary, is prevented only by his antiquity from being ranked among the greatest Poets of England; far indeed below Shakspeare and Milton, perhaps below Spenser, for his mind was less pure, and his beauties are scattered over a wider and more unequal surface,—but far above all others.

VI. The *ornate* style originated in Chaucer; he has just left specimens enough to shew that he had tried the experiment, and did not like it. Occleve, and others of his followers, however;

were loud in their commendations; they copied the peculiarities of their master, and thought they were imitating his beauties. The verses of Stephen Hawes are as full of barbarous sesquipedalian Latinisms, as the prose of the Rambler; but the mixture was too maccaronick for English ears, and never became fashionable. It succeeded better in Scotland; there it disfigured the verses of Sir David Lindsay, and the poems of Gavain Douglas, and continued as late as the days of James I, who, in his *Essayes of a Prentice in the Divine Art of Poesie*, among the *Reulis and Cautelis to be observit and eschewit in Scottis Poesie*, especially warns the aspirant to beware of *rhyming in termis, quhilk is to say, that your first or hindmost word in the lyne exceed not twa or thre syllabis at the maist, using thre als seindill as ye can.* He assigns as a reason, that all long words have a syllable in them so very long, that the length thereof eats up the other syllables in the same word which should be long by position, and so spoils the flowing of the line. Solomon the Second was right in his rule, and not wrong

in the reason which he assigned for it; but he might have found a more valid one. Poetry never can become popular unless it be perspicuous, and these long Latinisms were unintelligible to the people. The *ornate* style has been tried in most modern languages, and fallen wherever it has been tried, first into ridicule, and then into disuse.

VII. From Chaucer to the days of Henry VIII, no progress was made in literature; in those days it could not flourish without patronage, and the men of rank who should have patronized it perished by the sword, or by the axe. Lydgate and Barclay did nothing but contribute largely to the quantity of English verse; but it must be remembered that this was doing much. No improvement was made, no innovation attempted; the several species of poetry in use continued, without alteration, being either such as were common to all countries, and borrowed from the French, or dull moral ballads, virelays, and roundelays, perhaps borrowed from the Spaniards. Under Henry VIII, it is wonderful to behold the progress of fine

literature, amidst an age of theological controversy and incessant persecution. As to the necessity and propriety of intolerance both parties were agreed, and it would be difficult to say which was the most sincere in its bloody practice. But those accursed opinions, which represent the Creator as a malignant principle, and by a consistent system of morals and of worship tend to deaden and debase the human intellect, had not yet gained ground; and Literature, by the first controversies of the Reformation, gained more than it lost. Poetry, however, owes less to it than Prose. Skelton, in his strange style, first attacked the Reformers, and then aided them; the Church of Rome was ridiculed in mysteries and songs, and the school of Sternhold and Hopkins was established—a school in which the succession of masters has been uninterrupted; the fanaticks of our own days being as much edified as the Psalm-singers of King Edward's, with godly songs, and the sorrowful sobs of simple sinners. Poetry gained nothing by these efforts, but happily it lost nothing. In Scotland, where fanaticism even-

tually triumphed, the fine arts were extirpated; John Knox was the Hebert of the Reformation.

During this reign the Italian forms of poetry were introduced by Wyatt and Surry; blank-verse was invented; Tragedy and Comedy were brought to a regular shape; and the Mirror of Magistrates led the way to our historical dramas. The reign of Mary checked all these buddings, like an East-wind in May; but under Elizabeth they burst into full blossom with the sudden luxuriance of an Arctick summer.

VIII. There is here no room to speak of the great Poets of Elizabeth's age; let it suffice to mention Spenser, whom none of the chivalrous Poets have surpassed, and Shakspeare, who remains, and perhaps is for ever to remain, unequalled. Experiments in versification were made more generally than they have been in any subsequent times. Sidney's scheme of introducing the Roman metres has been often ridiculed; they however who ridicule the failure of this attempt have not considered its cause. He, and his associates, proceeded upon the im-

practicable project of reducing the English language to the rules of Latin prosody; which was nothing less than changing the national system of pronunciation. That many classical metres, and the hexameter in particular, may advantageously be naturalized, if accent be substituted for quantity, I am perfectly convinced; Goldsmith was of the same opinion, and the fact has been proved in Germany. The experiments in the Arcadia, the Drama and Eclogues of Abraham Fraunce, and above all the four books of the Æneid by Stanihurst, could excite nothing but wonder, ridicule, and disgust, and accordingly the scheme seems to have died away with its great patron—a man of whom, mistaken as he was in this single instance, it is not possible to speak in terms of higher admiration, than his great and various excellencies deserve.

The ten syllable couplet was now generally rejected in narrative. Stanzas were either adopted in its place, as by Daniel; by Drayton in his Barons' Wars, and by Spenser, the great master of English versification; the long

ballad line of fourteen syllables, as by Warner and by most of the translators; or the Alexandrine, as in the Polyolbion. Chalkhill's Fragment, and the Odyssey of Chapman, are the only instances of the common measure which I recollect.

The poetry of this, our golden age, is usually said to have been formed upon the Italian school. Sonnets, it is true, swarmed; but there is little other reason for the assertion, for romance and allegory did not originate in Italy, and the Faëry Queen therefore is not of the Italian school; but of the same school as the Italians. Never, in any age, was the literary intercourse of Europe so rapid as in this; whatever works of real value appeared in France or Italy, Spain or Portugal, were immediately made our own, whether prose or verse, history or travels, science, or the miscellanies of omnifarious scraps which abounded in every country, and contained so much knowledge with so much errour. The industry of our good old translators, (let me not be understood as using the epithet good contemp-

tuously,) is truly wonderful; in our days the author, who should be rash enough to publish one such volume, as the many which Edward Grimeston and Philemon Holland sent into the world, would, in all probability, be punished for his folly by imprisonment for life at the suit of his printer. How is it that the purchasers of books were so much more numerous then than now?

IX. From the time of Shakspeare to that of Milton, our taste was rather retrograde than progressive. The metaphysical poetry, as it has not very happily been termed, gained ground, and seduced many men whose quick and shaping fancy might else have produced works worthy of immortality. Donne could never have become a Poet, unless Apollo, taking his ears under his divine care, would have wrought as miraculous a change in their internal structure, as of old he wrought in the external of those of Midas. The power of versifying is a distinct talent, and a metrical ear has little more connexion with intellect than a musical one. Of this, Donne is a suffi-

cient example. In Cowley, the metaphysical style arrived at perfection, and with him it may be said to have ended. Butler is to be classed with these Poets, and he has the single merit of having applied happily and appropriately a style so monstrous.

In the higher departments of poetry, no successful effort was made during half a century. Beaumont's Psyche, and Henry More's Song of the Soul, the two longest and most laborious productions, are unreadably dull. Sandy's translation of Ovid is less musical than Golding's; and May, though more truly a Poet than Daniel, and perhaps than Drayton, counterbalanced the advantage which Nature had given him, by writing in couplets, the very worst possible measure for narrative, but which was now insensibly gaining ground. The Drama was extinguished: that race of dramatick writers which no other age and no other country has yet equalled, had past away, and there was no encouragement to raise up successors. The nation was too busy to be amused, and we had now imbibed the barbarizing superstition of Scotland. Far be it from me to speak of the Puritans

without respect, but their religious tenets as they regard discipline I think bad, and as they regard doctrinals worse. Fanaticism, in whatever shape it appears, is fatal to intellectual advancement.

The minor kinds of poetry flourished; from no writers can so beautiful an anthology be formed, as from those of this age. Wither and Quarles deserve especial mention, notwithstanding the frequent oddities of the one, and the long fits of dullness of the other.

X. After the Restoration the people had leisure for fine literature, but the return of Charles had nearly proved more fatal to it than all the preceding troubles. Milton was excepted from the act of amnesty; and the mercy which induced the worst of a bad race to spare him, was so capricious, and apparently so motiveless, that it may almost be considered as providential. A French school was now established in the country of Chaucer, of Spenser, and of Shakspeare, in that country wherein Milton still flourished; that is to say, where in age, blindness, poverty and disgrace, he produced the Paradise Lost; but *flourished* is the

word which historians and biographers use when they speak of learned men, whose lives are usually past in difficulty and distress, and I preserve it because it is so excellently inapplicable. In an age of such shameless profligacy, the Paradise Lost could not be duly appreciated. Andrew Marvel indeed praised it, and praise from such a man must have been gratifying even to Milton; Dryden turned an epigram in its commendation; but if Dryden had had any real feeling of the excellence of what he commended, he could never have debased its subject by his abominable drama. This was all the contemporary praise which it received. It was impossible that any work of Milton's could become fashionable under the Stuarts. His fame, says Winstanley, is gone out, and stinketh like the snuff of a candle, because he was a most notorious traitor, and did belie the memory of that blessed martyr King Charles I. But though Milton himself had laboured under no political odium, his wonderful work was of too high a character to become popular, till the people were instructed to admire it. The opinion of the few

was at length transmitted to the many, aided by the story of the poem which gave it a sort of religious authority; and now every-body believes in the merit of Paradise Lost, as they believe in their Creed, and in ninety-nine instances out of a hundred, with as little comprehension of the mysteries of the one as of the other.

XI. The Drama revived—but what a revival! It was like Samson waking in the lap of Dalilah, after he had been shorn of his strength. Tragedy was rant and rhyme; Comedy absurdity and obscenity.—At no time was the public taste (dim enough at all times) so utterly darkened; for Settle divided the suffrages of the people with Dryden.

The writers of this and the succeeding generation, understood their own character better than it has been understood by their successors; they called themselves Wits instead of Poets, and Wits they were; the difference is not in degree, but in kind. They succeeded in what they aimed at, in satire and in panegyric, in ridiculing an enemy, and in flattering

a friend; in turning a song, and in complimenting a lady; in pointing an epigram, and in telling a lewd tale; in these branches of literary art, the Birmingham trade of verse, they have rarely been surpassed. Whatever praise may be given to them as versifiers, as wits, as reasoners, they may deserve; but versification, and wit, and reason, do not constitute poetry. The time which elapsed from the days of Dryden to those of Pope, is the dark age of English poetry.

XII. To Dryden and Pope the honour of having perfected our versification is commonly attributed; it is true only with respect to the couplet, the best example of which is assuredly to be found in Dryden, from whom it has been handed down to us as the prescriptive form of metre for all long poems, whatever be their tone or temper. He wrote it with less negligence than his predecessors, and with more vigour than his followers; more variously than the latter, more melodiously than the former. For improving this measure, too much has been ascribed to Waller, and not enough to Prior.

From Prior, Pope adopted some of the most conspicuous artifices of his verse.

*Plus la poësie est devenuë difficile, plus elle est belle,* is the saying of Voltaire; and since the days of Boileau, who communicated to Racine that notable receipt of making the second line of a couplet first, it has been the fundamental article of critical belief in France. Pope was completely a Frenchman in his tastè; he imported *l' art de parler toûjours convenablement*, the *etiquette* and *bienséance*, the court language and full-dress costume of verse. However, that there is any difficulty in all this, experience has sufficiently disproved. What Lord Holland has so well said of Lope de Vega, may be applied with the same strict propriety to Pope. 'The beneficial influence of his works on the tastè and literature of the nation may be questioned.—He so familiarized his countrymen with the mechanism of verse; he supplied them with such a store of commonplace images and epithets; he coined such a variety of convenient expressions, that the very facility of versification seems to have pre-

vented the effusions of genius, and the redundancy of poetical phrases to have superseded all originality of language.'

Pope, though he imitated Boileau, is, in fact, as much superiour to him, as the English language is, in the opinion of an Englishman, superiour to the French. There is in him a bottom of sound sense, not to be found amid all the wit of his master. He is the first of his kind; but to class him with great Poets,—to say that he is a writer of the *same kind* as Milton and Shakspeare,—is as absurd as it would be to class the Æneid with the *Propria quæ maribus;* verse is common to them, and verse is all which they have in common.

XIII. The Anglo-Gallican School, which Pope had perfected, died with him. The tune, indeed, which he set, every poetizer, whether man, woman, or child, has been singing ever since; and we are still referred to him as the perfect Poet, by those who hold that poetry is an acquirable art,—the materialists of fine literature; but not one writer since his days, who has acquired the slightest popularity, has been formed upon this school. Even in his own days the

Reformation began. Thomson recalled the nation to the study of nature, which, since Milton, had been utterly neglected. Young's manner is unique; a compound of wit and religious madness; but that madness is the madness of a man of genius. Glover imitated the Greeks; Gilbert West began a school half Greek, half Gothick, which was followed by Mason, Gray, and Warton, and is to be traced in Akenside and Collins.

Meantime the growing taste for Shakspeare gradually brought our old writers into notice. Warton aided in this good work, which was forwarded more effectually by the publication of the Reliques of Ancient Poetry, the great literary epocha of the present reign, which will prove to English poetry, what the discovery of the Pandects did to jurisprudence. Of my contemporaries I am not required to speak; they do not fall within the limits of this series; there are many among them of whom it would have given me pleasure to speak in praise, and this I say, that silence may not be interpreted as implying censure.

# CHRONOLOGICAL LIST OF POETS,

## FROM WHOSE WORKS EXTRACTS HAVE BEEN GIVEN IN THESE VOLUMES.

As in many instances it has not been possible to ascertain the precise year of an author's birth or death, the reader is requested to observe, that when the word *about* precedes the date, it must be understood to be correct within two or three years; where a mark of interrogation is annexed, the date is only offered as an approximation deduced from the author's earliest compositions.

| | Born | Died |
|---|---|---|
| 1 Thomas, Otway - - - - | 1651 | 1685 |
| 2 Anne Killigrew, - - - | 1660 | 1685 |
| 3 Edmund Waller, - - - | 1605 | 1687 |
| 4 George Villers, Duke of Buckingham, - - - - - - - | 1628 | 1687 |
| 5 Sir George Etherege, - - | 1636 | 1688 |
| 6 Charles Cotton, - - - - | 1630 | 1687 |
| 7 Aphra Behn, - - - - - | —— | 1689 |
| 8 Walter Scott, - - - - - | 1613 | 1690 |

| | | Born | Died |
|---|---|---|---|
| 9 | Nathaniel Lee, - - - - - | —— | 1691 |
| 10 | Thomas Shadwell, - - - | 1640 | 1692 |
| 11 | William Mountford, - - | 1659 | 1692 |
| 12 | Sir William Killigrew, - - | 1605 | 1693 |
| 13 | Sir Robert Howard, - - | —— | 1698 |
| 14 | Charles Hopkins, - - - | 1664 | 1700 |
| 15 | John Dryden, - - - - - | 1631 | 1701 |
| 16 | Sir Charles Sedley, - - - | 1639 | 1701 |
| 17 | John Pomfret, - - - - - | 1677 | 1703 |
| 18 | John Crowne, - - - - - | —— | abt. 1704 |
| 19 | Charles Sackville, Earl of Dorset, - - - - - - - | 1637 | 1704 |
| 20 | George Stepney, - - - | 1663 | 1707 |
| 21 | George Farquhar, - - - | 1678 | 1707 |
| 22 | John Phillips, - - - - | 1676 | 1708 |
| 23 | William Walsh, - - - - | 1663 | 1702 |
| 24 | Thomas Betterton, - - - | 1635 | 1710 |
| 25 | Lady Chudleigh, - - - | 1656 | 1710 |
| 26 | Richard Duke, - - - - | —— | 1710 |
| 27 | Edmund Smith, - - - - | 1668 | 1710 |
| 28 | William King, - - - - | 1668 | 1712 |
| 29 | Arthur Maynwaring, - - | 1668 | 1712 |
| 30 | William Harrison, - - - | —— | 1713 |
| 31 | Thomas Sprat, - - - - | 1656 | 1713 |
| 32 | William Wycherley, - - - | 1640 | 1715 |

| | | Born | Died |
|---|---|---|---|
| 33 | Mary Monk, - - - - - - | —— | 1715 |
| 34 | Charles Montague, Earl of Halifax, - - - - - - - | 1661 | 1715 |
| 35 | Sir Samuel Garth, - - - - | —— | 1717 |
| 36 | Thomas Parnell, - - | 1679 | 1717 |
| 37 | Peter Antony Motteaux, - | 1669 | 1718 |
| 38 | Nicholas Rowe, - - - - - | 1673 | 1718 |
| 39 | Henry Needler, - - - - - | 1690 | 1718 |
| 40 | Joseph Addison, - - - - - | 1672 | 1719 |
| 41 | John Hughes, - - - - - | 1677 | 1719 |
| 42 | John Sheffield, Duke of Buckingham, - - - - - - | 1649 | 1720 |
| 43 | Anne, Countess of Winchelsea, | —— | 1720 |
| 44 | Matthew Prior, - - - - - | 1664 | 1721 |
| 45 | Thomas D'Urfey, - - - - | —— | 1723 |
| 46 | Charles Gildon, - - - - - | 1665 | 1723 |
| 47 | De La Rivierre Manly, - - | —— | 1724 |
| 48 | Elkannah Settle, - - - - | 1666 | 1724 |
| 49 | George Sewell, - - - - - | —— | 1726 |
| 50 | Nicholas Brady, - - - - - | 1659 | 1726 |
| 51 | Sir John Vanbrugh, - - - - | —— | 1726 |
| 52 | William Pattison, - - - - | 1706 | 1727 |
| 53 | Richardson Pack, - - - - | —— | 1729 |
| 54 | William Congreve, - - - - | 1762 | 1729 |
| 55 | Sir Richard Blackmore, - - | —— | 1729 |

| | | Born | Died |
|---|---|---|---|
| 56 | Laurence Eusden, | —— | 1730 |
| 57 | Elijah Fenton, | —— | 1730 |
| 58 | Daniel De Foe, | 1670 | 1731 |
| 59 | Jabez Hughes, | 1685 | 1731 |
| 60 | John Gray, | 1688 | 1732 |
| 61 | John Dennis, | 1647 | 1733 |
| 62 | Constantia Grierson, | 1706 | 1733 |
| 63 | George Granville, Lord Lansdowne, | 1667 | 1735 |
| 64 | Samuel Wesley, 1st. | —— | 1734 |
| 65 | Mary Barber, | —— | pub. 1735 |
| 66 | Thomas Yalden, | 1669 | 1736 |
| 67 | Eustace Budgell, | 1685 | 1736 |
| 68 | H. Price, | —— | pub. 1736 |
| 69 | Elizabeth Rowe, | 1674 | 1737 |
| 70 | Matthew Green, | 1696 | 1737 |
| 71 | Thomas Sheridan, | —— | 1737 |
| 72 | Joseph Mitchell, | 1684 | 1738 |
| 73 | Samuel Wesley, 2d. | —— | 1739 |
| 74 | John Oldmixon, | —— | 1742 |
| 75 | Thomas Tickell, | 1686 | 1740 |
| 76 | Jane Brereton, | 1685 | 1740 |
| 77 | Nicholas Amhurst, | —— | 1742 |
| 78 | William Hinchcliffe, | 1692 | 1742 |
| 79 | William Somerville, | 1692 | 1742 |

| | | Born | Died |
|---|---|---|---|
| 80 | James Hammond, - - - - | 1710 | 1742 |
| 81 | Lord Paget, - - - - - - | —— | 1742 |
| 82 | Richard West, - - - - | 1716 | 1742 |
| 83 | Josiah Relph, - - - - - | 1712 | 1748 |
| 84 | Samuel Say, - - - - - | —— | 1743 |
| 85 | Henry Carey, - - - - - | —— | 1748 |
| 86 | Richard Savage, - - - - | 1697 | 1743 |
| 87 | Lord Harvey, - - - - - | —— | 1743 |
| 88 | Lewis Theobald, - - - - | —— | 1744 |
| 89 | Alexander Pope, - - - - | 1688 | 1744 |
| 90 | James Miller, - - - - - | 1703 | 1744 |
| 91 | William Broome, - - - - | —— | 1745 |
| 92 | John Whaley, - - - - - | —— | 1745 |
| 93 | Jonathan Swift, - - - - | 1667 | 1745 |
| 94 | Mary Chandler, - - - - - | 1687 | 1745 |
| 95 | Thomas Warton, - - - - | 1687 | 1745 |
| 96 | William Meston, - about | 1688 | 1745 |
| 97 | Robert Langley, uncertain | —— | —— |
| 98 | Thomas Southern - - - - | 1660 | 1746 |
| 99 | Robert Blair, - - - - - | 1694 | 1746 |
| 100 | Mary Leapor, - - - - - | 1722 | 1746 |
| 101 | Isaac Watts, - - - - - | 1674 | 1748 |
| 102 | Christopher Pitt, - - - - | 1699 | 1741 |
| 103 | James Thomson, - - - - | 1700 | 1748 |
| 104 | Ambrose Phillips, - - - - | 1671 | 1749 |

| | Born | Died |
|---|---|---|
| 105 Catharine Cockburne, - | 1679 | 1749 |
| 106 Leonard Welstead, - - - | 1688 | 1749 |
| 107 Samuel Boyse, - - - - | 1708 | 1749 |
| 108 Matthew Concanen, - - | —— | 1742 |
| 109 T. S. Desaguliers, - - - | —— | 1749 |
| 110 Aaron Hill, - - - - | 1684 | 1750 |
| 111 Laetitia Pilkington, - - - | 1712 | 1750 |
| 112 Samuel Croxall, - - - | —— | 1751 |
| 113 John Bancks, - - - - | 1709 | 1751 |
| 114 Thomas Fitzgerald, - - | 1645 | 1752 |
| 115 Elizabeth Tollett, - - - | 1694 | 1754 |
| 116 William Hamilton, - - | 1704 | 1754 |
| 117 George Jefferies, - - - | 1678 | 1755 |
| 118 William Hay, - - - - | 1695 | 1755 |
| 119 Stephen Duck, - - - - | —— | *1756* |
| 120 Gilbert West, - - - - | *1706* | *1756* |
| 121 William Collins, - - - | *1721* | *1756* |
| 122 Colley Cibber, - - - | *1621* | *1757* |
| 123 Edward Moore, - - - | *1711* | *1757* |
| 124 Moses Mendez, - - - - | —— | *1757* |
| 125 Richard Leveridge, - - | *1670* | 1758 |
| 126 John Dyer, - - - - - | 1700 | 1758 |
| 127 Sir Charles Hanbury Williams, - - - - - - | 1709 | 1759 |
| 128 James Cawthorne, - - - | 1721 | 1761 |

| | | Born | Died |
|---|---|---|---|
| 129 | James Ralph, - - - - - | —— | 1762 |
| 130 | Lady Mary Wortley Montague, - - - - - - - | —— | 1762 |
| 131 | George Bubb Doddington, Lord Melcombe, - - - | 1691 | 1763 |
| 132 | John Byrom, - - - - | 1691 | 1763 |
| 133 | William Shenstone, - - | 1714 | 1763 |
| 134 | Robert Dodsley, - - - | 1703 | 1764 |
| 135 | Charles Churchill, - - - | 1731 | 1764 |
| 136 | Robert Lloyd, - - - - | 1733 | 1764 |
| 137 | Edward Young, - - - | 1681 | 1765 |
| 138 | David Mallet, - - - - | 1709 | 1765 |
| 139 | John Brown, - - - - | 1715 | 1766 |
| 140 | Frances Sheridan, - - - | 1724 | 1767 |
| 141 | James Grainger, - - - | 1724 | 1767 |
| 142 | Nathaniel Evans, - - - | 1742 | 1767 |
| 143 | Michael Bruce, - - - - | 1746 | 1767 |
| 144 | Leonard Howard, - - - | —— | 1767 |
| 145 | John Gilbert Cooper, - - | 1723 | 4769 |
| 146 | Samuel Derrick, - - - | —— | 1J69 |
| 147 | James Merrick, - - - | 1719 | 1762 |
| 148 | William Falconer - - - | —— | 1770 |
| 149 | Henry Jones, - - - - | —— | 1770 |
| 150 | William Thompson, | abt. 1712 | abt. 1770 |
| 151 | Mark Akenside, - - - | 1721 | 1770 |

| | | Born | Died |
|---|---|---|---|
| 152 | Thomas Chatterton, - - - | 1752. | 1770 |
| 153 | Thomas Gray, - - - - - | 1716 | 1771 |
| 154 | Thomas Smollett, - - - - | 1720 | 1791 |
| 155 | Christopher Smart, - - - | 1712 | 1771 |
| 156 | Cuthbert Shaw, - - - - | 1738 | 1771 |
| 157 | George Canning, - - - - | —— | 1771 |
| 158 | William Wilkie, - - - - | 1721 | 1762 |
| 159 | James Graeme, - - - - | 1739 | 1772 |
| 160 | Walter Harte, - - - - - | 1700 | 1773 |
| 161 | George Lord Lyttleton, - | 1708 | 1773 |
| 162 | P. D. Stanhope, Earl of Chesterfield, - - - - - | 1694 | 1773 |
| 163 | John Cunningham, - - | 1729 | 1773 |
| 164 | James Dance, - - - - - | —— | 1774 |
| 165 | Charles Jenner, - - - - | —— | 1774 |
| 166 | Paul Whitehead, - - - | 1710 | 1774 |
| 167 | Oliver Goldsmith, - - - | 1729 | 1774 |
| 168 | Henry Baker, - - - - - | —— | 1774 |
| 169 | Edward Lovibond, - - | —— | 1775 |
| 170 | Daniel Bellamy, - - - | 1687. | 1776 |
| 171 | Evan Lloyd, - - - - - | 1734 | 1776 |
| 172 | Francis Fawkes, - - - | 1721 | 1777 |
| 173 | Paul Hifferman, - - - | 1719 | 1777 |
| 174 | Thomas Denton, - - - | —— | 1777 |
| 175 | William Dodd, - - - | 1739 | 1777. |

| | | Born | Died |
|---|---|---|---|
| 176 | Hugh Kelly, | 1739 | 1777 |
| 177 | Benjamin Victor, | —— | 1778 |
| 178 | David Garrick, | 1716 | 1779 |
| 179 | John Langhorne, | —— | 1779 |
| 180 | William Kenrick, | —— | 1779 |
| 181 | Thomas Penrose, | 1743 | 1779 |
| 182 | Sir William Blackstone, | 1723 | 1780 |
| 183 | James De La Cour, | 1709 | 1781 |
| 184 | Richard Jago, | 1715 | 1781 |
| 185 | Phanuel Bacon, | 1700 | 1783 |
| 186 | John Scott, | 1730 | 1783 |
| 187 | Henry Brooke, | 1706 | 1713 |
| 188 | George Alexander Stephens, | —— | 7784 |
| 189 | Samuel Johnson, | 1709 | 1784 |
| 190 | Richard Glover, | 1712 | 1785 |
| 191 | Myles Cooper, | —— | 1785 |
| 192 | William Whitehead, | 1741 | 1785 |
| 193 | Moses Browne, | 1703 | 1787 |
| 194 | Edmund Rack, | —— | 1787 |
| 195 | Soame Jenyns, | 1740 | 1787 |
| 196 | Robert Lowth, | 1710 | 1787 |
| 197 | Nathaniel Cotton, | —— | 1788 |
| 198 | Robert Earl Nugent, | 1709 | 1788 |
| 199 | John Logan, | 1748 | 1788 |
| 200 | Henry Headley, | —— | 1788 |

| | Born | Died |
|---|---|---|
| 201 Thomas Day, - - - - - | 1748 | 1789 |
| 202 Thomas Warton, - - - - | 1723 | 1790 |
| 203 Samuel Rogers, - - - - | —— | 1790 |
| 204 John Ellis, - - - - - - | 1698 | 1791 |
| 205 William Hayward Roberts, | 1734 | 1791 |
| 206 John Free, - - - - - - | —— | 1791 |
| 207 Thomas Blacklock, - - | 1721 | 1791 |
| 208 William Woty - - - - - | 1731 | 1791 |
| 209 James Marriott, - - - - | —— | 1723 |
| 210 Sir William Jones, - - - | 1746 | 1794 |
| 211 James Boswell, - - - - | —— | 1795 |
| 212 George Butt, - - - - - | —— | 1795 |
| 213 Samuel Bishop, - - - | 1731 | 1795 |
| 214 James Fordyce, - - - | 1721 | 1796 |
| 215 Thomas Cole, - - - - - | —— | 1796 |
| 216 James Macpherson, - - | 1738 | 1796 |
| 217 George Keate, - - - - - | 1730 | 1797 |
| 218 John Bampfylde, - - - - | —— | 1796 |
| 219 Horace Walpole, Earl of Orford, - - - - - - - - | —— | 1797 |
| 220 Robert Merry, - - - - | 1755 | 1798 |
| 221 Thomas Browne, - - - | 1771 | 1798 |
| 222 Joseph Warton, - - - | 1722 | 1800 |
| 223 William Cowper, - - - | 1731 | 1800 |

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'There is no poetical volume, be it never so small, but it requires some pains to bring it forth, or else a notable fluent knack of rhyming or versifying. And how small a matter is it for never so trivial a work, before it comes to be condemned to the drudgery of the chandler or tobacco-man, after the double expence of brain to bring it forth, and of purse to publish it to the world, to have this memorial,—*such a one wrote such a thing*. Besides that it will easily be imagined in works of this nature, that we write as well to the inquisitive as the judicious, to the curious as the critic. There are many busy inquirers after books,—not *good books*, but *books*,—what hath been written on such or such a subject. For these men who would grudge the slight mention of a book and its author?'

*Edward Phillips, the Nephew of Milton.*

# THOMAS OTWAY.

*Trottin, Sussex*, 1651—1685.

After experiencing several reverses of fortune in other walks of life, Otway took to writing for the stage. The age of Charles II. abounded in wit and licentiousness, and Otway was not deficient in either; his tragedies are however peculiarly tender and forcible. But Otway's reward is to be found in his posthumous fame; his contemporaries were blind to, or jealous of his merits, and he did not always meet the success he ought to have commanded. Poverty made his death more than commonly wretched; it is even said, that, in his extreme hunger, he was choaked with a piece of bread, which he was too eager in devouring: A bitter reflection on those who knew and slighted his claims to protection.

## *The Poet's Complaint of his Muse.*

AN ODE.

* * * * * *

III.

I AM a wretch of honest race:
My parents not obscure, nor high in titles were:
They left me heir to no disgrace.

My father was (a thing now rare)
Loyal and brave, my mother chaste and fair:
The pledge of marriage-vows was only I;
Alone I liv'd their much-loved fondled boy;
They gave me generous education; high
They strove to raise my mind; and with it grew their joy.
The sages that instructed me in arts,
And knowledge, oft wou'd praise my parts,
And cheer my parents' longing hearts.
When I was call'd to a dispute,
My fellow-pupils oft stood mute:
Yet never envy did disjoin
Their hearts from me, nor pride distemper mine.
Thus my first years in happiness I past,
Nor any bitter cup did taste:
But, Oh! a deadly portion came at last.
As I lay loosely on my bed,
A thousand pleasant thoughts triumphing in my head,
And as my sense on the rich banquet fed,
A voice (it seem'd no more, so busy I
Was with myself, I saw not who was nigh)
Pierc'd through my ears; 'Arise, thy good Senander's dead.'
It shook my brain, and from their feast my frighted senses fled.

IV.

From thence sad discontent, uneasy fears,
And anxious doubts of what I had to do,
Grew with succeeding years.
The world was wide, but whither should I go?
I, whose blooming hopes all wither'd were,
Who'd little fortune, and a deal of care?
To Britain's great metropolis I stray'd,
Where Fortune's general game is play'd;
Where honesty and wit are often praised,
But fools and knaves are fortunate and raised;
My forward spirit prompted me to find
A converse equal to my mind:
But by raw judgment easily misled,
(As giddy callow boys
Are very fond of toys)
I miss'd the brave and wise, and in their stead
On every sort of vanity I fed.
Gay coxcombs, cowards, knaves, and prating fools,
Bullies of o'ergrown bulks and little souls,
Gamesters, half-wits, and spendthrifts (such as think
Mischievous midnight frolics bred by drink
Are gallantry and wit,
Because to sheir lewd understandings fit)

Were those wherewith two years at least I spent,
To all their fulsome follies most incorrigibly bent;
Till at the last, myself more to abuse,
I grew in love with a deceitful Muse.

V.

No fair deceiver ever used such charms,
T' ensnare a tender youth, and win his heart;
Or when she had him in her arms,
Secured his love with greater art.
I fancy'd, or I dream'd (as poets always do)
No beauty with my Muse's might compare,
Lofty she seem'd, and on her front sat a majestic air,
Awful, yet kind; severe, yet fair.
Upon her head a crown she bore,
Of laurel, which she told me should be mine:
And round her ivory neck she wore
A rope of largest pearl. Each part of her did shine
With jewels and with gold,
Numberless to be told;
Which in imagination I did behold,
And loved and wonder'd more and more.
Said she, these riches all, my darling, shall be thine,
Riches which never poet had before.
She promised me to raise my fortune and my name,
By royal favour, and by endless fame;

But never told
How hard they were to get, how difficult to hold.
Thus by the arts of this most sly
Deluder was I caught,
To her betwitching bondage brought.
Eternal constancy we swore,
A thousand times our vows were doubled o'er:
And as we did in our entrancements lie,
I thought no pleasure e'er was wrought so high,
No pair so happy as my Muse and I.

* * * * * *

But in this most transporting height,
Whence I look'd down, and laught at fate,
All of a sudden I was alter'd grown;
I round me look'd, and found myself alone;
My faithless Muse, my faithless Muse, was gone;
I try'd if I a verse could frame:
Oft I in vain invoked my Clio's name.
The more I strove, the more I fail'd,
I chafed, I bit my pen, curst my dull skull, and rail'd,
Resolved to force m' untoward thought, and at the last prevail'd.

A line came forth, but such a one
No travelling matron in her child-bir h
Full of the joyful hopes to bear a t
Was more astonish'd at th' unlook'
Of some deform'd baboon, or ap'
Than I was at the hideous issue of my brains.
I tore my paper, stabb'd my pen,
And swore I'd never write again,
Resolved to be a doating tool no more;
But when my reckoning I began to make,
I found too long I'd slept, and was too late awake;
I found m' ungrateful Muse, for whose false sake
I did myself undo,
Has robb'd me of my dearest store,
My precious time, my friends, and reputation too;
And left me helpless, friendless, very proud, and poor.

* * * * * *

# ANNE KILLEGREW.

*London*, 1660—1685.

Dryden has immortalized this Lady. She was the daughter of Dr. Henry Killegrew, Master of the Savoy, and Prebendary of Westminster. Her paintings promised as much as her poetry; her genius was acknowledged and rewarded; but the small-pox early terminated a life of industry, and virtue, and happiness.

## *The Complaint of a Lover.*

SEEST thou younder craggy rock,
Whose head o'erlooks the swelling main,
Where never shepherd fed his flock,
Or careful peasant sow'd his grain?

No wholesome herb grows on the same,
Or bird of day will on it rest;
'Tis barren as the hopeless flame,
That scorches my tormented breast.

Deep underneath a cave does lie,
The entrance hid with dismal yew,
Where *Phebus* never shew'd his eye
Or cheerful day yet pierced through.

In that dark melancholy cell,
(Retreate and sollace to my woe)
Love, sad Despair, and I, do dwell,
The springs from whence my griefs do flow.

Treacherous love that did appear,
(When he at first approach't my heart),
Drest in a garb far from severe,
Or threatening ought of future smart.

So innocent those charms then seem'd,
When *Rosalinda* first I spy'd,
Ah! who would them have deadly deem'd?
But flowers do often serpents hide.

Beneath those sweets concealed lay
To Love the cruel foe Disdain,
With which alas! she does repay,
My constant and deserving pain.

When I in tears have spent the night,
With sighs I usher in the sun,

Who never saw a sadder sight,
In all the courses he has run.

Sleep, which to others ease does prove,
Comes unto me, alas, in vain:
For in my dreams I am in love,
And in them too she does disdain.

Sometimes t' amuse my sorrow, I
Unto the hollow rocks repair,
And loudly to the *echo* cry,
Ah! gentle nymph come ease my care.

Thou who, times past, a lover wert,
Ah! pity me, who now am so,
And by a sense of thine own smart,
Alleviate my mighty woe.

Come flatter then, or chide my grief;
Catch my last words, and call me fool;
Or *say, she loves, for my relief;*
My passion either sooth, or school.

## *The Discontent.*

I.

HERE take no care, take here no care, my *Muse*,
Nor aught of art or labour use:
But let thy lines rude and unpolish'd go,
Nor equal be their feet, nor num'rous
let them flow.
The ruggeder my measures run when read,
They'll livelier paint th' unequal paths fond mortals
tread.
Who when th' are tempted by the smooth ascents,
Which flattering hope presents,
Briskly they clime, and great things undertake;
But fatal voyages, alas, they make:
For 'tis not long before their feet,
Inextricable mazes meet,
Perplexing doubts obstruct their way,
Mountains withstand them of dismay;
Or to the brink of black despair them lead,
Where's nought their ruine to impede,
In vain for aide they then to reason call,
Their senses dazzle, and their heads turn round,
The sight does all their pow'rs confound,
And headlong down the horrid precipice they fall:

Where storms of sighs for ever blow,
Where rapid streams of tears do flow,
Which drown them in a briny floud.
My Muse pronounce aloud, there's nothing good,
Nought that the world can show,
Nought that it can bestow.

II.

Not boundless heaps of its admired clay,
Ah! too successful to betray,
When spread in our fraile vertue's way:
For few do run with so resolv'd a pace,
That for the golden apple will not loose the race.
And yet not all the gold the vain would spend,
Or greedy avarice would wish to save;
Which on the earth refulgent beams doth send,
Or in the sea has found a grave,
Joyn'd in one mass, can bribe sufficient be,
The body from a stern disease to free,
Or purchase for the mind's relief
One moment's sweet repose, when restless made by grief,
But what may laughter, more than pity, move:
When some the price of what they dearest love
Are masters of, and hold it in their hand,
To part with it their hearts they can't command:

But choose to miss, what misst do.
And that to hug, affords them no
Wise fools, to do them right, we
Who Love depose, and homage pay to Gold.

III.

Nor yet, if rightly understood,
Does grandeur carry more of good;
To be o' th' number of the great enroll'd,
A scepter o're a mighty realm to hold.
For what is this?
If I not judge amiss,
But all th' afflicted of a land to take,
And of one single family to make
The wrong'd, the poor, th' opprest, the sad,
The ruin'd, malecontent, and mad?
Which a great part of ev'ry empire frame,
And interest in the common father claime.
Again what is't, but always to abide
A gazing crowd? upon a stage to spend
A life that's vain, or evil without end?
And which is yet nor safely held, nor laid aside?
And then, if lesser titles carry less of care,
Yet none but fools ambitious are to share
Such a mock-good, of which 'tis said, 'tis best,
When of the least of it men are possest.

IV.

But, O, the laurel'd fool! that doats on fame,
Whose hope's applause, whose fear's to want a name,
Who can accept for pay
Of what he does, what others say,
Exposes now to hostile arms his breast,
To toylsome study then betrays his rest;
Now to his soul denies a just content,
Then forces on it what it does resent;
And all for praise of fools! for such are those,
Which most of the admiring crowd compose.
O famisht soul, which such thin food can feed!
O wretched labour crown'd with such a meed!
Too loud, O Fame! thy trumpet is, too shrill,
To lull a mind to rest,
Or calme a stormy breast,
Which asks a musick soft and still.
'Twas not *Amaleck's* vanquisht cry,
Nor *Israel's* shouts of victory.
That could in *Saul* the rising passion lay,
'Twas the soft strains of *David's* lyre the evil spirit chaced away.

V.

But friendship fain would yet itself defend,
And mighty things it does pretend,

To be of this sad journey, life, the b[illegible]
The sweet reflection of our toylsome state.
But though true friendship a rich cordial be,
Alas, by most 'tis so allay'd,
Its good so mixt with ill we see,
That dross for gold is often paid.
And for one grain of friendship that is found,
Falsehood and interest do the mass compound,
Or coldness, worse than steel, the loyal heart doth wound.
Love in no two was ever yet the same,
No happy two ere felt an equal flame.

VI.

Is there that earth by human foot ne're prest?
That aire which never yet by humane breast
Respired, did life supply?
Oh! thither let me fly!
Where from the world at such a distance set,
All that's past, present, and to come, I may forget:
The lover's sighs, and the afflicted's tears,
Whate'er may wound my eyes or ears.
The grating noise of private jars,
The horrid sound of public wars,
Of babling fame the idle stories,
The short-liv'd triumphs [illegible] glories,

The curious nets the subtile weave,
The word, the look that may deceive.
Mundane care shall more affect my breast,
My profound peace shake or molest:
But *stupor*, like to death, my senses bind,
That so I may anticipate that rest,
Which only in my grave I hope to find.

---

ON MY AUNT, MRS. A. K.

*Drown'd under London-Bridge in the Queen's Bardge,*
Anno 1641.

The darling of a father good and wise,
The vertue, which a vertuous age did prize;
The beauty excellent even to those were faire,
Subscribed unto, by such as might compare;
The star that 'bove her orb did always move,
And yet the noblest did not hate, but love;
And those who most on their title stood,
Vail'd also to, because she did more good.
To whom the wrong'd, and worthy did resort,
And held their sutes obtain'd, if only brought;
The highest saint in all the heav'n of court.
So noble was her aire, so great her meen,
She seem'd a friend, not servant to the queen.

To sin, if known, she never did give
Vice could not storm her, could it not
When angry Heav'n extinguisht h
It seem'd to say, *Nought's precious in*
*As I in waves this paragon have drown'd,*
*The nation next, and king I will confound.*

# EDMUND WALLER.

1605—1687.

Waller has perhaps received more than due praise for the refinement of his native language; it is well that it was not lavished on his wit. He is often elegant, sometimes tender, and not seldom dull; his conceits are often brilliant, and oftener far-fetched; his political life was a system of contradictions, and the effects of it are seen in his poetry. In the editions of his works, the Piece next in order to the Verses on the Death of Cromwell, is a congratulation on the return of Charles II.

## *Upon His Majesty's repairing of St. Paul's.*

THAT shipwreck'd vessel which th' apostle bore,
Scarce suffer'd more upon MÉLITA's shore,
Than did his temple in the sea of time;
Our nation's glory, and our nation's crime.
When the * first Monarch of this happy isle,
Mov'd with the ruin of so brave a pile,

* King James I.

This work of cost and piety begun,
To be accomplish'd by his glorious son.
Who all that came within the ample throw
Of his wise Sire, has to perfection brought.
He, like AMPHION, makes those quarries leap
Into fair figures, from a confus'd heap:
For in his art of regiment is found
A power, like that of harmony in sound.
Those antique minstrels sure were CHARLES-like kings,
Cities their lutes, and subjects hearts their strings;
On which, with so divine a hand they shook,
Consent of motion from their breath they took:
So, all our minds with his conspire to grace
The Gentile's great apostle; and deface
Those state-obscuring sheds, that like a chain
Seem'd to confine, and fetter him again:
Which the glad saint shakes off at his command,
As once the viper from his sacred hand.
So joys the aged oak, when we divide
The creeping ivy from his injur'd side.
Ambition rather would affect the fame
Of some new structure, to have borne her name;
Two distant virtues in one act we find,
The modesty, and greatness of his mind
Which, not content to be above the rage,
And injury of all-pairing image,

In its own worth secure, doth higher climb,
And things half swallow'd from the jaws of time
Reduce: an earnest of his grand design,
To frame no new church, but the old refine:
Which, spouse-like, may with comely grace command,
More than by force of argument, or hand.
For, doubtful reason few can apprehend;
And war brings ruin, where it should amend:
But beauty, with a bloodless conquest, finds
A welcome sov'reignty in rudest minds.
Not ought which SHEBA's wond'ring queen beheld
Amongst the works of SOLOMON, excell'd
His ships, and building; emblems of a heart
Large both in magnanimity, and art.
While the propitious heav'ns this work attend,
Long-wanted showers they forget to send:
As if they meant to make it understood
Of more importance than our vital food.
The sun, which riseth to salute the Quire
Already finish'd, setting shall admire
How private bounty cou'd so far extend:
The KING built all; but CHARLES, the western end.
So proud a fabrick to devotion giv'n,
At once it threatens, and obliges, heav'n!

LAOMEDON, that had the Gods in pay
NEPTUNE, with him * that rules the sacred day,
Cou'd no such structure raise: TROY wall'd so high,
Th' ATRIDES might as well have forc'd the sky.
Glad, though amazed, are our neighbour kings,
To see such pow'rs employ'd in peaceful things:
They list, not urge it to the dreadful field;
The task is easier to destroy, than build.

---

*Of my Lady Isabella playing on the Flute.*

SUCH moving sounds, from such a careless touch!
So unconcern'd herself, and we so much!
What art is this, that with so little pains
Transports us thus, and o'er our spirits reigns?
The trembling strings about her fingers crow'd,
And tell their joy for ev'ry kiss aloud:
Small force there needs to make them tremble so;
Touch'd by that hand who wou'd not tremble too?
Here LOVE takes stand, and while she charms the ear,
Empties his quiver on the list'ning deer.

* * * Sic gratia Regum
Pieriis tentata modis * * * HORAT.

Music so softens, and disarms the mind,
That not an arrow does resistance find.
Thus the fair tyrant celebrates the prize,
And acts herself the triumph of her eyes:
So NERO once, with harp in hand survey'd
His flaming ROME, and as it burn'd he play'd.

---

*Upon the Death of the Lord Protector.*

WE must resign! heav'n his great soul does claim
In storms, as loud as his immortal fame:
His dying groans, his last breath shakes our isle;
And trees uncut fall for his funeral pile:
About his palace their broad roots are tost
Into the air—So ROMULUS was lost!
New Rome in such a tempest miss'd her king,
And, from obeying, fell to worshipping.
On OETA'S top thus HERCULES lay dead,
With ruin'd racks, and pines, about him spread.
The poplar too, whose bough he wont to wear
On his victorious head, lay prostrate there.
Those his last fury from the mountain sent:
Our dying hero from the continent.
Ravish'd whole towns; and forts from Spaniards reft,
As his last legacy to BRITAIN left.

The ocean, which so long our hopes confined,
Could give no limits to his vaster mind,
Our bounds' enlargement was his latest toil;
Nor hath he left us pris'ners to our isle:
Under the tropic is our language spoke:
And part of FLANDERS hath receiv'd our yoke.
From civil broils he did us disengage;
Found nobler objects for our martial rage:
And with wise conduct, to his country show'd
The antient way of conquering abroad.
Ungrateful then! if we no tears allow
To him, that gave us peace, and empire too.
Princes that fear'd him, grieve; concern'd to see
No pitch of glory from the grave is free.
Nature herself took notice of his death,
And, sighing, swell'd the sea with such a breath,
That, to remotest shores her billows roll'd,
Th' approaching fate of their great ruler told.

---

*To the King, upon His Majesty's Happy Return.*

THE rising sun complies with our weak sight,
First gilds the clouds, then shews his globe of light
At such a distance from our eyes, as tho'
He knew what harm his hasty beams would do.

But your full majesty at once breaks forth
In the meridian of your reign. Your worth,
Your youth, and all the splendor of your state,
(Wrap'd up, till now, in clouds of adverse Fate!)
With such a flood of light invade our eyes,
And our spread hearts with so great joy surprize;
That, if your grace incline that we should live,
You must not, Sir! too hastily forgive.
Our guilt preserves us from th' excess of joy,
Which scatters spirits, and would life destroy.
All are obnoxious! and this faulty land,
Like fainting ESTHER, does before you stand,
Watching your sceptre: the revolted sea
Trembles to think she did your foes obey.
GREAT BRITAIN, the blind POLYPHEME, of late,
In a wild rage, became the scorn, and hate,
Of her proud neighbours; who began to think,
She, with the weight of her own force, would sink.
But you are come, and all their hopes are vain;
This giant-isle has got her eye again.
Now, she might spare the ocean; and oppose
Your conduct to the fiercest of her foes.
Naked, the GRACES guarded you from all
Dangers abroad; and now, your thunder shall.
Princes that saw you different passions prove;
For now they dread the object of their love;

Nor without envy can behold his height,
Whose conversation was their late delight.
So SEMELE, contented with the rape
Of JOVE, disguised in a mortal shape;
When she beheld his hand with light'ning fill'd,
And his bright rays, was with amazement kill'd.
And tho' it be our sorrow, and our crime,
To have accepted life so long a time
Without you here; yet does this absence gain
No small advantage to your present reign.
For, having view'd the persons, and the things,
The councils, state, and strength of EUROPE's kings,
You know your work; ambition to restrain,
And set them bounds, as heav'n does to the main.
We have you now with ruling wisdom fraught,
Not such as books, but such as practice, taught.
So the lost sun, while least by us enjoy'd,
Is the whole night, for our concern, employ'd:
He ripens spices, fruit, and precious gums,
Which, from remotest regions, hither comes.
This seat of yours (from th' other world remov'd)
Had ARCHIMEDES known, he might have prov'd
His engin's force, fix'd here: your pow'r and skill,
Makes the world's motion wait upon your will.
Much-suff'ring Monarch! the first ENGLISH-born,
That has the crown of these three nations worn!

How has your patience, with the barb'rous rage
Of your own soil, contended half an age?
Till (your try'd virtue, and your sacred word
At last preventing your unwilling sword)
Armies, and fleets which kept you out so long,
Own'd their great Sov'reign, and redress'd his wrong.
When straight the people, by no force compell'd,
Nor longer from their inclinations held,
Break force at once, like powder set on fire;
And with a noble rage, their KING require.
So th' injur'd sea, which, from her wonted course,
To gain some acres, avarice did force,
If the new banks, neglected once, decay,
No longer will from her old channel stay;
Raging, the late-got land she overflows,
And all that's built upon't to ruin goes.
Offenders now, the chiefest, do begin
To strive for grace, and expiate their sin:
All winds blow fair, that did the world embroil;
Your vipers treacle yield, and scorpions oil.
If then such praise the MACEDONIAN got,
For having rudely cut the GORDIAN knot;
What glory's due to him, that could divide
Such ravel'd int'rests, has the knot unty'd,

And without stroke so smooth a passage made,
Where craft, and malice, such impediments laid!
But while we praise you, you ascribe it all
To his high hand, which threw the untouch'd wall
Of self-demolish'd JERICHO so low:
His angel 'twas that did before you go;
Tam'd savage hearts, and made affection yield,
Like ears of corn when wind salutes the field.
Thus, patience crown'd, like JOB's, your trouble ends,
Having your foes to pardon, and your friends:
For, tho' your courage were so firm a rock,
What private virtue could endure the shock?
Like your great master, you the storm withstood,
And pity'd those who love with frailty shew'd.
Rude INDIANS, tort'ring all the royal race,
Him with the throne, and dear-bought sceptre grace,
That suffers best: what region could be found,
Where your heroic head had not been crown'd?
The next experience of your mighty mind,
Is, how to combat Fortune now she's kind:
And this way too, you are victorious found;
She flatters with the same success she frown'd.
While, to yourself severe, to others kind,
With pow'r unbounded, and a will confined,

Of this vast empire you possess the care,
The softer parts fall to the people's share.
Safety, and equal government, are things
Which subjects make as happy as their kings.
Faith, law, and piety, (that banish'd train!)
Justice and truth with you return again:
The city's trade, and country's easy life,
Once more shall flourish, without fraud, or strife.
Your reign no less assures the ploughman's peace,
Than the warm sun advances his increase;
And does the shepherds as securely keep,
From all their fears, as they preserve their sheep.
But above all, the muse-inspired train
Triumph, and raise their drooping heads again:
Kind heav'n at once has, in your person, sent
Their sacred judge, their guard, and argument.

Nec magis expressi vultus per ahenca signa,
Quam per vatis opus mores, animique, virorum
Clarorum apparent * * * * * *! HORAT.

---

## *Of a Tree cut in Paper.*

FAIR hand! that can on virgin-paper write,
Yet from the stain of ink, preserve it white:

Whose travel o'er that silver field does show,
Light track of leverets in morning-snow.
LOVE's image thus in purest minds is wrought
Without a spot, or blemish, to the thought.
Strange that your fingers should the pencil foil,
Without the help of colours, or of oil!
For, tho' a painter boughs and leaves can make,
'Tis you alone can make them bend or shake:
Whose breath salutes your new-created grove,
Like southern winds, and makes it gently move.
ORPHEUS could make the forest dance; but you
Can make the motion, and the forest too.

# GEORGE VILLIERS,

## DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

1628—1687.

The Author of the Rehearsal, whose character has been described by Dryden, and whose death by Pope, in lines never to be forgotten.

*To his Mistress.*

WHAT a dull fool was I,
To think so gross a lye,
As that I ever was in love before!
I have, perhaps, known one or two,
With whom I was content to be
At that which they call keeping company;
But after all that they could do,
I still could be with more:
Their absence never made me shed a tear;
And I can truly swear,
That till my eyes first gazed on you,
I ne'er beheld that thing I could adore.

A world of things must curiously be sought,
A world of things must be together brought
To make up charms which have the power to move,
Through a discerning eye, true love;
That is a master-piece above
What only looks and shape can do,
There must be wit and judgment too;
Greatness of thought, and worth which draw
From the whole world, respect and awe.
She that would raise a noble love must find
Ways to beget a passion for her mind;
She must be that, which she to be would seem;
For all true love is grounded on esteem:
Plainness and truth gain more a generous heart
Than all the crooked subtelties of art.
She must be—What, said I? She must be you,
None but yourself that miracle can do;
At least, I'm sure, thus much I plainly see,
None but yourself e'er did it upon me;
'Tis you alone that can my heart subdue,
To you alone it always shall be true;
Your god-like soul is that which rules my fate,
It does in me new passions still create,
For love of you all women else I hate.
But oh! your body too is so divine,
I kill myself with wishing you all mine.

Pain and anguish night and day,
I faint, and melt away:
In vain against my grief I strive,
My entertainment now is crying,
And all the sense I have of being alive,
Is that I feel myself a dying.

## PROLOGUE TO PHILASTER.

NOTHING is harder in the world to do,
Than to quit that our nature leads us to,
As this our friend here proves; who, having spent
His time, and wealth, for other folks content,
Though he so much as thanks could never get,
Can't, for his life, quite give it over yet;
But, striving still to please you, hopes he may,
Without a grievance, try to mend a Play.
Perhaps, he wish'd it might have been his fate
To lend a helping hand to mend the State;
Though he conceives, as things have lately run,
'Tis somewhat hard at present to be done.
Well, let that pass, the stars that rule the rout,
Do what we can, I see, must whirl about:

But here's the Devil on't; that, come what will,
His stars are sure to make him loser still.
When all the *Polls* together make a din,
Some to put out, and others to put in,
And every where his fellows got, and got,
From being nothing, to be God knows what·
He, for the Publick, needs would play a game,
For which, he has been trounced by publick fame;
And, to speak truth, so he deserved to be,
For his dull, clownish singularity:
For, when the fashion is to break one's trust,
'Tis rudeness then to offer to be just.

# SIR GEORGE ETHEREGE.

1636—1688.

Gentle George, and Easy Etherege, were the titles he obtained in an age of courtesy (to use a word capable of a better meaning, in its worst sense). He was a thorough libertine in speculation and in practice; and his few dramatick Pieces, notwithstanding their excellent wit, are justly and for ever banished from the stage.

## *A SONG.*

Ye happy Swains, whose hearts are free
From Love's imperial chain,
Take warning, and be taught by me,
T' avoid th' enchanting pain.
Fatal, the wolves to trembling flocks,
Fierce winds to blossoms, prove,
To careless seamen hidden rocks,
To human quiet love.

Fly the fair sex, if bliss you prize;
The snake's beneath the flow'r:
Who ever gaz'd on beauteous eyes,
That tasted quiet more?
How faithless is the Lover's joy!
How constant is their care!
The kind with falshood to destroy,
The cruel with despair.

# CHARLES COTTON.

1630—1687.

He was the Author of Virgil Travestie, in which a single joke cost him dearly; his sacrilegious wit could not spare the sacred character of his Grandmother's Ruff, which he ridiculed in a couplet of that poem.

A stroke of the old Lady's pen, however, revenged her own wrongs and those of the Bard of Mantua at once, for she struck Cotton out of an estate of four hundred a year, which she had bequeathed to him in her will

The works of this poet were once so popular, that the thirteenth edition of them was printed in 1751.

## *Song. Montross.*

1.

Ask not, why sorrow shades my brow;
Nor why my sprightly looks decay?
Alas! what need I beauty now,
Since he, that loved it, dy'd to day.

II.

Can ye have ears, and yet not know
Mirtillo, brave Mirtillo's slain?
Can ye have eyes, and they not flow,
Or hearts, that do not share my pain?

III.

He's gone! he's gone! and I will go;
For in my breast, such wars I have,
And thoughts of him perplex me so
That the whole world appears my grave.

IV.

But I'le go to him, though he lie
Wrapt in the cold, cold arms of death:
And under yon sad cypress-tree,
I'le mourn, I'le mourn away my breath.

---

## *The Litany.*

I.

From a ruler that's a curse,
And a government that's worse;
From a prince that rules by awe,
Whose tyrannick will's his law;

From an armed council board,
And a sceptre that's a sword,
Libera nos, &c.

II.

From a kingdom, that from health
Sickens to a common-wealth ;
From such peers as stain their blood,
And are neither wise ; nor good ;
From a gentry steept in pots,
From unkennellers of plots,
Libera nos, &c.

III.

From a church without Divines,
And a Presbyter that whines ;
From John Calvin, and his pupils,
From a sentence without scruples,
From a clergy without letters,
And a free state bound in fetters,
Libera nos, &c.

IV.

From the bustle of the town,
And the knavish tribe o' th' gown,
From long bills where we are debtors,
From bum-bailiffs, and their setters.

From the tedious city lectures,
And thanksgivings for protectors,
Libera nos

V.

From ill victuals when we dine,
And a tavern with ill wine;
From vile smoke in a short pipe,
And a landlord that will gripe;
From long reck'nings, and a wench
That claps in English; or in French,
Libera nos, &c

VI.

From demeans, whose barren soil
Ne'er produc'd the barley oyl;
From a friend for nothing fit,
That nor courage has, nor wit;
From all lyars, and from those
Who write nonsense, verse, or prose,
Libera nos, &c.

VII.

From a virgin that's no maid;
From a kicking, stumbling jade;
From false servants, and a scold;
From all women that are old;

[illegible] tongues that never lye,
[illegible] domestic spy,
Libera nos, &c.

VIII.

From a domineering spouse;
From a smoky, dirty house;
From foul linnen, and the noise
Of young children, girls, or boys:
From ill beds, and full of fleas;
From a wife with essenses,
Libera nos, &c.

IX.

From trapans of wicked men;
From the interest of ten;
From rebellion, and the sense
Of a wounded conscience;
Lastly, from the poets evil,
From * his highness, and the devil,
Libera nos, &c.

* Oliver Cromwell

## *THE RETIREMENT.*

Stanzas irregulliers.

TO MR. ISAAC WALTON.

I.

FAREWELL thou busy world, and may
We never meet again:
Here I can eat, and sleep, and pray,
And do more good in one short day,
Than he who his whole age out-wears
Upon the most conspicuous theatres,
Where nought but vanity and vice do reign.

II.

Good God! how sweet are all things here!
How beautiful the fields appear!
How cleanly do we feed and lie!
Lord! what good hours do we keep!
How quietly we sleep!
What peace! what unanimity!
How innocent from the leud fashion
Is all our business, all our conversation!

* * * * *

IV.

O solitude! the soul's best friend,
That man acquainted with himself dost make,
And all his Maker's wonders to intend;
With thee I here converse at will,
And would be glad to do so still;
For it is thou alone that keep'st the soul awake.

* * * * * *

VI.

O my beloved nymph, fair DOVE,
Princess of rivers! How I love
Upon thy flowery banks to lie,
And view thy silver stream,
When gilded by a summer's beam,
And in it all thy wanton fry
Playing at liberty,
And with my angle upon them,
The all of treachery,
I ever learn'd, to practice and to try!

* * * * * *

IX.

Oh my beloved caves! from dog-star heats
And hotter persecution, safe retreats,

What safety, privacy, what true delight
In the artificial night,
Your gloomy entrails make,
Have I taken, do I take!
How oft, when grief has made me fly,
To hide me from society,
Even of my dearest friends, have I
In your recess's friendly shade
All my sorrows open laid,
And my most secret woes entrusted to your privacy!

X.

Lord! would men let me alone,
What an over-happy one
Should I think myself to be,
Might I in this desart place,
Which most men by their voice disgrace,
Live but undisturb'd and free.
Here, in this despised recess,
Would I, maugre winter's cold,
And the summer's worst excess,
Try to live out to sixty full-years old,
And all the while,
Without an envious eye
On any thriving under fortune's smile,
Contented live, and then contented die.

## *The Morning Quatrains.*

I.

The cock has crow'd an hour ago,
'Tis time we now dull sleep forego;
Tir'd nature is by sleep redrest,
And labour's overcome by rest.

II.

We have out-done the work of night,
'Tis time we rise t' attend the light,
And e'er he shall his beams display,
To plot new business for the day.

* * * * *

V.

The morning curtains now are drawn,
And now appears the blushing dawn;
Aurora has her roses shed,
To strew the way Sol's steeds must tread.

VI.

Xanthus and Œthon harnest are
To roll away the burning car;
And, snorting flame, impatient bear
The dressing of the charioteer.

VII.

The sable cheeks of sullen night
Are streak'd with rosy streams of light,
While she retires away in fear,
To shade the other hemisphere.

VIII.

The merry lark now takes her wings,
And long'd-for day's loud welcome sings,
Mounting her body out of sight,
As if she meant to meet the light.

IX.

Now doors and windows are unbarr'd,
Each where are chearful voices heard,
And round about good-morrows fly,
As if day taught humanity.

X.

The chimneys now to smoke begin,
And the old wife sits down to spin,
Whilst Kate, taking her pail, does trip
Mull's swoln and stradling paps to strip.

XI.

Vulcan now makes his anvil ring,
Dick whistles loud, and Maud doth sing,
And Silvio, with his bugle horn,
Winds an imprime unto the morn.

XII.

Now through the morning doors behold
Phœbus array'd in burning gold,
Lashing his fiery steeds, displays
His warm and all-enlight'ning rays.

XIII.

Now each one to his work prepares,
All that have hands are labourers,
And manufacturers of each trade,
By opening shops are open laid.

XIV.

Hob yokes his oxen to the team,
The angler goes unto the stream,
The woodman to the purlieus hies,
And lab'ring bees to load their thighs.

XV.

Fair Amarillis drives her flocks,
All night safe folded from the fox,
To flow'ry downs, where Colin stays,
To court her with his roundelays.

XVI.

The traveller now leaves his inn,
A new day's journey to begin,
As he would post it with the day,
And early rising makes good way.

XVII.

The slick-faced school-boy satchel takes,
And with slow pace small riddance makes;
For why, the haste we make, you know,
To knowledge and to virtue's slow.

XVIII.

The fore-horse gingles on the road,
The waggoner lugs on his load,
The field with busy people snies,
And city rings with various cries.

XIX.

The world is now a busy swarm,
All doing good, or doing harm;
But let's take heed our acts be true,
For Heaven's eye sees all we do.

XX.

None can that piercing sight evade,
It penetrates the darkest shade,
And sin, though it could 'scape the eye,
Would be discover'd by the cry.

# APHRA BEHN.

1689.

Aphra Johnson, for such was her maiden name, was a woman of rare talents, who has in latter times been too severely condemned for the immorality of her writings, which should be considered as more characteristic of her age than their author. She was not rewarded for her state services which were really important, and it was her alternative to write or starve. Her faults weigh lightly in the just balance with her virtues. She was equal minded in a checquered life; generous, "serviceable to her friends to the utmost of her power, and could sooner forgive an injury than do one."

## ARMIDA:

### *Or, the Fair Gil.*

Not *Circe* nor *Medea* had such art,
Or pow'rful charms to captivate a heart;
Nor *Syren's* voices with so pleasing sound,
Lull those asleep whom they design to wound.
For a new conquest all her skill she tries,
But yet by different ways to gain the prize,

As time and humours fit, her looks appear
Bashful sometimes, and full of Virgin fear.
Then, earnest and lascivious, as she finds
Her beauty work upon her lover's minds,
When e're the bashful youth fears his success:
She gives the trembler hopes by soft address,
Advances with more sweetness in her face,
And fires him with some kind peculiar grace,
Sooths his fond heart, and dissipates his fear,
And thaws the ice her scorns had gather'd there.
But if the God of Love infuse his dart,
And captivate a bold and forward heart,
Her eyes assume their state, and her neglect
Creates a doubtful fear mixt with respect.
Yet lest too much of scorn produce despair,
Some glance of kindness in her eyes appear,
While hardly gain'd she makes the blessing dear.
But still the cloud she cunningly declines,
And fits her looks to second her designs.
Sometimes she seems to smother sighs with pain,
And calls up tears, then turns 'em back again.
As if the softning tide she wou'd not shew,
But that in spite of all her pride, they flow.
And all to make a thousand easie hearts
To weep in earnest by her coz'ning arts.
And with the flames of Pity tempers so
The darts of Love, none can resist the blow.

And when she finds a lover coming on,
Yet not so fast to be too soon undone,
There all her arts of languishment she tries,
Sweetens her whispering voice, softens her eyes,
Touches his hand as if it were by chance,
And yields herself to every kind advance.
Looks on his eyes, then strait declines her own,
And seems to love, as not to have it shewn.
And having thus proceeded in her art,
Breaks forth, as if she cou'd not guard her heart.
Too long, she cries, I have supprest my fire,
Take all my heart, and all Love can desire.
Thus while she softly speaks, and sweetly smiles,
And doubly charms the senses by these wiles,
She does a faith in strongest souls create,
And gains a conquest in despite of faith.

Ah cruel Love! the honey and the gall,
Which thou afford'st, do equally enthral;
And all our ills, and all our cures from thee,
Are mortal to us in the same degree:
If any of Inconstancy complain,
Of broken vows and her unjust disdain,
She fains herself unpractis'd in Love's arts,
And that she wants the charms should vanquish hearts.
And looks with such a blushing modesty,
As undeceives your fancy'd injury.

And thus the thorne lies hid that she does bear
Under the roses which her beauties wear.
So in the earliest rise of day, we spy
The ruddy morning mingled with the sky.
While shame and anger in her looks appear,
Both seem confusedly mixt together there.

Thus in delusive dream the time being spent,
Weary with cozenage and discontent,
Even hope itself he scarcely now retaines,
But like a hunter at the last remaines,
Who having to no purpose spent the day,
At last loses the track of the lost prey.

Such were the practices and such the arts,
By which she can ensnare ten thousand hearts;
Or rather such the pow'rful armes do prove,
By which she conquers and makes slaves to Love.

---

## *To my Heart.*

What ail'st thou, oh thou trembling thing
To pant and languish in my breast,
Like birds that fain wou'd try the callow wing
And leave the downy nest?

Why hast thou fill'd thyself with thought
Strange, new, fantastick as the air?
Why to thy peaceful empire hast thou brought
That restless tyrant, Care?
But oh alas, I ask in vain
Thou answer'st nothing back again,
But in soft sighs *Amintor's* name.

I

Oh thou betrayer of my liberty,
Thou fond deceiver, what's the youth to thee!
What has he done, what has he said.
That thus has conquer'd or betray'd?
He came and saw but 'twas by such a light,
As scarce distinguish'd day from night;
Such as in thick-grown shades is found,
Where here and there a piercing beam
Scatters faint spangled sun-shine on the ground
And casts about a melancholy gleam,
But so obscure I could not see
The charming eyes that wounded thee,
But they, like gems, by their own light
Betray'd their value through the gloom of night.

I felt thee heave at every look,
And stop my language as I spoke.

I felt thy blood fly upward to my face,
While thou unguarded lay
Yielding to every word, to every grace,
Fond to be made a prey.
I left thee watching in my eyes
And list'ning in my eare.
Discovering weakness in thy sighs
Uneasy with thy fear.
Suffering Imagination to deceive,
I found thee willing to believe
And with the treacherous shade conspire,
To let into thyself a dangerous fire.

Ah foolish wanderer, say, what would'st thou do,
If thou shouldst find at second view,
That all thou fanciest now were true,
If thou shouldst find by day those charms,
Which thus observed threaten'd undoing harms.
If thou shouldst find that awful mien.
Not the effects of first address,
Nor of my conversation disesteem,
But noble native sullenness;
If thou shouldst find that soft good-natured voice
(Unused to insolence and noise),
Still thus adorn'd with modesty.
And his mind's virtues with his wit agree,

Tell me, thou forward lavish fool,
What reason cou'd thy fate controul,
Or save the ruin of thy soul ?
Cease then to languish for the coming day,
That may direct his wandering steps that way,
When I again shall the loved form survey.

---

SONG.

BREAK, break, sad heart, unload thy grief,
Give, give, thy sorrows way:
Seek out thy only last relief,
And thy hard stars obey:
Those stars that doom thee to revere
What do's themselves outshine.
And placed her too in such a sphere
That she can ne'er be mine.

Because Endymion once did move
Nights' Goddess to come down,
And listen to his tale of love,
Aim not thou idly at the moon.
Be it thy pleasure and thy pride
That, wreck'd on stretch'd desire,
Thou canst thy fiercest torments hide,
And silently expire.

# WALTER SCOTT.

1613—1690.

An old Souldier and no Scholler;
And one that can write none
But just the letters of his name.

Thus he describes himself in the title page of his "True History of several Honourable Families of the Right Honourable name of Scott, in the Shires of Roxburgh and Selkirke, and others adjacent; gathered out of Ancient Chronicles, Histories, and Traditions of our Fathers." Edinburgh 1688; reprinted 1776.

On the death of his grandfather, Sir Robert Scott of Thirlstone, his father having no means to bring up his children, put this Walter to attend beasts in the field; "but," says he, "I gave them the short cut at last, and left the kine in the carn, and ever since that time I have continued a souldier abroad and at home," &c.

There is so great a difference in the style of the specimen subjoined, that it is hardly possible to suppose it all comes from the same hand. There is so much of the whimsical solemnity of NOTHING in it, that although it does not much illustrate the character of its age, it would not be fair to withhold it from the reader. But be it remembered, that it was written at seventy-three.

*Dedicated to the very worshipful and much honoured generous Gentleman, Hugh Scott, of Gallowshiells, and Walter Scott, of Wauchop.*

O! for a quill of that Arabian wing,
That's hatch'd in embers of some kindred fire,
Who to herself, herself doth issue bring,
And, three in one, is young, and dame and sier:
O! that I could to Virgil's vein aspire,
Or Homer's verse, the golden language Greek,
With polish'd phrases, I my lines would tire,
Into the deep of art my muse should seek;
Meantime amongst the vulgar she must throng,
Because she hath no help from my unlearned tongue;
Great is the glory of the noble mind,
Where life and death are equal in respect,
If fates be good or bad, unkind, or kind;
Not proud in freedom, nor in thrall deject;
With courage scorning fortune's worst effect,
And spitting in fond envie's canker'd face,
True honour thus doth baser thoughts deject;
Esteeming life a slave that serves disgrace,
Foul abject thoughts become the mind that's base,
That deems there is no better life nor this,
Or after death doth fear a worser place,
Where guilt is paid the guerdon of a miss;

But let swoln envy swell until she burst,
The noble mind defies her, do her worst;
If Homer's work in Greek did merit praise,
If Naso in the Latine won the bayes,
If Maro amongst the Romans did excel,
If Tosa in the Testine tongue wrote well;
A souldier that could never lead a pen,
Shows to the eighth or ninth generation,
Although I him enrol, and call him shepherd's swain,
Yet hereby I approve he is a gentleman,
The son of Adam, who was by lot,
The brother of the worthy Colonel Scott,
Who died with honour at Dumbar's fight,
In maintenance of king and country's right;
He was the son, I know it for truth,
Of William Scott, laird of Whitehaugh;
And William Scott was the eldest son
Of Walter Scott, stiled of the same;
Walter Scott was Robert's son,
And Robert he was Walter's son;
The first of Whitehaugh that from Borthwick sprung,
That Wat of Whitehaugh was cousin-germant
To John of Borthwick, who fasted so long,

Three sundry times he did perform
To fast fourty days I do aver;
Bishop Spotswood, my author is he,
A profound learn'd prelat, that would not lie:
When James the Fifth, he was Scotland's king,
In the castle of Edinburgh he incarcer'd him,
And would not believe the country says,
That any mortal could fast fourty days;
Bare bread and water the king allow'd for his meat,
But John Scott refused and would not eat:
'When the fourty days were come and gone,
'He was a great deal lustier than when he began.'
Then of the king he did presume,
To beg recommendation to the Pope of Rome,
'Where there he fasted fourty days more,
'And was neither hungry, sick, nor sore;'
From Rome he did hastily return,
And arrived in Brittain at London;
Where Henry the Eighth, he got notice,
That John Scott had fasted twice fourty days;
The king would not believe he could do such thing,
For which he commanded to incarcerate him;
Fourty days expired, he said he had no pain,
That his fast had been but ten hours time:
Here Walter Scott I'll draw near an end,
From John of Borthwick thy fathers did descend;

He was the son of Walter, I have said enough,
Their original is from Buckcleugh.
In the fourscore psalm we read,
That like a flock our God did Joseph lead,
And ev'ry day we do confess almost,
That we have err'd, and stray'd, like sheep that's lost,
For oaths, and passing words, and joining hands,
Is like assurance written in the sands,
The silly sheeps-skin turn'd to parchment thin
Shews that Jason's golden fleece with thee remains.

——— Begone my book, stretch forth thy wings and fly,
Amongst the nobles and gentility:
Thou'rt not to sell to scavingers and clowns,
But given to worthy persons of renown.
The number's few, I've printed in regard,
My charges have been great, and I hope reward;
I caused not print many above twelve score,
And the printers are engag'd that they shall print no more.

# NATHANIEL LEE,

*Commonly called the Mad Poet.*

1691.

He had, however, the good sense to relinquish the chase after church preferment, and the vain pursuit of court favour. He has left little besides his plays, from one of which the subjoined specimen is taken. Lee was confined during four years of his short life in Bedlam, where, when a sane idiot of a scribbler mocked his calamity, and observed, that it was easy to write like a madman. Lee answered, "No, Sir, it is not easy to write like a madman, but very easy to write like a fool." If all the patients could make such answers, one might well suspect that the hospital were the Temple of Reason. Lee died in 1691, aged about five and thirty.

SONG.

HAIL to the mirtle shade!
All hail to the nymphs of the fields!
Kings would not here invade
Those pleasures that Virtue yields.

CHORUS.

Beauty here opens her charms
To soften the languishing mind;
And Phillis unlocks her charms;
Ah! Phillis, oh why so kind!

Phillis, thou soul of love,
Thou joy of the neighb'ring swains;
Phillis that crowns the groves,
And Phillis that gilds the plains.

CHORUS.

Phillis, that ne'er had the skill,
To paint, to patch, and be fine,
Yet Phillis, whose eyes can kill,
Whom nature hath made divine.

Phillis, whose charming song,
Makes labour and pains a delight;
Phillis, that makes the day young,
And shortens the live-long night.

CHORUS.

Phillis, whose lips like May,
Still laugh at the sweets they bring;
Where love never knows decay,
But sets with eternal spring.

# THOMAS SHADWELL.

*Born at Lauton Hill, Norfolk*, 1640—1692.

Shadwell was a popular dramatist when he wrote some political remarks upon D.yden's Duke of Guise, in consequence of which he was compelled to fly into Holland. What share Dryden may have had in this persecution cannot now be known; but on the revolution Dryden was deposed from the Laureatship, and Shadwell crowned in his stead, a reward more due to his principles than his poetry. He was also appointed Royal Historiographer.

His Comedies have been highly praised by dramatick criticks. In indecency they may vie with any of his own times, and in absurdity and gross caricature with any of ours. Of his only rhymed tragedy, he says, "In all the words which are sung, I do not so much take care of the wit or fancy of them, as the making of them proper for musick."

This gentleman had the modesty to alter Timon of Athens, and to say of it, "it has the inimitable hand of Shakespeare in it, which never made more masterly strokes than in this. Yet I can truly say, I have made it into a play."

His portrait is prefixed to his dramatick works; the face is so perfectly free from all traces of thought or feeling, that it should be engraved to accompany Mac Flecknoe, and justify the severity of Dryden.

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SONG.

*From the Woman Captain.*

Let some great joys pretend to find
In empty whimsies of the mind;
But nothing to the soul can come,
Till the ushering senses make it room:
Nor can the mind be e'er at ease,
Unless you first the body please.
Life is, whate'er vain man may doubt,
But taking in and putting out.
Since life's but a span,
Live as much as you can,
Let none of it pass without pleasure;
But push on your strength,
Of what life wants in length,
In the breadth you must make up the measure.

All solid pleasure fops lay by,
And seek they know not what, nor why:

Imperfect images they enjoy,
Which fancy makes, and can destroy.
Who in immaterial things delight,
Dream in the day as well as night:
In that how can they pleasure take,
Of which no image thought can make!
In vain no moment then be spent,
Fill up the little life that's lent;
Feasts, musick, wine the day possess,
The night, love, youth and beauty bless.
The senses now in parcels treat,
Then altogether by the great;
No empty space in life be found,
But one continued joy go round.

# WILLIAM MOUNTFORD.

1659—1692.

An actor of great eminence, who was murdered by Captain Hill and Lord Mohun. He wrote six Dramatick Pieces, and many Songs, Prologues, and Epilogues, which are scattered in Dryder .scellanies.

SON ,

*In " The In ed Lovers."*

LUCINDA close or veil your eye,
Where thousand loves in ambush lye;
Where darts are pointed with such skill,
They're sure to hurt, if not to kill.
Let pity move thee to seem blind,
Lest seeing, thou destroy mankind.

II.

Lucinda, hide that swelling breast,
The Phœnix else will change her nest:

Yet do not, for, when she expires,
Her heat may light in the soft fires
Of love and pity, so that I
By this one way may thee enjoy.

# SIR WILLIAM KILLIGREW.

*Hanworth, Middlesex*, 1605—1693.

Sir William suffered in his fortunes for his attachment to Charles I. and was one of the few sufferers whom Charles II. recompenced; for that worthless monarch seems to have imagined that a supererogation of vengeance would atone for his deficiency of gratitude.

He wrote five Plays and two volumes, which were the productions of a more serious age, when he had retired from Court.

1. The Artless Midnight Thoughts of a Gentleman at Court; who, for many years, built on sand, which every blast of cross fortune has defaced; but now he has laid new foundations on the rock of his salvation, 1684.

Of this Cibber says, that besides 233 thoughts in it, there are some small pieces of poetry. If he has really given us two hundred and thirty three thoughts in one volume, we may recommend Sir William as a worthy object of imitation; or rather admire the improvement introduced into the book manufactory, of making volumes without any thoughts at all.

2. Midnight and Daily Thoughts in Verse and Prose. 1694. This was printed after his death.

*On the Fear of Death.*

Why dost thou shrink, my soul, what terrour see,
To cause such high impiety,
That thus from age to age thou would'st endure?
Pray'st thou for this, for such a cure,
As may more time in vanity mis-spend?
To what doth this averseness tend,
That thus thou still enamour'd art
Of thy disease and smart?
Or dost thou grudge the dirty grave
Should thy dead carcase have?

This giant death that hath so long controll'd
The world, submits unto the bold;
His threatening dart, nor point nor sharpness hath
To men of piety and faith.
Thou know'st all this, my soul, yet still dost cry,
Thou would'st not die, and know'st not why.
If thou be'st frighted by a name,
Then thou art much to blame,
And poorly weak, if terrour-struck
By a fantastick look.

Women and children teach thee a disdain,
To fear the passage, or the pain:

The ancient heathens courted death to be
Remembered by posterity;
And shall those heathens then more courage show,
Than thou that dost thy Maker know?
The misbelieving christian may
Shake at his latter day;
Till then, not mindful of his sin,
Nor the danger he is in.

But thou that hast conversed with God and death,
In speculation, shall thy breath
Unwillingly expire into his hand,
That comes to fetch it by command?
From God that made thee, art thou loth to be,
Possess'd of thy felicity,
Because thy guide looks pale, and must
Convey thy flesh to dust?
Though that to worms converted be
What is all this to thee?

Thou shalt not feel death's sting, but instant have
Full joys and triumph o'er the grave,
Where thy long-loved companion flesh shall rest,
Until it be refined, new drest
For thy next wearing, in that holy place,
That heaven, where thou shalt face to face

With saints, and angels daily see
Thy God, and ever be
Replenish'd with celestial bliss.
Oh my soul, think on this.

---

*On Prayer.*

The Lord regards not words, we may
Be silent and yet pray :
'Tis the intention of the heart,
That doth our zeal impart.
Tho' vocal prayers be daily used,
Our sighs are not refused ;
And our good deeds for prayers do go
'Cause God esteems them so.
Our charity and mercy shown,
Will plead our cause alone :
Such acts of our obedience.
Is the best eloquence.
And does in heaven gain more regard,
For pardon and reward,
Than a whole age was ever known
To get by words alone.

Our alms, do double use obtain,
And multiply our gain;
When penitence does plead for sin,
And gratitude steps in,
Acknowledging the grace we have,
Must raise us from the grave,
And put us in a decent frame
To call upon God's name;
There practick prayers will do the deed,
And help us at our need;
Much better than a story told
In language rude and bold;
Such as rash fancies do throw out,
From wants, from fears, or doubt
Of our condition, which may be
Words without modesty.
When pious works fail not to bring
Us blessings from the king
Of Heaven, the searcher of our hearts,
Beyond the reach of arts
In language, by him all disguised,
Formalities despised,
And the poor holy ignorant
Will sooner get a grant
Of his desire, than thou or I,
With all our orat'ry.

When our good works and words agree,
They both accepted be.

---

*On a good Man's desire to be in Heaven.*

THOSE who dare shake the hour glass in Death's hand,
To make the quicker passage for the sand,
Have mounting souls, with a serene delight,
To hasten us to God's beatick sight,
And surely may a better welcome gain,
Than those that longer would on earth remain.

# SIR ROBERT HOWARD.

1698.

Sir R. Howard distinguished himself by serving Charles I. in the field, and Charles II. in the parliament; and by persecuting the Nonjurors under William. Buckingham satirized him well in the Rehearsal, and Shadwell clumsily in the Impertinents. He has been undervalued. His committee is a comedy of sterling merit, and his little historical Essay on the reigns of the three first Edwards, and Richard II. certainly discovers considerable talents.

## TO AMARANTA.

*The Fate of Scorn.*

If you the world could conquer one by one,
You'd then want trophies for your boundless mind;
Like that ambitious * prince, who wanted room,
In the strait circuit of the world confin'd.

* Alexander the Great, of whom Juven. X.
Æstuat infelix angusto limite mundi.

Then like the tyrant * Nero you must fall
Such fate's as his due to such cruelty,
Unpitied and unminded too of all,
At once without a friend or enemy.

The souldier that joins conquest to his name
By victories, when overcome with years,
(As you must one day be) preserves his fame,
Not by those wounds he gave, but those he bears.

So when your charms in age's furrows lie
Lost, and forgotten, that had once so moved;
One wound amidst your heaps of victory
Would better tell, that you had been belov'd.

Then like a tyrant ravish'd from his throne,
You'll wish, that you had gentler used your own.

* Suetonius, in the Life of Nero, reports, that in his last extremity, when he sought for Specillus the fencer, or any, to dispatch him: and equally wanting friends and enemies to afford him that last favour; Ergo ego (inquit) nec Amicum habeo, nec Inimicum?

*To the unconstant Cynthia.*

A SONG.

TELL me once, dear, how it does prove
That I so much forsworn could be?
I never swore always to love,
I onely vow'd still to love thee:
And art thou now what thou wert then,
Unsworn unto by other men?

In thy fair breast, and once-fair soul,
I thought my vows were writ alone;
But others oaths so blurr'd the scrole,
That I no more could read my own.
And am I still obliged to pay,
When you had thrown the bond away?

Nor must we onely part in joy,
Our tears as well must be unkind:
Weep you, that could such truth destroy,
And I, that could such falseness find.
Thus we must unconcern'd remain
In our divided joys and pain.

Yet we may love, but on this diff'rent score,
You what I am, I what you were before.

---

## AMARANTA,

*To the God of Love.*

Ah, mighty Love, what power unknown,
Hast thou now used more than thy own!
It was thy conduct and designe,
But not thy power that vanquish'd mine.
As a great captain to his name,
Of every conquest joynes the fame;
Though 'twas not by his power got,
But armys by his conduct brought:
So when thou could'st not do't alone,
Thou lead'st his troops of vertues on.
And I now feel by my surprise,
Thou hast not only darts but eyes;
Just god! now take again thy arms,
And rally all I have of charms.
What pow'r and conduct cannot do,
Make his beliefe contribute to.
So, when the earth some promise shows,
That she does greater wealth inclose;

Believing men search her rich veins,
And crown their hopes with unknown gains;
May he, but at the first, incline to love,
Then to my faith, and time,
His justice, after the surprize,
Shall be more fetter'd than his eyes!

# CHARLES HOPKINS.

*Devonshire*, 1664—1700.

This writer enjoyed the favour of the great, and the praise of his contemporary poets. Dryden in particular esteemed him. He died a victim to drunkenness and debauchery.

## *To Walter Moyle, Esq.*

To you, dear youth, in these unpolish'd strains
And rural notes, your exiled friend complains.
With pain, this tedious banishment I bear
From the dear town, and you, the dearest there.
Hourly, my thoughts present before my view,
Those charming joys, which once, alas! I knew,
In wine, in love, in friendship, and in you.
Now Fortune has withdrawn that pleasing scene,
We must not for a while appear again.
Here, in its stead, unusual prospects rise,
That dull the fancy, and disgust the eyes.

Black groves of trees, shook by the northern winds,
And heavy aspects of unthinking hinds.
No beauteous nymph to fire the youthful heart,
No swain instructed in the Muses art.
Hammond alone, is from thy censure free,
Hammond, who makes the same complaint with me:
Alike on both, the want of you does strike,
Which both repine at, and lament alike;
While here I stay, condemn'd to desart fields,
Deny'd the pleasures which the city yields,
My fortunes, by the chance of war deprest,
Lost at these years, when I might use them best.
To crown your youth, conspiring graces join,
Honour, and bounty, wealth and wit, are thine.
With charms united, every heart you move,
Esteem in men, in vanquish'd virgins, love.
Tho' clog'd with cares, I drag my restless hours,
I envy not the flowing ease of yours;
Still may they roul with circling pleasures on;
Nor you neglect to seize them, as they run.
Time hastes away with an impetuous flight,
And all its joys soon vanish from our sight,
Which we shall mourn, we used not, while we might.

In full delights, let sprightly Southern live,
With all that women, and that wine, can give.
May generous Wycherly, all sufferings past,
Enjoy a well-deserved estate, at last.
Fortune, with merit, and with wit, be friends,
And sure, tho' slowly, make a large amends.
Late, very late, may the great Dryden dye,
But when deceased, may Congreve rise as high.
To him my service, and my love commend,
The greatest wit, and yet the truest friend.
Accept, dear Moyle, a letter writ in haste,
Which my impatient friendship dictates fast.
Friendship, like love, imperfectly exprest,
Yet by their being so, they're both shown best.
Each, no cold leisure for our thoughts affords,
But at a heat, strikes out our eager words.
The soul's emotion, most her truth assures,
Such as I feel, while I subscribe me

YOURS.

# JOHN DRYDEN.

1631—1701.

Of Dryden it can hardly be necessary to say more than to quote the Epitaph which John Sheffield, Duke of Buckingham, intended for his tomb.

"This Sheffield raised: the sacred dust below
Was Dryden once: the rest who does not know?"

Congreve said of him—"What he has done in any one species or distinct kind of poetry, would have been sufficient to have acquired him a very great name; if he had written nothing but his Prefaces, or nothing but his Songs and his Dialogues, each of them would have entitled him to the preference and distinction of excelling in its kind."

The specimens are selected from these minor poems.

## *Veni Creator Spiritus,*

PARAPHRASED.

CREATOR spirit, by whose aid
The world's foundations first were laid,
Come visit every pious mind;
Come pour thy joys on human kind;

From sin and sorrow set us free,
And make thy temples worthy thee.
O source of uncreated light,
The father's promised paraclete!
Thrice holy fount, thrice holy fire,
Our hearts with heavenly love inspire;
Come, and thy sacred unction bring
To sanctify us while we sing.
Plenteous of grace, descend from high,
Rich in thy sevenfold energy!
Thou strength of his Almighty hand,
Whose power does heaven and earth command
Proceeding spirit, our defence,
Who do'st the gifts of tongues dispense,
And crown'st thy gift with eloquence!
Refine and purge our earthly parts;
But, ah, inflame and fire our hearts!
Our frailties help, our vice controul,
Submit the senses to the soul;
And when rebellious they are grown,
Then lay thy hand, and hold 'em down.
Chace from our minds th' infernal foe,
And peace, the fruit of love, bestow;
And lest our feet should step astray,
Protect and guide us in the way.

Make us eternal truths receive,
And practice all that we believe:
Give us thyself, that we may see
The Father, and the Son, by thee.
Immortal honour, endless fame,
Attend th' Almighty Father's name:
The Saviour Son be glorify'd,
Who for lost man's redemption dy'd:
And equal adoration be,
Eternal paraclete, to thee.

---

*On the Monument of the Marquis of Winchester.*

He who in impious times undaunted stood,
And midst rebellion durst be just and good,
Whose arms asserted, and whose sufferings more
Confirm'd the cause for which he fought before,
Rests here, rewarded by an heavenly prince;
For what his earthly could not recompence.
Pray, reader, that such times no more appear,
Or, if they happen, learn true honour here.
Ask of this age's faith and loyalty,
Which, to preserve them, heaven confined in thee
Few subjects could a king like thine deserve,
And fewer, such a king, so well could serve.

Blest king, blest subject, whose exalted state
By sufferings rose, and gave the law to fate.
Such souls are rare, but mighty patterns given
To earth, and meant for ornaments to heaven.

---

## EPILOGUE

*Spoken at Oxford, by Mrs. Marshall.*

Oft has our poet wish'd, this happy seat
Might prove his fading Muse's last retreat;
I wonder'd at his wish, but now I find
He sought for quiet and content of mind;
Which noiseful towns and courts can never know,
And only in the shades like laurels grow.
Youth ere it sees the world, here studies rest,
And age returning thence concludes it best.
What wonder if we court that happiness
Yearly to share, which hourly you possess,
Teaching e'en you, while the vext world we show,
Your peace to value more, and better know?
'Tis all we can return for favours past,
Whose holy memory shall ever last,
For patronage from him whose care presides
O'er every noble art, and every science guides,

Bathurst, a name the learn'd with reverence know,
And scarcely more to his own Virgil owe;
Whose age enjoys but what his youth deserved,
To rule those Muses whom before he served.
His learning, and untainted manners too,
We find, Athenians, are derived to you:
Such antient hospitality there rests
In yours, as dwelt in the first Grecian breasts,
Whose kindness was religion to their guests.
Such modesty did to our sex appear,
As, had there been no laws, we need not fear,
Since each of you was our protector here.
Converse so chaste, and so strict virtue shown,
As might Apollo with the Muses own.
Till our return we must despair to find
Judges so just, so knowing, and so kind.

# SIR CHARLES SEDLEY.

1639—1701.

In an age of wit, courtesy, and vice, Sedley was pre-eminent for debauchery, politeness, and talents; he had his reward, or his punishment in seeing his daughter promoted to the rank of a Royal Concubine, and her evenged himself by actively contributing to the Revolution, saying with bitter pleasantry, that he "hated ingratitude, and as the King had made his daughter a Countess, he would in return labour to make the King's daughter a Queen."

His Poems and Plays were collected in two small volumes 1719.

## *Answer to Celia.*

THYRSIS, I wish as well as you,
To honour there were nothing due:
Then would I pay my debt of love
In the same coin that you approve:
Which now you must in friendship take,
'Tis all the payment I can make;
Friendship so high, that I must say,
'Tis rather Love with some allay.

And rest contented, since that I
As well myself as you deny.
Learn then of me bravely to bear
The want of what you hold most dear;
And that which honour does in me,
Let my example work on thee.

---

## *To Celia.*

As in those nations where they yet adore
Marble and cedar, and their aid implore,
'Tis not the workman, nor the precious wood,
But 'tis the worshipper that makes the god:
So, cruel Fair, tho' heaven has given thee all
We mortals Virtue, or can Beauty call,
'Tis we that give the thunder to your frowns,
Darts to your eyes, and to ourselves the wounds.
Without our love, which proudly you deride,
Vain were your beauty, and more vain your pride.
All envy'd beings that the world can shew,
Still to some meaner thing their greatness owe:
Subjects make kings, and we (the numerous train
Of humble lovers) constitute thy reign.

This difference only beauties realm may boast,
Where most it favours, it enslaves the most.
And they to whom it is indulgent found,
Are ever in the rudest fetters bound.
What tyrant yet, but thee, was ever known
Cruel to those that served to make him one?
Valour's a vice, if not with honour joyn'd,
And beauty a disease, when 'tis not kind.

---

SONG.

When Amelia first became
The mistress of his heart,
So mild and gentle was her reign,
Thyrsis, in hers, had part.

Reserves and care he laid aside,
And gave his love the reins;
The headlong course he now must bide,
No other way remains.

At first her cruelty he fear'd,
But that being overcome,
No second for a while appear'd,
And he thought all his own.

He call'd himself a happier man
Than ever loved before;
Her favours still his hopes out-ran,
What mortal can have more?

Love smiled at first, then looking grave,
Said, Thyrsis, Leave to boast;
More joy than all her kindness gave,
Her fickleness will cost.

He spoke; and from that fatal time,
All Thyrsis did, or said,
Appear'd unwelcome, or a crime,
To the ungrateful maid.

Then he despairing of her heart,
Would fain have had his own,
Love answered, such a nymph could part,
With nothing she had won.

---

SONG.

AURELIA, art thou mad
To let the world in me;
Envy joys I never had,
And censure them in thee.

Fill'd with grief for what is past,
Let us at length be wise,
And the banquet boldly taste,
Since we have paid the price.

Love does easie souls despise,
Who lose themselves for toys,
And escape for those devise,
Who taste his utmost joys.

To be thus for trifles blamed,
Like theirs, a folly is,
Who are for vain swearing damn'd,
And know no higher bliss.

Love should like the year be crown'd
With sweet variety;
Hope should in the spring be found
Kind fears, and jealousie.

In the summer flowers should rise,
And in the autumn fruit;
His spring doth else but mock our eyes,
And in a scoff salute.

# JOHN POMFRET.

*Luton, Bedfordshire*, 1677—1703.

Why is Pomfret the most popular of the English Poets? the fact is certain, and the solution would be useful.

## *The Choice.*

If Heaven the grateful liberty would give,
That I might choose my method how to live:
And all those hours propitious Fate should lend,
In blissful ease, and satisfaction spend;
Near some fair town I'd have a private seat,
Built uniform, not little nor too great;
Better if on a rising ground it stood;
On this side fields, on that a neighbouring wood.
It should within no other things contain,
But what are useful, necessary, plain:
Methinks 'tis nauseous; and I'd ne'er endure
The needless pomp of gaudy furniture.
A little garden grateful to the eye;
And a cool rivulet run murmuring by:

On whose delicious banks a stately row
Of shady limes, or sycamore, should grow.
At th' end of which a silent study placed,
Should be with all the noblest authors graced.
Horace and Virgil, in whose mighty lines
Immortal wit, and solid learning shines;
Sharp Juvenal, and amorous Ovid too,
Who all the turns of love's soft passion knew:
He that with judgment reads his charming lines,
In which strong art with stronger nature joins,
Must grant his fancy does the best excel;
His thoughts so tender, and express'd so well:
With all those moderns, men of steady sense,
Esteem'd for learning, and for eloquence.
In some of these, as fancy should advise,
I'd always take my morning exercise:
For sure no minutes bring us more content,
Than those in pleasing, useful studies spent.
I'd have a clear and competent estate,
That I might live genteelly, but not great:
As much as I could moderately spend;
A little sometimes t' oblige a friend.
Nor should the sons of poverty repine
Too much at fortune; they should taste of mine;
And all that objects of true pity were,
Should be reliev'd with what my wants could spare;

For that our Maker has too largely given,
Should be return'd in gratitude to Heaven.
A frugal plenty should my table spread;
With healthy, not luxurious, dishes spread;
Enough to satisfy, and something more,
To feed the stranger, and the neighbouring poor.
Strong meat indulges vice, and pampering food
Creates diseases, and inflames the blood.
But what's sufficient to make nature strong,
And the bright lamp of life continue long,
I'd freely take; and, as I did possess,
The bounteous Author of my plenty bless.
I'd have a little vault, but always stored,
With the best wines each vintage could afford.
Wine whets the wit, improves its native force,
And gives a pleasant flavour to discourse:
By making all our spirits debonair,
Throws off the lees, the sediment of care.
But as the greatest blessing Heaven lends
May be debauch'd, and serve ignoble ends;
So, but too oft, the grape's refreshing juice
Does many mischievous effects produce.
My house should no such rude disorders know,
As from high drinking consequently flow;
Nor would I use what was so kindly given,
To the dishonour of indulgent Heaven.

If any neighbour came, he should be free,
Used with respect, and not uneasy be
In my retreat, or to himself or me.
What freedom, prudence, and right reason give,
All men may, with impunity, receive:
But the least swerving from their rule's too much;
For what's forbidden us, 'tis death to touch.
That life may be more comfortable yet,
And all my joys refined, sincere, and great;
I'd choose two friends, whose company would be
A great advance to my felicity:
Well-born, of humours suited to my own,
Discreet, and men as well as books have known:
Brave, generous, witty, and exactly free
From loose behaviour or formality:
Airy and prudent; merry, but not light;
Quick in discerning, and in judging right:
Secret they should be, faithful to their trust;
In reasoning cool, strong, temperate, and just;
Obliging, open, without huffing, brave;
Brisk in gay talking, and in sober grave:
Close in dispute, but not tenacious; try'd
By solid reason, and let that decide:
Not prone to lust, revenge, or envious hate;
Nor busy meddlers with intrigues of state:
Strangers to slander, and sworn foes to spite;
Not quarrelsome, but stout enough to fight:

Loyal, and pious, friends to Cæsar; true
As dying martyrs, to their Maker too.
In their society I could not miss
A permanent, sincere, substantial bliss.
Would bounteous Heaven once more indulge,
I'd choose
(For who would so much satisfaction lose,
As witty nymphs in conversation give)
Near some obliging modest fair to live:
For there's that sweetness in a female mind,
Which in a man's we cannot hope to find;
That, by a secret, but a powerful art,
Winds up the spring of life, and does impart
Fresh vital heat to the transported heart.
I'd have her reason all her passion sway;
Easy in company, in private gay;
Coy to a fop, to the deserving free;
Still constant to herself, and just to me.
A soul she should have for great actions fit;
Prudence and wisdom to direct her wit;
Courage to look bold danger in the face;
No fear, but only to be proud, or base;
Quick to advise, by an emergence prest
To give good counsel, or to take the best.
I'd have th' expression of her thoughts be such,
She might not seem reserved, nor talk too much:

That shews a want of judgment, and of sense;
More than enough is but impertinence.
Her conduct regular, her mirth refined;
Civil to strangers, to her neighbours kind:
Averse to vanity, revenge, and pride;
In all the methods of deceit untry'd:
So faithful to her friend, and good to all,
No censure might upon her actions fall:
Then would e'en envy be compell'd to say,
She goes the least of womankind astray.

To this fair creature I'd sometimes retire;
Her conversation would new joys inspire;
Give life and edge so keen, no surly care
Would venture to assault my soul, or dare,
Near my retreat, to hide one secret snare.
But so divine, so noble a repast
I'd seldom, and with moderation, taste:
For highest cordials all their virtues lose,
By a too frequent and too bold a use;
And what would cheer the spirits in distress,
Ruins our health, when taken to excess.

I'd be concern'd in no litigious jar,
Belov'd by all, not vainly popular.
Whate'er assistance I had power to bring,
T' oblige my country, or to serve my king,
Whene'er they call, I'd readily afford
My tongue, my pen, my counsel, or my sword.

Law suits I'd shun, with as much studious care,
As I would dens where hungry lions are;
And rather put up injuries, than be
A plague to him, who'd be a plague to me.
I value quiet at a price too great,
To give for my revenge so dear a rate:
For what do we by all our bustle gain,
But counterfeit delight for real pain?
If Heaven a date of many years would give,
Thus I'd in pleasure, ease, and plenty live.
And as I near approach'd the verge of life,
Some kind relation (for I'd have no wife)
Should take upon him all my worldly care,
Whilst I did for a better state prepare.
Then I'd not be with any trouble vex'd,
Nor have the evening of my days perplex'd;
But by a silent and a peaceful death,
Without a sigh, resign my aged breath.
And when committed to the dust, I'd have
Few tears, but friendly, dropt into my grave,
Then would my exit so propitious be,
All men would wish to live and die like me.

# JOHN CROWNE.

*Nova Scotia, about* 1704.

Rochester brought this writer forward as a rival to Dryden, he was successful enough to make Rochester himself envious. Charles II. resolved to patronize, and gave him the Spanish Comedy *Non puede ser* to adapt to the English stage. On the very day fixed for its representation the King was seized with his death sickness, and his hopes and prospects were destroyed.

His plays are highly commended in the Biographia Dramatica. His other works are an imitation of the Lutrin under the title of the *Dæneids*, or the Noble Labours of the Great Dean of Notre Dame in Paris, 4to. 1692; and Pandion and Amphigenia, or the Coy Lady of Thessalia, 1665.

The extract is from his poem on the death of Charles II. 1685; it is a noble specimen of loyal blasphemy.

## *From a Poem*

ON THE

DEATH OF CHARLES THE SECOND.

Oh God! some pity, I am turn'd to stone,
And yet have life, give me all death or none,

Life is thy bounty, that thou may'st deny;
Death we may claim, it is our right to dye:
Our father bought the curse at vast expence,
Though pain and misery, have improv'd it since
From curse to blessing, from their right the heirs
Shou'd not be kept 'cause better fruit it bears.
Ha! thro' my cold dark frame, a voice does spread
To my numb'd ear, and say in *Charles* I'm dead.
I? Three fair nations fall under the blow,
His subjects once, his monuments are now;
Or not so well, some as they were remain,
Turn devils to statues, they advancement gain.

Three nations? All the world is sunk so low,
The wise do not so much as scorn it now,
Strength, courage, wisdom, glory, wit, and power,
Had some false lustre till this fatal hour.
In *Charles* all joyn'd their force, and now his fall
Has to eternal shame expos'd 'em all.

In him all elements so strongly twined,
The royal ship by nature seem'd design'd,
To be in time's unbounded sea obey'd
With the same awe he his own channel sway'd.
Make every desease it's topsail lo're,
To shoot unhurt the gulph of every hour;

Sail on, and pay no customs to the grave,
And Death, the King of Terrors boldly brave.

And long he had both Time and Death defied,
If both despairing no false arts had tryed,
From his own table they in secret fed
That Traytor Malady that struck him dead,
Though cautious Temperance faithful centry stood
At his meals, it cou'd not guard his bloud.
The friends of Life he cherisht, life destroy'd,
Oft were his favours to his hurt employ'd,
He Vigour and Digestion did maintain,
And they with secret Death fill'd every vein.
Under Ingratitude none suffered more;
Too oft he rais'd his enemies to power.
Health boast no more, nor promise life and ease,
Your own guards beat you from your palaces,
You assemble dishes to support your crown;
And they too falsely pull your greatness down.
Pay taxes to maintain Intestine War,
One faithful Counsellor were better far:

Wit from his thoughts, as suddenly did flye
As lightning from a fiery southern sky,
Whene're god-like he sported with mankind,
The ready flash attended on his mind.

Scarce in his royal ear your words cou'd rest,
But the flame met, and melted 'em to jest:
Nay through the sturdy Oak of State affairs
It played, and guided o're the darkest aires.
The world was so much less than his great soul,
It only served him for his sporting fool.
He laugh'd at Fortune, Glory, Pomp and Fame,
And scorn'd to hunt after such childish game:
Who toyles for glory, shews his spirit low,
For honours only from inferiors flow:
He's slave to slaves, and labours to be fed,
With vain applause, as peasants do for bread.
Pomp rather shews a Monarch weak, then great,
And only puts upon himself the cheat,
'Tis base-born greatness that from pomp does spring,
Forms almost bastardise a lawful king.
If to his glory outward forms impart,
Being and Life, 'tis the poor Child of Art.
*Charles* all his greatness in himself did place;
He darted splendour from his awful face.
His brow aright to empire did evince,
His every look and motion was a prince.
No forms e're darken'd him; the expanded sky
Bow'd to all earth, and shone on every eye.
And had Heavens more bright and high then this.
His royal mind where dwelt eternal bliss.

Now let us leave these lower sphears and spring
To brighter visions with extended wing.
Never in men more god-like wisdom shone,
So great it was, that God seem'd jealous grown,
And from his brain a rivalship to fear,
Therefore he struck that potent Minister.

# CHARLES SACKVILLE,

## EARL OF DORSET.

1637—1705.

A man distinguished for accomplishments, wit, courage, patriotism and beneficence.

### SONG.

*Written at Sea, in the first Dutch War, 1665, the Night before the Engagement.*

I.

To all you ladies now at land,
We men, at sea, indite;
But first would have you understand,
How hard it is to write;
The Muses now, and Neptune too,
We must implore to write to you,
With a Fa, la, la, la, la.

II.

For though the Muses should prove kind,
And fill our empty brain;
Yet if rough Neptune rouse the wind,
To wave the azure main,
Our paper, pen, and ink, and we,
Roll up and down our ships at sea.
With a Fa, &c.

III.

Then if we write not by each post,
Think not we are unkind;
Nor yet conclude your ships are lost,
By Dutchmen, or by wind:
Our tears we'll send a speedier way,
The tide shall bring them twice a day.
With a Fa, &c.

IV.

The king with wonder and surprise,
Will swear the seas grow bold;
Because the tides will higher rise,
Than e'er they used of old:
But let him know, it is our tears
Bring floods of grief to Whitehall stairs,
With a Fa, &c.

V.

Should foggy Opdam chance to know
Our sad and dismal story;
The Dutch would scorn so weak a foe,
And quit their fort at Goree;
For what resistance can they find
From men who've left their hearts behind!
With a Fa, &c.

VI.

Let wind and weather do its worst,
Be you to us but kind;
Let Dutchmen vapour, Spaniards curse,
No sorrow we shall find.
'Tis then no matter how things go,
Or who's our friend, or who's our foe,
With a Fa, &c.

VII.

To pass our tedious hours away,
We throw a merry main,
Or else at serious ombre play;
But, why should we in vain
Each other's ruin thus pursue;
We were undone when we left you.
With a Fa, &c.

VIII.

But now our fears tempestuous grow,
And cast our hopes away;
Whilst you, regardless of our woe,
Sit careless at a play:
Perhaps, permit some happier man
To kiss your hand, or flirt your fan.
With a Fa, &c.

IX.

When any mournful tune you hear,
That dies in every note;
As if it sigh'd with each man's care,
For being so remote;
Think how often love we've made
To you when all those tunes were play'd.
With a Fa, &c.

X.

In justice you cannot refuse,
To think of our distress;
When we for hopes of honour lose
Our certain happiness;
All those designs are but to prove
Ourselves more worthy of your love.
With a Fa, &c.

XI.

And now we've told you all our loves
And likewise all our fears;
In hopes this declaration moves
Some pity from your tears;
Let's hear of no inconstancy,
We have too much of that at sea.
With a Fa, la, la, la, la.

# GEORGE STEPNEY

*Westminster*, 1663—1707.

If Stepney's verses had been collected during his life, we should have ascribed it to his rank. But what motive could have tempted an editor to print such trash forty years after the death of the author!

*On the University of Cambridge's burning the Duke of Monmouth's Picture*, 1685, *who was formerly their Chancellor.—In answer to this Question:*

" ——————— Sed quid
" Turba Remi? sequitur fortunam, ut semper,
" et odit
" Damnatos——"

YES, fickle Cambridge, Perkins found this true,
Both from your rabble and your doctors too,
With what applause you once received his grace,
And begg'd a copy of his god-like face;
But when the sage Vice-Chancellor was sure
The original in limbo lay secure,

As greasy as himself he sends a lictor,
To vent his royal malice on the picture.
The beadle's wife endeavours all she can
To save the image of the ill young man,
Which she so oft when pregnant did embrace,
That with strong thoughts she might improve her race;
But all in vain, since the wise house conspire
To dam the canvas traitor to the fire,
Lest it, like bones of Scanderbeg, incite
Scythe-men next harvest to renew the fight.
Then in comes mayor Eagle, and does gravely alledge,
He'll subscribe, if he can, for a bundle of Sedge;
But the man of Clare-hall that proffer refuses,
'Snigs he'll be beholden to none but the Muses;
And orders ten porters to bring the dull reams
On the death of good Charles, and crowning of James;
And swears he will borrow of the Provost more stuff
On the marriage of Anne, if that be n't enough.
The heads, lest he get all the profit t' himself,
Too greedy of honour, too lavish of pelf,
This motion deny, and vote that Tite Tillet,
Should gather from each noble doctor a billet.
The kindness was common, and so they'd return it;
The gift was to all, all therefore would burn it:

Thus joining their stocks for a bonfire together,
As they club for a cheese in the parish of Chedder,
Confusedly crowd on the sophs and the doctors,
The hangman, the townsman, their wives, and the proctors;
While the troops from each part of the countries in ale
Come to quaff his confusion in bumpers of stale:
But Rosalin never unkind to a duke,
Does by her absence their folly rebuke,
The tender creature could not see his fate,
With whom she 'ad danc'd a minuet so late.
The heads, who never could hope for such frames,
Out of envy condemn'd six score pounds to the flames;
Then his air was too proud, and his features amiss,
As if being a traitor had alter'd his phiz:
So the rabble of Rome, whose favour ne'er settles,
Melt down their Sejanus to pots and brass kettles.

# GEORGE FARQUHAR.

*Londonderry*, 1678—1707.

A woman without fortune fell in love with Farquhar: let him understand it, made him believe she was rich, and married him. He never reproached her for the deceit, but behaved to her with all the delicacy and tenderness of an indulgent husband, though the embarrassments in which this marriage involved him, reduced him to poverty, and actually brought him to the grave.

His Poems, Letters, and Essays, were published 1702. As a comic writer he has few equals, and perhaps no superior.

## SONG.

I.

TELL me, AURELIA, tell me pray,
How long must *Damon* sue,
Prefix the time, and I'll obey,
With patience wait the happy day
That makes me sure of you.

II.

The sails of time my sighs shall blow,
And make the minutes glide;
My tears shall make the current flow,
And swell the hasting tide.

III.

The wings of love shall fly so fast,
My hopes mount so sublime,
The wings of love shall make more haste,
Than the swift wings of time.

---

*The Assignation.*

SONG.

I.

THE minute's past appointed by my fair,
The minute's fled,
And leaves me dead,
With anguish and despair.

II.

My flatter'd hopes their flight did make
With the appointed hour;
None can the minutes past o'ertake,
And nought my hopes restore.

III.

Cease your plaints, and make no moan,
Thou sad repining swain;
Although the fleeting hour be gone,
The place does still remain.

IV.

The place remains, and she may make
Amends for all your pain;
Her presence can past time o'ertake,
Her love your hopes regain.

# JOHN PHILIPS.

*Bampton, Oxfordshire*, 1676—1708.

"There is no other excuse to be offered for inserting so well known a poem as the Splendid Shilling among these specimens, but that it is the only one among his works short enough to be inserted."

## *The Splendid Shilling.*

" ——— Sing, heavenly Muse!
" Things unattempted yet, in prose or rhyme,"
A shilling, breeches, and chimeras dire.

HAPPY the man, who, void of cares and strife,
In silken, or in leathern purse retains
A splendid shilling: he nor hears with pain
New oysters cry'd, nor sighs for chearful ale;
But with his friends, when nightly mists arise,
To Juniper's Magpie, or Town-hall * repairs:

* Two noted alehouses in Oxford, 1700.

Where, mindful of the nymph, whose wanton eye,
Transfix'd his soul, and kindled amorous flames,
Cloe or Phyllis, he each circling glass
Wisheth her health, and joy, and equal love.
Meanwhile, he smokes, and laughs at merry tale,
Or pun ambiguous, or conundrum quaint.
But I, whom griping penury surrounds,
And hunger, sure attendant upon want,
With scanty offals, and small acid tiff,
(Wretched repast!) my meagre corpse sustain:
Then solitary walk, or dose at home
In garret vile, and with a warming puff
Regale chill'd fingers; or from tube as black
As winter-chimney, or well-polish'd jet,
Exhale mundungus, ill-perfuming scent:
Not blacker tube, nor of a shorter size,
Smokes Cambro-Briton (vers'd in pedigree,
Sprung from Cadwallador and Arthur, kings
Full famous in romantick tale) when he
O'er many a craggy hill and barren cliff,
Upon a cargo of famed Cestrian cheese,
High over-shadowing rides, with a design
To vend his wares, or at th' Arvonian mart,
Or Maridunum, or the ancient town
Yclep'd Brechinia, or where Vaga's stream
Encircles Ariconium, fruitful soil!

Whence flow nectarious wines, that well may vie
With Massic, Setin, or renown'd Falern.
Thus, while my joyless minutes tedious flow,
With looks demure, and silent pace, a Dun,
Horrible monster! hated by gods and men,
To my aërial citadel ascends,
With vocal heel thrice thundering at my gate,
With hideous accent thrice he calls; I know
The voice ill-boding, and the solemn sound.
What should I do? or whither turn? Amazed,
Confounded, to the dark recess I fly
Of wood-hole; straight my bristling hairs erect
Through sudden fear, a chilly sweat bedews
My shuddering limbs, and (wonderful to tell!)
My tongue forgets her faculty of speech;
So horrible he seems! His faded brow
Entrench'd with many a frown, and conic beard,
And spreading band, admired by modern saints,
Disastrous acts forbode; in his right hand
Long scrolls of paper solemnly he waves,
With characters and figures dire inscrib'd,
Grievous to mortal eyes; (ye gods, avert
Such plagues from righteous men!) behind him stalks
Another monster, not unlike himself,
Sullen of aspect, by the vulgar call'd

A catchpole, whose polluted hands the gods
With force incredible, and magic charms,
First have induced: if he his ample palm
Should haply on ill-fated shoulder lay
Of debtor, strait his body, to the touch
Obsequious (as whilom knights were wont)
To some enchanted castle is convey'd,
Where gates impregnable, and coercive chains,
In durance strict detain him, till, in form
Of money, Pallas sets the captive free.
Beware ye debtors! when ye walk, beware,
Be circumspect; oft with insidious ken
The caitiff eyes your steps aloof, and oft
Lies perdue in a nook or gloomy cave,
Prompt to inchant some inadvertent wretch
With his unhallow'd touch. So (poets sing)
Grimalkin, to domestic vermin sworn
An everlasting foe, with watchful eye
Lies nightly brooding o'er a chinky gap,
Protending her fell claws, to thoughtless mice
Sure ruin. So her disembowell'd web
Arachne, in a hall or kitchen spreads
Obvious to vagrant flies: she secret stands
Within her woven cell; the humming prey,
Regardless of their fate, rush on the toils
Inextricable, nor will ought avail

Their arts, or arms, or shapes of lovely hue;
The wasp insidious, and the buzzing drone,
And butterfly proud of expanded wings
Distinct with gold, entangled in her snares,
Useless resistance make: with eager strides,
She towering flies to her expected spoils;
Then with envenom'd jaws, the vital blood
Drinks of reluctant foes, and to her cave
Their bulky carcases triumphant drags.
So pass my days. But, when nocturnal shades
This world envelop, and th' inclement air
Persuades men to repel benumbing frosts
With pleasant wines, and crackling blaze of wood;
Me, lonely sitting, nor the glimmering light
Of make-weight candle, nor the joyous talk
Of loving friend delights; distress'd, forlorn,
Amidst the horrors of the tedious night,
Darkling I sigh, and feed with dismal thoughts
My anxious mind; or sometimes mournful verse
Indite, and sing of groves, and myrtle shades,
Or desperate lady near a purling stream,
Or lover pendant on a willow-tree.
Meanwhile I labour with eternal drought,
And restless wish, and rave; my parched throat
Finds no relief, nor heavy eyes repose:
But if a slumber haply does invade

My weary limbs, my fancy's still awake,
Thoughtful of drink, and eager, in a dream,
Tipples imaginary pots of ale,
In vain; awake I find the settled thirst
Still gnawing, and the pleasant phantom curse.
Thus do I live, from pleasure quite debarr'd,
Nor taste the fruits that the sun's genial rays
Mature, john-apple, nor the downy peach,
Nor walnut in rough-furrow'd coat secure,
Nor medlar fruit delicious in decay;
Afflictions great! yet greater still remain:
My Galligaskins, that have long withstood
The winter's fury, and encroaching frosts,
By time subdued (what will not time subdue!)
An horrid chasm disclos'd with orifice
Wide, discontinuous; at which the winds
Eurus and Auster, and the dreadful force
Of Boreas, that congeals the Cronian waves
Tumultuous enter with dire-chilling blasts,
Portending agues. Thus a well-fraught ship,
Long sails secure, or through the Ægean deep,
Or the Ionian, till cruising near
The Lylebean shore, with hideous crush
On Sylla, or Charybdis (dangerous rocks!)
She strikes rebounding; whence the shatter'd oak,
So fierce a shock, unable to withstand,

Admits the sea; in at the gaping side
The crowding waves gush with impetuous rage,
Resistless, overwhelming; horrors seize
The mariners; death in their eyes appear.,
They stare, they lave, they pump, they swear,
they pray:
(Vain efforts!) still the battering waves rush in,
Implacable, till, delug'd by the foam,
The ship sinks foundering in the vast abyss.

# WILLIAM WALSH.

*Abberley, Worcestershire*, 1663—*about* 1709.

The friend of Dryden and of Pope, who repaid his friendship by more praise than his writings deserve, but probably not more than he was entitled to by his talents.

## *The Despairing Lover.*

DISTRACTED with care
For Phyllis the fair,
Since nothing could move her,
Poor Damon, her lover,
Resolves in despair,
No longer to languish,
Nor bear so much anguish;
But, mad with his love,
To a precipice goes.
Where a leap from above
Would soon finish his woes.

When in rage he came there
Beholding how steep
The sides did appear,
And the bottom how deep:
His torments projecting,
And sadly reflecting,
That a lover forsaken
A new love may get.
But a neck when once broken
Can never be set;
And, that he could die
Whenever he would,
But, that he could live
But as long as he could:
How grievous soever
The torment might grow,
He scorn'd to endeavour
To finish it so.
But bold, unconcern'd
At thoughts of the pain,
He calmly return'd
To his cottage again.

## SONG.

Of all the torments, all the cares,
With which our lives are curst;
Of all the plagues a lover bears,
Sure rivals are the worst!
By partners, in each other kind,
Afflictions easier grow;
In love alone we hate to find
Companions of our woe.

Sylvia, for all the pangs you see
Are labouring in my breast,
I beg not you would favour me,
Would you but slight the rest!
How great soe'er your rigours are,
With them alone I'll cope;
I can endure my own despair,
But not another's hope.

## *Horace, Ode III. Book III.*

Imitated, 1705.

I.

The man that's resolute and just,
Firm to his principles and trust,
Nor hopes nor fears can blind:
No passions his designs control;
Not Love, that tyrant of the soul,
Can shake his steady mind.

II.

Not parties for revenge engaged,
Nor threatenings of a court enraged,
Nor storms where fleets despair;
Not thunder pointed at his head;
The shatter'd world may strike him dead,
Not touch his soul with fear.

III.

From this the Grecian glory rose;
By this the Romans awed their foes;
Of this their poets sung.
These were the paths their heroes trod,
These acts made Hercules a god;
And great Nassau a king.

IV.

Firm on the rolling deck he stood,
Unmoved, beheld the breaking flood,
With blackening storms combined.
"Virtue," he cry'd, "will force its way;
"The wind may for a while delay,
"Not alter our design.

V.

"The men whom selfish hopes inflame,
"Or vanity allures to fame,
"May be to fears betray'd;
"But here a church for succour flies,
"Insulted law expiring lies,
And loudly calls for aid.

VI.

"Yes, Britons, yes, with ardent zeal,
"I come, the wounded heart to heal,
"The wounding hand to bind:
"See tools of arbitrary sway,
"And priests, like locusts, scout away
"Before the western wind.

VII.

" Law shall again her voice resume ;
" Religion, clear'd from clouds of Rome,
" With brighter rays advance.
" The British fleet shall rule the deep,
" The British youth, as roused from sleep,
" Strike terror into France.

VIII.

" Nor shall these promises of fate
" Be limited to my short date ;
" When I from cares withdraw,
" Still shall the British sceptre stand,
" Still flourish in a female hand,
" And to mankind give law.

IX.

" She shall domestick foes unite,
" Monarchs beneath her flags shall fight,
" Whole armies drag her chain :
" She shall lost Italy restore,
" Shall make th' Imperial Eagle soar,
" And give a king to Spain.

X.

" But know, these promises are given,
" These great rewards impartial heaven
" Does on these terms decree;
" That strictly punishing men's faults,
" You let their consciences and thoughts
" Rest absolutely free.

XI.

" Let no false politicks confine
" In narrow bounds, your vast design
" To make mankind unite;
" Nor think it a sufficient cause
" To punish men by penal laws,
" For not believing right.

XII.

" Rome, whose blind zeal destroys mankind;
" Rome's sons shall your compassion find,
" Who ne'er compassion knew.
" By nobler actions theirs condemn:
" For what has been reproach'd in them,
" Can ne'er be praised in you.

XIII.

"These subjects suit not with the lyre;
"Muse! to what height dost thou aspire,
"Pretending to rehearse
"The thoughts of gods, and godlike kings?
"Cease, cease to lessen lofty things
"By mean ignoble verse.

# THOMAS BETTERTON.

*Westminster*, 1635—1710.

An actor of unequalled excellence in the best age of English acting, and a man of real goodness.

*Chaucer's Characters.*

'Twas when the fields imbibe the vernal showers,
And *Venus* paints her month with early flowers;
When *Sol*, diffusing genial warmth around,
Unbinds the frozen bosom of the ground;
When gentle *Zephyr* with refreshing breath
Revived each grain that in the womb of earth
All winter slept; and th' all enlivening sun,
Thro' the bright ram had half his progress run;
When birds on every bough renew their songs,
And *Philomel* her evening note prolongs;
Then nature smiles; then *Devotees* engage,
Thro' the wide world to roam on pilgrimage.

From every shire the pious ramblers stray,
But most to *Canterbury* bend their way.
There at the * *Martyr's* shrine a cure they find,
For each sick body, and each love-sick mind.

It so befel, that season, on a day,
In *Southwark*, at the *Talbot-Inn* I lay,
Resolved with zeal my journey to begin;
With no small offering to *St. Thomas'* shrine.
For *Priests* with empty thanks are never shamm'd,
The rich buy heaven, and ragged rogues are damn'd.
Full nine and twenty more, a jovial crew,
(Mine host was ravish'd at a sight so new)
That night, by fair adventure sought our inn!
All pilgrims, fixt upon the same design.
When most with care had seen their horses fed,
Happy were they who got a cleanly bed.
With each I talk'd, and each by name could call,
So quickly grew familiar with them all.
There we resolved with speed to make out' way,
And all set forward at the break of day.
But hold a while; 'twere requisite you knew,
Ere I proceed, each pilgrim of the crew.
I'll here relate their characters, their age,
Describe their persons, and their equipage,

* Thomas Becket.

Their sex, and what condition they were in;
This rule observ'd, I with the knight begin.

---

*The Knight.*

A Knight there was, whose early youth had shown
His love to arms, and passion for renown.
Courteous and affable; of honour nice;
A friend to truth, a foe to every vice.
In many brave engagements had he been.
Known foreign courts, and men and manners seen:
In *Christendom* much fame he had acquired;
In *Turkey* he was dreaded and admired.
When *Alexandria* was besieged and won,
He pass'd the trenches first, and scaled the town.
*Granada's* siege increas'd the warrior's fame;
And *Algier* trembled but to hear his name.
In fifteen battels deathless wreaths he got,
Three single combats with success he fought.
Much ground he travell'd o'er, for he had seen
Our Saviour's sepulchre in *Palestine*.
The barbarous infidels had felt his might,
Fierce in engagement, gentle after fight.
In council, as in conduct, wise, and staid;
In conversation, modest as a maid.

Plain and sincere, observant of the right;
In mien and manners, an accomplish'd knight.
A goodly horse he rode, well shaped, and strong;
No gaudy saddle, nor no trappings long.
The arms he wore, were bright, and free from stain;
His habit serviceable, neat, and plain.
With grateful zeal devoutly he was come,
To thank the saint that brought him safely home.

* * * * *

---

*The Monk.*

Next these a merry Monk appears in place,
Who followed hunting, more than saying mass.
As bravely mounted, as a lord from court;
No well-fed abbot bore a comelier port.
And when in state he ambled, all might hear
The gingling of his bridle, loud and clear,
As far, almost, as any chapel-bell.
This lordly monk, once keeper of a cell,
Held good *St. Bennet's* order too severe:
*St. Maure* to his nice judgment did appear

Too strict, and rigid; for old dotards fit,
But scorn'd by *priests* of *spirit*, and of *wit*.
One scripture text he blotted with his pen,
That say all hunters are ungodly men.
What shoals of converts would this doctrine raise?
Shall monks in study pass laborious days?
Turn o'er dull fathers, and worm-eaten books,
With dazzled eyes, and melancholy looks?
Toil with their hands to make the garden neat!
Turn cooks, and baste the roast with their own sweat?
This *Austin* humbly did: "Did he? (saith he)
*Austin* may do the same again for me."
He lov'd the chase, the hounds melodious cry,
Hounds that run swiftly as the swallows fly.
His sleeves I saw, with furs all lin'd within,
From Russia brought, the finest squirrels skin;
(*Hair-shirts*, he said, provok'd the blood to sin.)
His hood beneath his double chin to hold,
'Twas fasten'd with a curious clasp of gold,
A *love-knot* at the greater end there was;
His head close shaved, and smooth as any grass.
His strutting paunch was seldom disappointed;
His broad, full face, shone as it were anointed,
His eyes were sleepy, rolling in his head,
That stream'd like furnaces of molten lead

Supple his boots, his horse he proudly sate,
You'd take him for a bishop by his state.
Fasts had not made him meagre like a ghost,
But what he was, and goodly as mine host.
A fat, plump swan he loved, young, but full grown.
His horse was sleek, and as the berry brown.

* * * * *

# LADY CHUDLEIGH.

16 6—1710.

Daughter of Richard Lee, Esq. of Winslade, Devonshire: She published a volume of Poems 1709, and Essays, in prose and verse, 1710.

*To Amystrea.*

1.

PERMIT *Marissa* in an artless lay
To speak her wonder, and her thanks repay:
Her creeping Muse can ne'er like your's ascend;
She has not strength for such a touring flight.
Your wit, her humble fancy does transcend;
She can but gaze at your exalted height:
Yet she believed it better to expose
Her failures than ungrateful prove;
And rather chose
To shew a want of sense then want of love:
But taught by you, she may at length improve,

And imitate those virtues she admires.
Your bright example leaves a track divine,
She sees a beamy brightness in each line,
And with ambitious warmth aspires,
Attracted by the glory of your name,
To follow you in all the lofty roads of fame.

II.

Merit, like yours, can no resistance find,
But like a deluge, overwhelms the mind;
Gives full possession of each part,
Subdues the soul, and captivates the heart.
Let those whom wealth, or interest unite,
Whom avarice, or kindred sway,
Who in the dregs of life delight;
And every dictate of their sense obey,
Learn here to love at a sublimer rate,
To wish for nothing but exchange of thoughts,
For intellectual joys,
And pleasures more refined
Than earth can give, or can create.
Let our vain sex be fond of glitt'ring toys,
Of pompous titles, and affected noise,
Let envious men by barbarous custom led
Descant on faults,
And in destruction find
Delights unknown to a brave generous mind,

While we resolve a nobler path to tread,
And from tyrannick custom free,
View the dark mansions of the mighty dead,
And all their close recesses see;
Then from those awful shades retire,
And take a tour above,
And there, the shining scenes admire,
The opera of eternal love;
View the machines, on the bright actors gaze,
Then in a holy transport, blest amaze,
To the great Author our devotion raise,
And let our wonder terminate in praise.

---

*The Resolve.*

I.

For what the world admires I'll wish no more,
Nor court that airy nothing of a name:
Such fleeting shadows let the proud adore,
Let them be suppliants for an empty fame.

II.

If Reason rules within, and keeps the throne,
While the inferior faculty obey,
And all her laws without reluctance own,
Accounting none more fit, more just than they.

III.

If Virtue my free soul unsully'd keeps,
Exempting it from passion and from stain.
If no black guilty thoughts disturb my sleeps
And no past crimes my vext remembrance pain.

IV.

If, tho' I pleasure find in living here,
I yet can look on Death without surprise:
If I've a soul above the reach of Fear,
And which will nothing mean or sordid praise.

V.

A soul, which cannot be depressed by grief,
Nor too much raised by the sublimest joy;
Which can, when troubled, give itself relief,
And to advantage all its thoughts employ.

VI.

Then am I happy in my humbler state,
Altho' not crown'd with glory nor with bays:
A mind, that triumphs over Vice and Fate,
Esteems it mean to court the world for praise.

# RICHARD DUKE.

*Died* 1710.

It is to be hoped that no collection of the English Poets will ever again be disgraced by the verses of this rhymester, who, notwithstanding Dr. Anderson's vindication of his morals against the censure of Johnson, did not write decently, in any sense of the phrase.

## *An Epistle**

TO MR. OTWAY.

DEAR TOM how melancholy I am grown
Since thou hast left this learned dirty town†,
To thee by this dull letter be it known.
Whilst all my comfort, under all my care,
Are duns, and puns, and logick, and small beer.
Thou seest I'm dull as Shadwell's men of wit,
Or the top scene that Settle ever writ:

* In answer to one in Otways Poems.
† Mr. Duke was then in Cambridge.

The sprightly court that wander up and down
From gudgeons to a race, from town to town,
All, all are fled; but them I well can spare,
For I'm so dull I have no business there.
I have forgot whatever there I knew,
Why men one stocking tye with ribbon blue:
Why others medals wear, a fine gilt thing,
That at their breasts hang dangling by a string;
(Yet stay, I think that I to mind recal,
For once * a squirt was raised by Windsor wall).
I know no officer of court; nay more,
No dog of court, their favourite before.
Should Veny fawn, I should not understand her,
Nor who committed incest for Legander.
Unpolish'd thus, an errant scholar grown,
What should I do but sit and coo alone,
And thee my absent mate, for ever moan.
Thus 'tis sometimes, and sorrow plays its part,
Till other thoughts of thee revive my heart.
For whilst with wit, with women, and with wine,
Thy glad heart beats, and noble face does shine,
Thy joys we at this distance feel and know;
Thou kindly wishest it with us were so.
Then thee we name; this heard, cried James, For him,
Leap up, thou sparkling wine and kiss the brim:

* Sir Samuel Moreland.

Crosses attend the man who dares to flinch,
Great as that man deserves who drinks not Finch.
But these are empty joys without you two,
We drink your names, alas! but where are you?
My dear, whom I more cherish in my breast
Than by thy own soft muse can be exprest;
True to thy word, afford one visit more,
Else I shall grow, from him thou loved'st before,
A greasy blockhead fellow in a gown,
(Such as is, Sir, a cousin of your own);
With my own hair, a band, and ten long nails,
And wit that at a quibble never fails.

# EDMUND SMITH.

*Hanley, near Tenbury*, 1668—1710.

The author of Phædra and Hippolitus. He has left but two poems in English.

## *A POEM*

TO THE MEMORY OF MR. JOHN PHILIPS.

*To a Friend.*

SIR,

SINCE our Isis silently deplores
The bard who spread her fame to distant shores:
Since nobler pens their mournful lays suspend,
My honest zeal, if not my verse, commend,
Forgive the poet, and approve the friend.
Your care had long his fleeting life restrained,
One table fed you, and one bed contained;
For his dear sake long restless nights you bore,
While rattling coughs his heaving vessels tore;
Much was his pain, but your affliction more.

Oh! had no summons from the noisy gown
Call'd thee, unwilling, to the nauseous town,
Thy love had o'er the dull disease prevail'd,
Thy mirth had cured where baffled physic fail'd;
But since the will of Heaven his fate decreed,
To thy kind care my worthless lines succeed:
Fruitless our hopes, though pious our essays,
Your's to preserve a friend, and mine to praise.

Oh! might I paint him in Miltonian verse,
With strains like those he sung on Glo'sters herse;
But with the meaner tribe I'm forc'd to chime,
And wanting strength to rise, descend to rhyme.

With other fire his glorious Blenheim shines,
And all the battle thunders in his lines:
His nervous verse great Boileau's strength transcends,
And France to Philips, as to Churchill, bends.

Oh! various bard, you all our powers controul,
You now disturb, and now divert the soul:
Milton and Butler in thy muse combine;
Above the last thy manly beauties shine;
For, as I've seen, when rival wits contend,
One gaily charge, one gravely wise defend;
This on quick turns and points in vain relies,
This with a look demure, and steady eyes,
With dry rebukes, or sneering praise, replies.

So thy grave lines extort a juster smile,
Reach Butler's fancy, but surpass his style;
He speaks Scarron's low phrase in humble strains,
In thee the solemn air of great Cervantes reigns.

What sounding lines his abject themes express!
What shining words the pompous shilling dress!
There, there my cell, immortal made, outvies
The frailer piles which o'er its ruins rise.
In her best light the Comic Muse appears,
When she, with borrowed pride, the buskin wears.

So when nurse Nokes, to act young Ammon tries,
With shambling legs, long chin, and foolish eyes,
With dangling hands he strokes the imperial robe,
And, with a cuckold's air, commands the globe;
The pomp and sound the whole buffoon display'd,
And Ammon's son more mirth than Gomez made.

Forgive, dear shade, the scene my folly draws;
Thy strains divert the grief thy ashes cause:
When Orpheus sings, the ghosts no more complain,
But, in his lulling music, lose their pain:
So charm the sallies of thy Georgic Muse,
So calm our sorrows, and our joys infuse:

Here rural notes a gentle mirth inspire,
Here lofty lines the kindling reader fire;
Like that fair tree you praise, the poem charms,
Cools like the fruit, or like the juice it warms.
Blest clime, which Vaga's fruitful streams improve,
Etruria's envy, and her Cosmo's love;
Redstreak he quaffs behind the Chian vine,
Gives Tuscan yearly for thy Scudmore's wine;
And ev'n his Tasso would exchange for thine.
Rise, rise, Roscommon, see the Blenheim Muse
The dull constraint of monkish rhyme refuse;
See, o'er the Alps his towering pinions soar,
Where never English poet reach'd before:
See mighty Cosmo's counsellor and friend,
By turns on Cosmo and the Bard attend:
Rich in the coins and busts of ancient Rome,
In him he brings a nobler treasure home;
In them he views her gods, and domes design'd;
In him the soul of Rome, and Virgil's mighty mind;
To him for ease retires from toils of state,
Not half so proud to govern as translate.

Our Spencer, first by Pizan poets taught,
To us their tales, their style, and numbers brought.
To follow ours, now Tuscan bards descend,
From Philips borrow, though to Spencer lend,

Like Philips too the yoke of rhyme disdain;
They first on English bards imposed the chain,
First from an English bard from rhyme their freedom gain.

Tyrannic rhyme, that cramps to equal chime,
The gay, the soft, the florid and sublime:
Some say this chain the doubtful sense decides,
Confines the fancy, and the judgment guides:
I'm sure in needless bonds it poets ties,
Procrustes like, the axe or wheel applies,
To lap the mangled sense, or stretch it into size:
At best a crutch, that lifts the weak along,
Supports the feeble, but retards the strong;
And the chance thoughts, when govern'd by the close,
Oft rise to fustian, or descend to prose.
Your judgment, Philips, ruled with steady sway,
You used no curbing rhyme, the Muse to stay,
To stop her fury, or direct her way.
Thee on the wing thy uncheck'd vigour bore,
To wanton freely, or securely soar.

So the stretch'd cord the shackle-dancer tries,
As prone to fall, as impotent to rise:
When freed he moves, the sturdy cable bends,
He mounts with pleasure, and secure descends;

Now dropping seems to strike the distant ground
Now high in air his quivering feet rebound.
Rail on, ye triflers, who to Will's repair;
For new lampoons, fresh cant, or modish air;
Rail on at Milton's son, who wisely bold
Rejects new phrases, and resumes the old:
Thus Chaucer lives in younger Spencer's strains,
In Maro's page reviving Ennius reigns;
The ancient words the Majesty complete,
And make the poem venerably great:
So when the queen in royal habits drest,
Oft mystick emblems grace th' imperial vest,
And in Eliza's robes all Anne stands confest.

A haughty bard, to fame by volumes raised,
At Dick's, and Batson's, and through Smithfield praised,
Cries out aloud—Bold Oxford bard, forbear
With rugged numbers to torment my ear;
Yet not like thee the heavy critick soars,
But paints in fustian, or in turn deplores;
With Banyan's style profanes heroic songs,
To the tenth page lean Homilies prolongs;
For far fetch'd rhymes makes puzzled angels strain,
And in low prose dull Lucifer complain:

His envious Muse, by native dulness curst,
Damns the best poems, and contrives the worst.
Beyond his praise or blame thy works prevail
Complete where Dryden and thy Milton fail;
Great Milton's wing on lower themes subsides,
And Dryden oft in rhyme his weakness hides;
You ne'er with jingling words deceive the ear,
And yet, on humble subjects, great appear.
Thrice happy youth, whom noble Isis crowns!
Whom Blackmore censures, and Godolphin owns:
So on the tuneful Margarita's tongue
The listening nymphs and ravish'd heroes hung:
But cits and fops the heaven-born music blame,
And bawl, and hiss, and damn her into fame:
Like her sweet voice, is thy harmonious song,
As high as sweet, as easy, and as strong.

Oh! had relenting Heaven prolong'd his days,
The towering bard had sung in nobler lays,
How the last trumpet wakes the lazy dead,
How saints aloft the cross triumphant spread,
How opening heavens their happy regions shew,
And gnawing gulphs, with flaming vengeance glow,
And saints rejoice above, and sinners howl below:
Well might he sing the day he could not fear,
And paint the glories he was sure to wear.

Oh best of friends, will ne'er the silent urn
To our just vows the hapless youth return?
Must he no more divert the tedious day?
Nor sparkly thoughts in antique words convey?
No more to harmless irony descend,
To noisy fools a grave attention lend,
Nor merry tales with learn'd quotations blend?
No more in false pathetick phrase complain
Of Delia's wit, her charms, and her disdain?
Who now shall godlike Anna's fame diffuse!
Must she, when most she merits, want a muse?
Who now our Twisden's glorious fate shall tell;
How loved he lived, and how deplored he fell?
How, while the troubled elements around,
Earth, water, air, the stunning din resound,
Through streams of smoke, and adverse fire, he rides,
While every shot is levell'd at his sides?
How, while the fainting Dutch remotely fire
And the famed Eugene's iron troops retire,
In the first front, amidst a slaughtered pile,
High on the mound he dy'd near great Argyll.

Whom shall I find unbiass'd in dispute,
Eager to learn, unwilling to confute?

To whom the labours of my soul disclose,
Reveal my pleasure, or discharge my woes?
Oh! in that heavenly youth for ever ends
The best of sons, of brothers, and of friends.
He sacred friendship's strictest laws obey'd,
Yet more by conscience than by friendship sway'd;
Against himself his gratitude maintained,
By favours past, not future prospects gain'd;
Not nicely choosing, though by all desir'd,
Though learn'd, not vain, and humble, though admired;
Candid to all, but to himself severe,
In humour pliant, as in life austere.
A wise content his even soul secured,
By want not shaken, nor by wealth allured:
To all sincere, though earnest to commend
Could praise a rival, or condemn a friend.
To him old Greece and Rome were fully known,
Their tongues, their spirits, and their styles his own;
Pleased the least steps of famous men to view;
Our author's works, and lives, and souls, he knew;
Paid to the learn'd and great the same esteem,
The one his pattern, and the one his theme:
With equal judgment his capacious mind
Warm Pindar's rage, and Euclid's reason join'd.

Judicious physick's noble art to gain
All drugs and plants explored, alas, in vain!
The drugs and plants their drooping master fail'd,
Nor goodness now, nor learning aught avail'd;
Yet to the bard his Churchill's soul they gave,
And made him scorn the life they could not save:
Else could he bear unmoved, the fatal guest,
The weight that all his fainting limbs oppress,
The coughs that struggled from his weary breast?
Could he unmoved approaching death sustain?
Its slow advances, and its racking pain?
Could he serene his weeping friends survey,
In his last hours his easy wit display,
Like the rich fruit he sings, delicious in decay?
Once on thy friends look down, lamented shade,
And view the honours to thy ashes paid:
Some thy loved dust in Parian stones enshrine,
Others immortal epitaphs design,
With wit, and strength, that only yields to thine:
Even I, though slow to touch the painful string,
Awake from slumber, and attempt to sing.
Thee, Philips, thee despairing Vaga mourns,
And gentle Isis soft complaints returns;
Dormer laments amidst the war's alarms,
And Cecil weeps in beauteous Tufton's arms:

Thee, on the Po, kind Somerset deplores,
And even that charming scene his grief restores:
He to thy loss each mournful air applies,
Mindful of thee on huge Taburnus lies.
But most at Virgil's tomb his swelling sorrows rise:
But you his darling friends, lament no more,
Display his fame, and not his fate deplore;
And let no tears from erring pity flow,
For one that's blest above immortalized below.

# WILLIAM KING.

*London*, 1663—1712.

The works of this singular writer were published by Mr. Nichols in three volumes 1776. His poems in the general collections fill some of those volumes on which the dust may be permitted to lie lightly.

## *The Fisherman.*

Tom Banks by native industry was taught
The various arts how fishes might be caught.
Sometimes with trembling reed and single hair,
And bait conceal'd, he'd for their death prepare,
With melancholy thoughts and down-cast eyes,
Expecting till deceit had gain'd the prize.
Sometimes in rivulet quick and water clear,
They'd meet a fate more generous from his spear.
To basket oft he'd pliant oziers turn,
Where they might entrance find, but no return.
His net well pois'd with lead he'd sometimes throw,
Encircling thus his captives all below,

But, when he would a quick destruction make,
And from afar much larger booty take,
He'd through the stream, where most descending, set
From side to side his strong capacious net;
And then his rustick crew with mighty poles
Would drive his prey out from their oozy holes,
And so pursue them down the rolling flood,
Gasping for breath and almost chok'd with mud:
Till they, of farther passage quite bereft
Were in the mash with gills entangled left.
Trot, who lived down the stream, ne'er thought his beer
Was good, unless he had his water clear.
He goes to Banks, and thus begins his tale:—
"Lord, if you knew but how the people rail!
"They cannot boil, nor wash, nor rinse they say,
"With water, sometimes ink, and sometimes whey,
"According as you meet with mud or clay.
"Besides my wife these six months could not brew,
"And now the blame of this all's laid on you:
"For it will be a dismal thing to think
"How we old Trots must live, and have no drink;
"Therefore, I pray, some other method take
Of fishing, were it only for our sake."
Says Banks, "I'm sorry it should be my lot
"Ever to disoblige my gossip Trot:

" Yet t'en't my fault; but so 'tis fortune tries one,
" To make his meat become his neighbour's poison;
" And so we pray for winds upon this coast,
" By which on't other navies may be lost.
" Therefore in patience rest, though I proceed:
" There's no ill-nature in the case, but need.
" Though for your use this water will not serve,
" I'd rather you should choke, than I should starve."

## THE ART OF MAKING PUDDINGS.

### I.

### *Hasty Pudding.*

I SING of food by British nurse design'd,
To make the stripling brave, and maiden kind.
Delay not, Muse, in numbers to rehearse
The pleasures of our life, and sinews of our verse,
Let pudding's dish, most wholesome, be thy theme,
And dip the swelling plumes in fragrant cream.
Sing then that dish, so fitting to improve
A tender modesty and trembling love;
Swimming in butter of a golden hue,
Garnish'd with drops of rose's spicy dew.

Sometimes the frugal matron seems in haste,
Nor cares to beat her pudding into paste:
Yet milk in proper skillet she would place,
And gently spice it with a blade of mace;
Then set some careful damsel to look to't,
And still to stir away the bishop's foot;
For, if burnt milk should to the bottom stick,
Like over-heated zeal, 'twou'd make folks sick.
Into the milk her flour she gently throws,
As valets now would powder tender beaux:
The liquid forms in hasty mass unite
Forms equally delicious, as they're white.
In shining dish the hasty mass is thrown,
And seems to want no graces but its own.
Yet still the housewife brings in fresh supplies,
To gratify the taste, and please the eyes.
She on the surface lumps of butter lays,
Which melting with the heat, its beams displays;
From whence it causes, wonderous to behold,
A silver soil bedeck'd with streams of gold!

II.

*A Hedge-hog after a Quaking-pudding.*

As Neptune, when the three-tongued fork he takes,
With strength divine the globe terrestrial shakes,

The highest hills, Nature's stupendous piles,
Break with the force, and quiver into isles;
Yet on the ruins grow the lofty pines,
And snow unmelted in the vallies shines;
Thus when the dame her hedge-hog pudding breaks,
Her fork indents irreparable streaks.
The trembling lump, with butter all around,
Seems to perceive its fall, and then be drown'd;
And yet the tops appear, whilst almonds thick
With bright loaf-sugar on the surface stick.

III.

*Puddings of various Colours in a Dish.*

You, painter-like, now variegate the shade,
And thus from puddings there's a landscape made.
A Wise and London, when they would depose
Their ever-greens into well-ordered rows,
So mix their colours, that each different plant
Gives life and shadow as the others want.

IV.

*Making of a good Pudding gets a good Husband.*

Ye virgins, as these lines you kindly take,
So may you still such glorious pudding make,
That crowds of youth may ever be at strife,
To gain the sweet composer for his wife.

V.

*Sack and Sugar to Quaking Pudding.*

Oh, Delicious!
But where must our confession begin,
If sack and sugar once be thought a sin?

VI.

*Broiled Pudding.*

Hid in the dark, we mortals seldom know
From whence the source of happiness may flow:
Who to broil'd pudding would their thoughts have bent
From bright Pewteria's love-silk discontent?
Yet so it was, Pewteria felt Love's heat
In fiercer flames than those which roast her meat.
No puddings lost, but may with fresh delight
Be either fried next day, or broiled at night.

VII.

*Mutton Pudding.*

But Mutton thou most nourishing of meat,
Whose single joint may constitute a treat;
When made a pudding, you excel the rest
As much as that of other food is best!

*Oatmeal Pudding.*

Of oats decorticated take two pound,
And of new milk enough the same to drown;
Of raisins of the sun, stoned, ounces eight;
Of currants, cleanly pick'd, an equal weight;
Of suet finely sliced an ounce at least;
And six eggs, newly taken from the nest:
Season this mixture well with salt and spice;
'Twill make a pudding far exceeding rice,
And you may safely feed on it like farmers,
For the receipt is learned Dr. Harmer's.

IX.

*A Sack-posset.*

From far Barbadoes, on the Western Main,
Fetch sugar, half a pound; fetch sack from Spain.
A pint; then fetch, from India's fertile coast,
Nutmeg, the glory of the British toast.

# ARTHUR MAYNWARING.

1668—1712.

Like a house set upon a hill, this gentleman's talents were made conspicuous by his rank in life.

*An excellent New Song, called Mat's Peace, or the Downfall of Trade.*

To the good old Tune of Green Sleeves.

I.

THE news from abroad does a secret reveal,
Which has been confirm'd both at Dover and Deal,
That one Mr. *Matthews*, once called plain *Mat*,
Has been doing at Paris, the Lord knows what.
But sure what they talk of his negotiation,
Is only intended to banter the nation;
For why have we spent so much treasure in vain,
If now at the last we must give up Spain?
If now we must give up Spain?

II.

Why so many battles did *Marlborough* win?
So many strong towns why did he take in?
Why did he his arm[illegible] to Germany lead,
The crown to preserve [illegible]n the Emperor's head?
Why does he the honour of England advance?
Why has he humbled the monarch of France?
By passing the lines, and taking Bouchain,
If now, &c.

III.

Our stocks were so high, and our credit so good,
(I mean all the while our late ministry stood)
That foreigners hither their money did send,
And bankers abroad took a pleasure to lend.
But though all the service was duly supplyed,
And nought was embezzled or misapplyed;
By all that wise management what shall we gain?
If now, &c.

IV.

We made this alliance, as well it is known,
That Austria's great house might recover their own,

King *Charles* is of part of his kingdom possest,
And *Bouchain* would quickly fright France from rest.
For sure the whole nation by this time must know,
The way to Madrid is by Paris to go;
But why have we made such a glorious campaign?
If now, &c.

v.

All treaties with France may be sung or be said,
To morrow they'll break what to-day they have made;
And therefore our senate did wisely address,
That none should be made whilst Spain did possess.
The Queen too, to them, did last sessions declare,
That Spain ought to be their particular care;
But speeches, addresses, and senates are vain,
If now, &c.

vi.

By giving up Spain, we give up our trade;
In vain would they tell us a treaty is made
For yielding us forts in the distant South Seas,
To manage our traffick with safety and ease.

No lies are too gross for such impudent fellows,
Of forts in the moon as well they might tell us;
Since France at her pleasure may take them again,
If now, &c.

VII.

Some lords were impeached for a famous partition.
Which kept the allies in far better condition;
For then of raw silk we were only bereft,
But now neither silver nor gold will be left.
If that treaty then did impeachment require,
Surely this calls at least for the rope or the fire,
Since Britain had never such cause to complain,
If now, &c.

VIII.

When *Pett'cum* to Paris did openly go,
What doubts and what jealousies did we not show!
How loudly did we against Holland exclaim!
Yet surely our statesmen are now more to blame.
For how can they not think our allies will not fire,
At privately sending that *Machiavel Prior*?
Who richly deserved to be whiped for his pain.
If now, &c.

IX.

Since matters stand thus, I am sorely afraid,
Whenever this scandalous peace shall be made,
Our senate for *Cato* will quickly decree
Some punishment worse than a sting of a bee.
Poor *Mat* in the pillory soon will be seen,
For M——r too, oh! well had it been,
That he had been pleased in his hole to remain,
If now, &c.

# WILLIAM HARRISON.

1710.

Secretary to the Congress at Utrecht, and Editor of the fifth volume of the Tatler. "A little pretty fellow, Swift calls him, with a great deal of wit, good nature, and good sense. The few of his poems which have been preserved are in the collections of Dodsley and Nichols.

*From Woodstock Park.*

A POEM.

————, E'er the sun with sickly ray
O'er doubtful shades maintains the dawning day,
The sprightly horn proclaims some danger near,
And hounds, harmonious to the sportsman's ear,
With deep-mouthed notes rouse up the trembling deer.

Startled [illegible] caps aside, and list'ning round,
This w[illegible]id that explores the hostile sound,
Arme[illegible] that fight, which he declines with shame.
Too [illegible]. of life, too negligent of fame;
For n[illegible]ure, to display her various art,
Had [illegible]ortified his head, but not his heart:
Th[illegible]se spears, which useless on his front appear'd
On any else had been adored and feared.
But honours disproportion'd are a load,
Grandeur a specious curse when ill bestowed.

Thus void of hope, and panting with surprize,
In vain he'd combate, and as vainly flies.
Of paths mysterious whether to pursue
The scented track, informs the lab'ring crew:
With speed redoubled, they the hint embrace,
Whilst animating musick warms the chace:
Flush'd are their hopes, and with one general cry
They ecchо through the woods, and sound their
conquest nigh.
Not so the prey, he now for safety bends
From enemies professed, to faithless friends,
Who to the wretched own no shelter due,
But fly more swiftly than his foes pursue.
This last disgrace with indignation fires
His drooping soul, and generous rage inspires;

By all forsaken, he resolves at length
To try the poor remains of wasted strength;
With looks and mien majestick stands at bay,
And whets his horns for the approaching fray.
Too late, alas! for, the first charge begun,
Soon he repents what cowardice had done,
Owns the mistake of his o'er-hasty flight,
And awkwardly maintains a languid fight:
Here, and there, aiming a successless blow,
And only seems to nod upon the foe.

So coward princes, who at war's alarm
Start from their greatness, and themselves disarm,
With recollected forces strive in vain
Their empire, or their honour, to regain,
And turn to rally on some distant plain,
Whilst the fierce conqueror bravely urges on,
Improves the advantage, and ascends the throne.

# THOMAS SPRAT,

BISHOP OF ROCHESTER.

*Tallaton, Devonshire,* 1636—1713.

Aptly named Sprat, as being one of the least among the Poets.—Exempli gratiâ.

*On his Mistress Drowned.*

SWEET stream, that dost with equal pace
Both thyself fly and thyself chase,
Forbear awhile to flow,
And listen to my woe.

Then go and tell the sea that all its brine
Is fresh, compared to mine:
Inform it that the gentler dame
Who was the life of all my flame,

I the glory of her bud,
Has passed the fatal flood,
Death by this only stroke triumphs above
Th . greatest power of love :
Alas, alas ! I must give o'er,
My sighs will let me add no more.

Go on, sweet stream, and henceforth rest
No more than does my troubled breast ;
And if my sad complaints have made thee stay
These tears, these tears, shall mend thy way.

# WILLIAM WYCHERLEY.

1640—1715.

Wycherley had lain seven years in prison when James II. was so pleased at the representation of the Plain Dealer, that he ordered his debts to be paid, and gave him a pension of 200l. This anecdote should not be forgotten for the honour of the unhappy King.

He published a volume of Poems, 1704, every way inferior to his dramatick works. His posthumous Pieces were edited by Theobald, 1728. The lines selected for the present compilation have the rare merit of decency, for of all the shameless rhymers of his age Whycherly is the most shameless.

*The Author to the Bookseller, who desired his Picture before his Book, in Front of his Follies; pleading the Custom for it.*

As custom makes those, who are no great clerks,
Set to their acts and deeds, seals, hands, or marks,

To show this book, my writing, act, or deed,
You'd have me to it put my mark, or head.
Thus poets's wares, like others, great or small,
Must have their sign, to put 'em off to sale,
So much sophisticated wit, as wine,
The worse it is, have but the better sign,
That men, to swallow both, may more incline.
Each author puts the best face on his book,
That buyers might on both more kindly look;
Spruce t[illegible]der thus, at his shop-door appears,
With his good looks, to tice in customers.
All lyers, cheats, historians, poets, quacks,
Divines, diviners, in their almanacks,
Or books, tho' but more to their own disgrace,
Look, in effigie, buyers in the face,
As who should say, they were no small fools there,
The world, nor yet the fiercest critick fear,
Stand up i' th' front, for book, and bookseller;
As who shou'd hint in the first leaf of the book,
They justifie their sense by their grave look,
As formal coxcombs would their nonsense pass
On the blind world, but by their grave grimace,
And oft for sense would make their nonsense go,
By setting their best faces on it so;
Tho' gravity be rather folly's test,
By which each dull and mystick fool's known best,
For being more in earnest, more a jest:

So, by your leave, each wit before his book,
With looks in print, must like a coxcomb look;
In the first leaf, yet (if you'll have it so),
His art at least let the bold graver show,
My shame but for your interest to grow;
For as good wine wants no good bush, or sign,
Were not my wit flat, you'd ne'er ask for mine:
So where there is but scanty furniture,
Bare walls to cover, pictures we procure;
Yet when ill ones must fill up the void space,
That place, by furnishing, we more disgrace;
So, with my senseless face, thou'l't damn thy book,
Since man's sense suffers for his silly look,
Or bold one, which none for a wise one took;
Then no man, in his book, can show his face,
But first, sure, he must borrow it from brass,
The wit then seeking praise to his disgrace.
Who vainly puts his looks in print, must seem
To those an ass, from whom he'd gain esteem;
As serious faces put on follies so,
But more the shame of their vain owners grow,
As them but more, they to the public show.

# NAHUM TATE.

*Dublin*, 1652—1715.

The worthy successor of Shadwell as Court Poet, the worthy accomplice of Nicholas Brady in berhyming the Psalms, and the unworthy assistant of Dryden in Absalom and Achithophel. He was indeed a pitiful poet; but, says Oldys, he was a free, good-natured, fuddling companion. His latter days were spent in the Mint, as a place of refuge from his creditors.

The specimens are selected from his collection of Poems by several hands and on several occasions. 1685. As they have no name affixed to them they may be ascribed to Nahum himself.

No, dearest! never fear; I'll always be
Faithful, as heav'n to dying saints, to thee:
No fate shall e'er divide
The sacred knot our souls have ty'd:

My heart shall prove as constant to my fair,
As others to their mistresses unconstant are.

Not all thy sex's charms shall tempt me more,
I'll ever thee, and Heaven for thee, adore;
Content with my bless'd fate,
Despise the world's vain pageant state:
And since the Gods no greater bliss can send,
Like twins we'll both our lives together end.

Thy sex, alas! is a false lottery,
Where thousand blanks for one small prize we see:
Scarce can the unerring Gods
Direct our choice against such odds;
And since kind Fate gave me so vast a lot,
Who'd hazard the rich gem, so hardly got?

If e'er I should from thy bright charms remove,
From thy dear constancy, thy fervent love;
And feel the proud disdain,
With which your sex rewards our pain;
Good Heavens! what might avenging fury do!
Curse thee, as well as them, for being woman too

*The Convert.*

When first I saw Lucinda's face,
And viewed the dazzling glories there ;
She seem'd of a diviner race,
Than that which nature planted here.
With sacred homage down I fell,
Wondering whence such a form could spring :
Tell me, I cry'd, fair vision, tell
The dread commands from Heav'n you bring.

For if past sins may be forgiven ;
By this bright evidence I know,
The careful Gods have made a Heaven,
That made such angels for it too.

# MARY MONK.

*About* 1715.

Daughter of Robert, the first Viscount Molesworth, who, after her death, published her poems in one volume, called Marinda, 1716, and dedicated them to the Princess, afterwards Queen Caroline.

## *An Elegie on a Favourite Dog.*

TO HER FATHER.

Who can forbid the Muses tears to flow?
On such a subject to indulge her woe?
Where e'er fidelity and love are join'd,
They claim the tribute of a grateful mind.
Birds have had funeral rites, and with swoln eyes
Fair Lesbia graced her sparrow's obsequies;
His warlike steed young Ammon did lament,
And raised a city for his monument.

That bright celestial dog that decks the skies,
Did by his merit to that honour rise:
And all the virtues by which men renowned
To heavenly seats have climb'd, in dogs are found.
None dare in glorious dangers farther go,
None are more watchful to repel the foe;
Nor are those tenderer qualities of mind
That most endear us, strangers to thy kind.
In human race, alas! we seldom prove
So firm a friendship, so unfeign'd a love.

Can any then, your grateful labours blame,
Or wonder, you should to your favourite's name
The last just honours pay? it were not fit
So bright a merit should in darkness set,
That he who so distinguish'd lived, shou'd dye,
And in the common herd forgotten lye.
No; let a monumental marble tell
How dear he lived, and how bewail'd he fell.

Press gently on him earth, and all around
Ye flowers spring up, and deck th' enamell'd ground;
Breathe forth your choicest odours, and perfume
With all your fragrant sweets his little tomb.

*To her I'n Land.*

Written on her death bed.

THOU who dost all my worldly thoughts employ,
Thou pleasing source of all my earthly joy.
Thou tenderest husband, and thou dearest friend,
To thee thus fond, this last advice I send.
At length the conqueror Death asserts his right,
And will for ever veil me from thy sight,
He woos me to him with a chearful grace,
And not one sorrow clouds his aweful face:
He promises a lasting rest from pain,
And shows that all life's pleasing dreams are vain;
The eternal joys of heaven he sets in view,
And tells me that no other joys are true.
But love, fond love, would fain resist his power,
And yet awhile defer the parting hour,
It brings thy mournful image to my eyes,
And would obstruct my journey to the skies.
But say thou dearest, thou unwearied friend,
Say wouldst thou mourn to see my sorrows end?
Thou know'st the painful pilgrimage I've past,
And would'st thou grieve that rest is come at last?
Rather rejoice to see me shake off life,
And die, as I have lived, your faithful wife.

# CHARLES MONTAGUE,

## EARL OF HALIFAX.

*Horton, Northamptonshire*, 1661—1715.

The Maecenas of his age.

*From the Man of Honour.*

Occasioned by a Postscript of Penn's Letter.

* * * * *

LET other nations boast their fruitful soil,
Their fragrant spices, their rich wine and oil;
In breathing colours, and in living paint,
Let them excel; their mastery we grant.
But to instruct the mind, to arm the soul
With virtue which no dangers can control;
Exalt the thought, a speedy courage lend,
That horror cannot shake, or pleasure bend;

These are the English arts, these we profess,
To be the same in misery and success;
To teach oppressors law, assist the good,
Relieve the wretched, and subdue the proud.
Such are our souls: but what doth worth avail
When kings commit to hungry priests the scale?
All merit's light when they dispose the weight,
Who either would embroil or rule the state,
Defame those heroes who their yoke refuse,
And blast that honesty they cannot use;
The strength and safety of the crown destroy,
And the king's power against himself employ;
Affront his friends, deprive him of the brave;
Bereft of these, he must become their slave.
Men, like our money, come the most in play,
For being base, and of a coarse allay.
The richest medals, and the purest gold,
Of native value, and exactest mould,
By worth conceal'd, in private closets shine,
For vulgar use too precious and too fine;
Whilst tin and copper with new stamping bright,
Coin of base metal, counterfeit and light,
Do all the business of the nation's turn,
Raised in contempt, used and employ'd in scorn;
So shining virtues are for courts too bright,
Whose guilty actions fly the searching light:

Rich in themselves, disdaining to aspire
Great without pomp, they willingly retire;
Give place to fools, whose rash misjudging sense
Increases the weak measures of their prince;
They blindly and implicitly run on,
Nor see those dangers which the others shun:
Who, slow to act, each business duly weigh,
Advise with freedom, and with care obey;
With wisdom fatal to their interest, strive
To make their monarch loved, and nation thrive.
Such have no place where priests and women reign,
Who love fierce drivers, and a looser rein.

# SIR SAMUEL GARTH.

1717.

Garth was a respectable Poet, a skilful Physician, a steady Whig, and a good man. His death, says Pope, was very heroical, and yet unaffected enough to have made a saint or a philosopher famous. But ill tongues and worse hearts have branded his last moments, as wrongfully as they did his life, with irreligion:—if ever there was a good Christian, without knowing himself to be so, it was Dr. Garth.

*On Her Majesty's Statue, in St. Paul's Church-yard.*

NEAR the vast bulk of that stupendous frame,
Known by the Gentiles' great Apostles' name;
With grace divine, great Anna's seen to rise,
An awful form that glads a nation's eyes;
Beneath her feet four mighty realms appear,
And with due reverence pay their homage there.
Britain and Ireland seem to own her grace,
And even wild India wears a smiling face.

But France alone with downcast eyes is seen,
The sad attendant of so good a queen:
Ungrateful country! to forget so soon,
All that great Anna for thy sake has done:
When sworn the kind defender of thy cause,
Spite of her dear religion, spite of laws;
For thee she sheath'd the terrors of her sword,
For thee she broke her general—and her word:
For thee her mind in doubtful terms she told,
And learn'd to speak like oracles of old.
For thee, for thee alone, what could she more?
She lost the honour she had gain'd before;
Lost all the trophies, which her arms had won,
(Such Cæsar never knew, nor Philip's son;)
Resign'd the glories of a ten year's reign,
And such as none but Marlborough's arm could gain.
For thee in annals she's content to shine,
Like other monarchs of the Stuart line.

# THOMAS PARNELL.

*Dublin*, 1679—1717.

Parnell forsook the Whigs—when the whig ministry were displaced: if his conversion was sincere, he chose an unlucky time to avow it. He wanted strength of mind; upon the death of his wife he fled to society and to the bottle for relief, and thus shortened his days.

Pope was obliged to him for literary, and Gay for pecuniary assistance. His Hermit and his delightful Fairy Tale are among the most popular poems in our language. His Hesiod is written with equal skill.

## HESIOD;

### *Or, the Rise of Woman.*

WHAT ancient times (those times we fancy wise)
Have left on long records of woman's rise,
What morals teach it, and what fables hide,
What author wrote it, how that author dyed,

All these I sing. In Greece they framed the tale.
(In Greece, 'twas thought, a woman might be
frail;)
Ye modern beauties! where the poet drew
His softest pencil, think he dreamt of you;
And, warned by him, ye wanton pens beware
How heav'n's concern'd to vindicate the fair.
The case was Hesiod's; he the fable writ;
Some think with meaning, some with idle wit
Perhaps 'tis either, as the ladies please;
I wave the contest, and commence the lays.

In days of yore (no matter where or when,
'Twas ere the low creation swarmed with men)
That one Prometheus, sprung of heavenly birth,
(Our author's song can witness) lived on earth:
He carved the turf to mould a manly frame,
And stole from Jove his animating flame.
The sly contrivance o'er Olympus ran,
When thus the monarch of the stars began:

O versed in arts! whose daring thoughts aspire,
To kindle clay with never-dying fire!
Enjoy thy glory past, that gift was thine;
The next thy creature meets be fairly mine:

And such a gift, a vengeance so designed,
As suits the counsel of a God to find;
A pleasing bosom-cheat, a specious ill,
Which felt the cause, yet covets still to feel.

He said, and Vulcan strait the Sire command
To temper mortar with ætherial hands;
All such a shape to mold a rising fair,
As virgin goddesses are proud to wear;
To make her eyes with diamond water shine,
And form her organs for a voice divine.
'Twas thus the Sire ordained; the power obeyed;
And worked, and wondered at the work he made;
The fairest, softest, sweetest frame beneath,
Now made to seem, now more than seem to breathe.

As Vulcan ends, the cheerful queen of charms
Clasped the new-panting creature in her arms:
From that embrace a fine complexion spread,
Where mingled whiteness glowed with softer red,
Then in a kiss she breathed her various arts,
Of trifling prettily with wounded hearts;
A mind for love, but still a changing mind;
The lisp affected, and the glance designed;

The sweet confusing blush, the secret wink,
The gentle swimming walk, the courteous sink;
The stare for strangeness fit, for scorn the frown;
For decent yielding, looks declining down;
The practised languish, where well feigned desire
Would own its melting in a mutual fire;
Gay smiles to comfort; April showers to move;
And all the nature, all the art of love.

Gold sceptered Juno next exalts the fair;
Her touch endows her with imperious air,
Self-valuing fancy, highly-crested pride,
Strong sovereign will, and some desire to chide;
For which an eloquence, that aims to vex,
With native tropes of anger, arms the sex.
Minerva, skilful goddess, trained the maid
To twirle the spindle by the twisting thread;
To fix the loom, instruct the reeds to part,
Cross the long weft, and close the web with art,
An useful gift; but what profuse expence,
What world of fashions, took its rise from hence!

Young Hermes next, a close contriving god,
Her brows encircled with his serpent rod;
Then plots and fair excuses filled her brain,
The views of breaking amorous vows for gain;

The price of favours; the designing arts,
That aim at riches in contempt of hearts;
And, for a comfort in the marriage life,
The little pilfering temper of a wife.

Full on the fair his beams Apollo flung,
And fond persuasion tipped her easy tongue;
He gave her words, where only flattery lays
The pleasing colours of the art of praise;
And wit, to scandal exquisitely prone,
Which frets another's spleen to cure its own.

Those sacred virgins whom the bards revere,
Tuned all her voice, and shed a sweetness there,
To make her sense with double charms abound,
Or make her lively nonsense please by sound.
To dress the maid the decent Graces brought
A robe in all the dies of beauty wrought,
And placed their boxes o'er a rich brocade,
Where pictured loves on every cover played;
Then spread those implements that Vulcan's art
Had framed to merit Cytherea's heart;
The wire to curl, the close indented comb
To call the locks, that lightly wander, home;
And chief, the mirror, where the ravished maid
Beholds and loves her own reflected shade.

Fair Flora lent her stores; the purpled hours
Confined her tresses with a wreath of flowers;
Within the wreath arose a radiant crown;
A veil pellucid hung depending down;
Back rolled her azure veil with serpent fold,
The purfled border deck'd the floor with gold.
Her robe (which closely by the girdle braced
Revealed the beauties of a slender waist)
Flowed to the feet, to copy Venus' air,
When Venus' statues have a robe to wear.

The new-sprung creature, finish'd thus for harms,
Adjusts her habit, practises her charms,
With blushes glows, or shines with lively smiles,
Confirms her will, or recollects her wiles:
Then conscious of her worth with easy pace
Glides by the glass, and turning views her face.

A finer flax than what they wrought before,
Through time's deep cave, the sister fates explore,
Then fix the loom, their fingers nimbly weave,
And thus their toil prophetick songs deceive.

Flow from the rock, my flax! and swiftly flow,
Pursue thy thread; the spindle runs below.

A creature fond and changing, fair and vain,
The creature woman, rises now to reign.
New beauty blooms, a beauty formed to fly;
Now love begins, a love produced to die;
New parts distress the troubled scenes of life,
The fondling mistress, and the ruling wife.

Men born to labour, all with pains provide;
Women have time to sacrifice to pride:
They want the care of man, their want they know,
And dress to please with heart-alluring show;
The show prevailing, for the sway contend,
And make a servant where they meet a friend.

Thus in a thousand war-erected forts
A loitering race the painful bee supports;
From sun to sun, from bank to bank he flies;
With honey loads his bag, with wax his thighs;
Fly where he will, at home the race remain,
Prune the silk dress, and murmuring eat the gain.
Yet here and there we grant a gentle bride,
Whose temper betters by the father's side;
Unlike the rest that double human care,
Fond to relieve, or resolute to share:
Happy the man whom thus his stars advance;
The curse is general, but the blessing chance.

Thus sung the sisters, while the gods admire
Their beauteous creature, made for man in ire;
The young Pandora she, whom all contend
To make too perfect not to gain her end:
Then bid the winds, that fly to breathe the spring,
Return to bear her on a gentle wing;
With wafting airs the winds obsequious blow,
And land the shining vengeance safe below.
A golden coffer in her hand she bore,
The present treacherous, but the bearer more;
'Twas fraught with pangs; for Jove ordained above,
That gold should aid, and pangs attend on love.

* * * * *

SONG.

When thy beauty appears
In its graces and airs,
All bright as an angel new dropt from the sky;
At distance I gaze, and am awed by my fears,
So strangely you dazzle my eye!

But when without art,
Your kind thought you impart,
When your love runs in blushes through every vein;
When it darts from your eyes, when it pants in your heart,
Then I know you're a woman again.

There's a passion and pride
In our sex she replyed,
And thus, might I gratify both, I would do:
Still an angel appear to each lover beside,
But still be a woman to you.

# PETER ANTHONY MOTTEAUX.

*Rouen*, 1660—1718.

By the Revocation of the Edict of Nantz England gained many useful and industrious subjects; but it is extraordinary that our country should have acquired a literary artist. Motteaux translated Don Quixote well, was a tolerable versifyer and a successful dramatist. He terminated a respectable life shamefully in a brothel.

The extract is the commencement of his poem in praise of Tea; printed separately 1712.

*A Poem in praise of Tea.*

LAST night my hours on friendship I bestowed,
And wine and mirth awhile profusely flowed.
Soon as some beauty's health had walk'd the round,
Another's health succeeding glasses crown'd.
But while these arts to raise our joys we use,
Our mirth, our friends, and even ourselves we lose.
'Tis vain in wine to seek a solid joy;
All fierce enjoyments soon themselves destroy.

Wine fires the fancy to a dangerous height,
With smoaky flame, and with a cloudy light.
From its excess even Wisdom's self grows mad;
For an excess of good itself is bad.
All reason's in a storm, no light, nor skies,
But the Red Ocean rolls before our eyes.
Unhappy state! the chaos of the brain,
The soul's eclipse, and exile of the man.
From boisterous wine I fled to gentle tea;
For, calms compose us after storms at sea.
In vain would coffee boast an equal good;
The chrystal stream transcends the flowing mud.
Tea even the ills from coffee sprung repairs,
Disclaims its vices, and its virtue shares.
To bless me with the juice two foes conspire,
The clearest water with the purest fire.
Wine's essence in a lamp to fuel turns,
Exhales its soul, and for a rival burns.
The leaf is moved, and the diffusive good,
Thus urged, resigns its spirits in the flood.
In curious cups the liquid blessing flows,
Cups fit alone the Nectar to enclose.
Dissembled groves and nymphs by tables placed
Adorn the sides, and tempt the sight and taste.
Yet more the gay, the lovely colour courts,
The flavour charms us, but the taste transports.

I drink, and lo! the kindly steams arise,
Wine's vapour flags, and soon subsides and dies.
The friendly spirits brighten mine again,
Repel the brute, and re-inthrone the man.
The rising charmer with a pleasing ray
Dawns on the mind, and introduces day.
So its bright parent with prevailing light,
Recalls distinction, and displaces night.
At other times the wakeful leaf disdains
To leave the mind entranced in drowsie chains.
But now with all the night's fatigue oppresst,
'Tis reconciled to sleep, and yields me up to rest

# NICHOLAS ROWE.

*Little Berkford, Bedfordshire*, 1673—1718.

He ranks higher as a translator than as a poet; and as a dramatist than either: He is a cold writer, and is said to have had a cold heart. His genius certainly never rises above the temperate point. He succeeded Nahum Tate as Poet-Laureat.

## *Colin's Complaint.*

SONG.

To the Tune of "Grim King of the Ghosts."

DESPAIRING beside a clear stream,
A shepherd forsaken was laid;
And while a false nymph was his theme,
A willow supported his head.
The wind that blew over the plain,
To his sighs with a sigh did reply;
And the brook, in return to his pain,
Ran mournfully murmuring by.

Alas, silly swain that I was!
Thus sadly complaining, he cryed,
When first I beheld that fair face,
'Twere better by far I had dyed.
She talk'd, and I bless'd the dear tongue;
When she smiled, 'twas a pleasure too great;
I listened, and cryed, when she sung,
Was nightingale ever so sweet?

How foolish was I to believe
She could doat on so lowly a clown,
Or that her fond heart would not grieve,
To forsake the fine folk of the town?
To think that a beauty so gay,
So kind and so constant would prove;
Or go clad like our maidens in grey,
Or live in a cottage on love?

What though I have skill to complain,
Though the muses my temples have crown'd;
What though, when they hear my soft strain,
The virgins sit weeping around.
Ah, Colin, thy hopes are in vain,
Thy pipe and thy laurel resign;
Thy false one inclines to a swain,
Whose music is sweeter than thine.

And you, my companions so dear,
Who sorrow to see me betrayed,
Whatever I suffer, forbear,
Forbear to accuse the false maid.
Though through the wide world I should range,
'Tis in vain from my fortune to fly.
'Twas her's to be false and to change,
'Tis mine to be constant and die.

If while my hard fate I sustain,
In her breast any pity is found,
Let her come with the nymphs of the plain,
And see me laid low in the ground.
The last humble boon that I crave,
Is to shade me with cypress, and yew;
And when she looks down on my grave,
Let her own that her shepherd was true.

Then to her new love let her go,
And deck her in golden array,
Be finest at every fine show,
And frolick it all the long day;
While Colin, forgotten and gone,
No more shall be talk'd of, or seen,
Unless when beneath the pale moon,
His ghost shall glide over the green.

## SONG.

*On a fine Woman who had a dull Husband.*

I.

When on fair Celia's eyes I gaze,
And bless their light divine;
I stand confounded with amaze,
To think on what they shine.

II.

On one vile clod of earth she seems
To fix their influence;
Which kindles not at those bright beams,
Nor wakens into sense.

III.

Lost and bewildered with the thought,
I could not but complain,
That Nature's lavish hand had wrought
This fairest work in vain.

IV.

Thus some, who have the stars survey'd,
Are ignorantly led,
To think those glorious lamps were made
To light Tom Fool to bed.

# HENRY NEEDLER.

*Hurly, Surry*, 1690—1718.

One of the victims of literature. He held a small place in one of the public offices, and devoted his leisure to study. This sedentary life induced pains in the head which at length terminated in madness, and death.

## *A Vernal Hymn, in praise of the Creator.*

ARISE my Muse: awake thy sleeping lyre,
And fan with tuneful airs thy languid fire.
On daring pinions raised, low themes despise;
But stretch thy wings in yon bright azure skies.
Let not this chearful prime, these genial days
In silence pass, so friendly to thy lays.
Hark! how the birds, on every blooming spray,
With sprightly notes accuse thy dull delay:
See how the Spring, adorned with gaudy pride
And youthful beauty, smiles on every side!

Here painted flowers in gay confusion grow;
There chrystal streams in wild meanders flow:
The sprouting trees their leafy honours wear,
And zephyrs whisper through the balmy air.
All things to Verse invite. But, O! my Muse,
What lofty theme, what subject wilt thou chuse?
The praise of wine let vulgar bards indite,
And Love's soft joys in wanton strains recite;
With nobler thoughts do thou my soul inspire,
And with diviner warmth my bosom fire.
Thee BEST and GREATEST! let my grateful lays,
Parent of Universal Nature, praise!
All things are full of thee! where e'er mine eye
Is turned, I still thy present Godhead spy!
Each herb the footsteps of thy wisdom bears,
And every blade of grass thy power declares!
As yon clear lake the pendent image shows
Of every flower that on its border grows;
So, in the fair Creation's glass, we find
A faint reflection of the Eternal Mind.

Whate'er of goodness and of excellence
In Nature's various scene accost the sense,
To thee alone their whole perfection owe,
From thee, as from their proper fountain, flow.

Fair are the stars, that grace the sable night,
And beauteous is the dawn of rosy light;
Lovely the prospect, that each flowery field
These limpid streams and shady forests yield:
To thee compared, nor fair the stars of night,
Nor beauteous is the dawn of rosy light;
Nor lovely is the scene, each flowery field,
The limpid streams, and shady forests yield.

Incapable of bounds, above all height,
Thou art invisible to mortal sight;
Thyself thy palace! and, sustained by thee,
All live and move in thy immensity.
Thy voice omnipotent did infant day
Through the dark realms of empty space display,
This glorious arch of heavenly sapphires rear,
And spread this canopy of liquid air.

At thy command the starry host, the Sun,
And Moon unerringly their courses run;
Ceaseless they move, obsequious to fulfil
The task assigned by the almighty will.
Thy vital power, diffused from pole to pole,
Inspires and animates this ample whole.

If thou wert absent, the material mass
Would without motion lie in boundless space.

The sun arrested in his spiral way,
No longer would dispense alternate day;
A breathless calm would hush the stormy wind,
And a new frost the flowing rivers bind.

Whate'er, through false philosophy, is thought
To be by chance or parent-nature wrought,
From thee alone proceeds. With timely rain
Thou satest the thirsty field and springing grain.
Inspired by thee, the northern tempests sweep
The bending corn, and toss the foamy deep:
Inspired by thee, the softer southern breeze
Wafts fragrant odours through the trembling trees.
By thee conducted through the darksome caves
And veins of hollow earth, the briny waves
In bubbling springs and fruitful fountains rise,
And spout their sweetened streams against the skies.

By thee, the brutal kind are taught to chuse
Their proper good, and noxious things refuse;
Hence each conforms his actions to his place,
Knows to preserve his life, and propagate his race;
Hence the wise conduct of the painful bee;
Who future want does constantly foresee,
Contrive her waxen cells with curious skill,
And with rich stores of gathered honey fill.

Hence the gay birds, that sport in fluid air,
Soft nests, to lodge their callow young, prepare,
Rear with unwearied toil the tender brood,
From harms protect, and furnish 'em with food.

But man, whom thy peculiar grace design'd
The image of thine own eternal Mind,
Man thy chief favourite, thou didst inspire
With a bright spark of thy celestial fire.
Rich with a thinking soul, with piercing eye
He views the spacious earth and distant sky;
And sees the various marks of skill divine,
That in each part of Nature's system shine.
Him therefore it becomes, in grateful lays,
To sing his bounteous Maker's solemn praise.

# JOSEPH ADDISON.

1672—1719.

## *AN ODE*

*For St. Cecilia's Day.*

I.

PREPARE the hallowed strain, my Muse,
Thy softest sounds and sweetest numbers choose;
The bright Cecilia's praise rehearse,
In warbling words, and gliding verse,
That smoothly run into a song,
And gently die away, and melt upon the tongue.

II.

First let the sprightly violin
The joyful melody begin,
And none of all her strings be mute,
While the sharp sound and shriller lay,
In sweet harmonious notes decay,
Softened and mellowed by the flute.
The flute that sweetly can complain,
Dissolve the frozen nymph's disdain;
Panting sympathy impart,
Till she partake her lover's smart."

CHORUS.

III.

Next let the solemn organ join
Religious airs, and strains divine,
Such as may lift us to the skies,
And set all heaven before our eyes:
Such as may lift us to the skies;
So far at least till they
Descend with kind surprise,
And meet our pious harmony half-way."

IV.

Till then the trumpet's piercing sound
Our ravished ears with pleasure wound:
The soul o'erpowering with delight,
As with a quick uncommon ray,
A streak of lightening clears the day,
And flashes on the sight.
Let Echo too perform her part,
Prolonging every note with art,
And in a low expiring strain
Play all the concert o'er again.

V.

Such were the tuneful notes that hung
On bright Cecilia's charming tongue:
Notes that sacred heats inspired,
And with religious ardour fired:
The love-sick youth, that long suppress'd
His smothered passion in his breast,
No sooner heard the warbling dame,
But, by the secret influence turned,
He felt a new diviner flame,
And with devotion burned:
With ravished soul, and looks amazed,
Upon her beauteous face he gazed;

Nor made his amorous complaint:
In vain her eyes his heart had charm'd,
Her heavenly voice her eyes disarm'd,
And changed the lover to a saint.

GRAND CHORUS.

VI.

And now the choir complete rejoices,
With trembling strings and melting voices,
The tuneful ferment rises high,
And works with mingled melody:
Quick divisions run their rounds,
A thousand trills and quivering sounds,
In airy circles o'er us fly,
Till, wafted by a gentle breeze,
They faint and languish by degrees,
And at a distance die.

---

AN ODE.

I.

How are thy servants blest, O Lord!
How sure is their defence!

Eternal wisdom is their guide,
Their help omnipotence.

II.

In foreign realms, and lands remote,
Supported by thy care,
Through burning climes I pass'd unhurt,
And breathed in tainted air.

III.

Thy mercy sweeten'd every soil,
Made every region please;
The hoary Alpine hills it warm'd,
And smoothed the Tyrrhene seas.

IV.

Think, O my soul, devoutly think,
How, with affrighted eyes,
Thou saw'st the wide extended deep,
In all its horrors rise.

V.

Confusion dwelt on every face,
And fear in every heart;
When waves on waves, and gulfs on gulfs
O'ercame the pilot's art.

VI.

Yet then from all my griefs, O Lord!
Thy mercy set me free;
Whilst in the confidence of prayer,
My soul took hold on thee.

VII.

For though in dreadful whirls we hung
High on the broken wave,
I knew thou wert not slow to hear,
Nor impotent to save.

VIII.

The storm was laid, the winds retired,
Obedient to thy will;
The sea, that roar'd at thy command,
At thy command was still.

IX.

In midst of dangers, fears, and death,
Thy goodness I'll adore;
And praise thee for thy mercies past,
And humbly hope for more.

x.

My life, if thou preservest my life,
Thy sacrifice shall be;
And death, if death must be my doom,
Shall join my soul to thee.

# JOHN HUGHES.

*Marlborough, June* 29, 1677—*Feb* 17, 1719.

A painter, a musician, and a poet; we want a diminutive for this last word. The Siege of Damascus, however, ranks Hughes above all his contemporary dramatists.

## AN ODE,

*In Praise of Peace.*

Performed in Stationers' Hall, 1703.

I.

Awake, celestial harmony!
Awake, celestial harmony!
Turn thy vocal sphere around,
Goddess of melodious sound.
Let the trumpet's shrill voice,
And the drum's thundering noise,
Rouse every dull mortal from sorrows profound.

See, see!
The mighty power of harmony!
Behold how soon its charms can chase
Grief and gloom from every place!
How swift its raptures fly,
And thrill through every soul, and brighten every eye!

II.

Proceed, sweet charmer of the ear!
Proceed; and through the mellow flute,
The moving lyre,
And solitary lute,
Melting airs soft joys inspire:
Airs for drooping hope to hear,
Melting as a lover's prayer;
Joys to flatter dull despair,
And softly soothe the amorous fire.

CHORUS.

Melting airs soft joys inspire:
Airs for drooping hope to hear,
Melting as a lover's prayer:
Joys to flatter dull despair,
And softly soothe the amorous fire.

III.

Now let the sprightly violin
A louder strain begin;
And now
Let the deep-mouthed organ blow,
Swell it high, and sink it low;
Hark!—how the treble and base
In wanton fugues each other chase,
And swift divisions run their airy race!
Through all the traversed scale they fly,
In winding labyrinths of harmony:
By turns they rise and fall, by turns we live and die.

CHORUS.

In winding labyrinths of harmony,
Through all the traversed scale they fly:
By turns they rise and fall, by turns we live and die.

IV.

Ye sons of art, once more renew your strains;
In loftier verse, and loftier lays,
Your voices raise,
To musick's praise.
A nobler song remains!

Sing how the greater God,
On wings of flaming cherubs rode,
To make a world; and round the dark abyss,
Turn'd the golden compasses,
The compasses in fate's high storehouse found;
Thus far extend, he said; be this
O world, thy measured bound.
Meanwhile a thousand harps were played on high;
Be this thy measured bound,
Was echoed all around:
And now arise, ye earth, and seas, and sky;
A thousand voices made reply,
Arise, ye earth, and seas, and sky.

V.

What can musick's power controul?
When nature's sleeping soul
Perceived the enchanting sound,
It waked, and shook off foul deformity;
The mighty melody
Nature's secret chains unbound;
And earth arose, and seas, and sky.
Aloft expanded spheres were slung,
With shining luminaries hung;
A vast creation stood displayed,
By heaven's inspiring musick made.

CHORUS.

O wonderous force of harmony!

VI.

Divinest art, whose fame shall never cease!
Thy honour'd voice proclaim'd the Saviour's birth,
When heaven vouchsafed to treat with earth,
Musick was herald of the peace:
Thy voice could best the joyful tidings tell;
Immortal mercy, boundless love!
A god descending from above,
To conquer death and hell.

VII.

There yet remains an hour of fate,
When musick must again its charms employ;
The trumpet's sound
Shall call the numerous nations under ground:
The numerous nations straight
Appear: and some with grief, and some with joy,
Their final sentence wait.

GRAND CHORUS.

Then other arts shall pass away:
Proud architecture shall in ruins lie,
And painting fade and die,
Nay earth, and heaven itself, in wasteful fire decay

Musick alone, and poesy,
Triumphant o'er the flame, shall see
The world's last blaze.
The tuneful sisters shall embrace,
And praise and sing, and sing and praise,
In never-ceasing choirs to all eternity.

# JOHN SHEFFIELD,

## DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

1649—1720.

It is said when this nobleman was sent to relieve Tangiers he was intentionally exposed in a leaky vessel, because he had made overtures of marriage to the Princess Anne. Charles II. was certainly unprincipled enough to commit any wickedness, but in this case there would have been some difficulty in getting a captain to assist in the plot.

The most remarkable of his compositions is his own Epitaph.

Dubius, sed non imbrobus vixi;
Incertus morior, non perturbatus;
Humanum est nescire et errare.
——————— Deo confido
Omnipotenti, benevolentissimo,
Ens entium miserere mihi!

*The Reconcilement.*

SONG.

COME, let us now resolve at last
To live and love in quiet:
We'll tie the knot so very fast,
That time shall ne'er untie it.

The truest joys they seldom prove,
Who free from quarrels live;
'Tis the most tender part of love,
Each other to forgive.

When least I seem'd concern'd, I took
No pleasure, nor no rest;
And when I feign'd an angry look,
Alas! I loved you best.

Own but the same to me, you'll find
How blest will be our fate;
Oh, to be happy, to be kind,
Sure never is too late.

STANZAS.

Whene'er my foolish bent to publick good,
Or fonder zeal for some misguided prince,
Shall make my dangerous humour understood,
For changing ministers for men of sense:

When, vainly proud to show my publick care,
And even ashamed to see three nations fool'd,
I shall no longer bear a wretched share,
In ruling ill, or being over-ruled:

Then, as old teachers in a winters' night,
To yawning hearers all their pranks disclose;
And what decay deprives them of delight,
Supply with vain endeavours to impose:

Just so shall I as idly entertain
Some stripling patriots, fond of seeming wise;
Tell, how I still could great employments gain,
Without concealing truths, or whispering lies!

Boast of succeeding in my country's cause,
Even against some almost too high to blame;
Whom, when advanced beyond the reach of laws;
I oft had ridiculed to sense and shame;

Say, I resisted the most potent fraud,
But friendless merit openly approved;
And that I was above the being awed,
Not only by my prince, but those he loved:

Who knows but my example then may please
Such noble, hopeful spirits, as appear
Willing to slight their pleasures and their ease,
For fame and honour? till at last they hear,

After much trouble borne, and danger run,
The crown assisted, and my country served;
Without good fortune I had been undone,
Without a good estate I might have starved.

# ANNE,

## COUNTESS OF WINCHELSEA.

1720.

Daughter of Sir William Kingsmill, of Sidmonton, Hants. Her Poems were praised by Rowe and by Pope; and they deserved praise. They were published collectively, 1713.

### *The Petition for an Absolute Retreat.*

* * * * *

Give me, O indulgent Fate!
Give me yet, before I dye,
A sweet, but absolute retreat,
'Mongst paths so lost, and trees so high,

That the world may ne'er invade,
Through such windings, and such sha
My unshaken liberty.

No intruders thither come!
Who visit, but to be from home;
None who their vain moments pass,
Only studious of their glass,
News, that charm to listening ears,
That false alarm to hopes and fears,
That common theme for every fop,
From the statesman to the shop,
In those coverts ne'er be spread.
Of who's deceased, or who's to wed,
Be no tidings thither brought,
But silent, as a midnight thought,
Where the world may ne'er invade,
Be those windings, and that shade:

Courteous Fate! afford me there
A table spread without my care,
With what the neighb'ring fields impart,
Whose cleanliness be all it's art,
When, of old, the calf was drest,
(Though to make an angel's feast)

In the plain, unstudied sauce,
Nor *Tuscan* or *Marillia* was;
Nor could the mighty patriarch's board
One far-fetch'd *Ortolane* afford.
Courteous Fate, then give me there
Only plain and wholesome fare.
Fruits indeed (would Heaven bestow)
All, that did in *Eden* grow,
All, but the *Forbidden Tree*,
Would be coveted by me;
Grapes, with juice so crouded up,
As breaking thro' the native cup;
Figs, yet growing, candy'd o'er,
By the Sun's attracting power;
Cherries, with the downy peach,
All within my easie reach;
Whilst creeping near the humble ground,
Should the strawberry be found
Springing wheresoe'er I stray'd,
Through those windings and that shade.

* * * * * * *

Give me there (since Heaven has shown
It was not good to be alone)
A partner suited to my mind,
Solitary, pleased, and kind;

Who, partially, may something see
Preferr'd to all the world in me;
Slighting, by my humble side,
Fame and splendour, wealth and pride.
When but two the earth possest,
'Twas their happiest days, and best;
They by bus'ness, nor by wars,
They by no domestick cares,
From each other e'er were drawn,
But in some grove, or flowery lawn,
Spent the swiftly flying time,
Spent their own, and Nature's prime,
In love; that only passion given
To perfect man, whilst friends with Heaven.
Rage, and jealousies, and hate,
Transports of his fallen state,
When by Satan's wiles betray'd
Fly those windings, and that shade!

* * * * * * * *

# MATTHEW PRIOR.

*Winborne*, 1664—1721.

## *Cloe Jealous.*

FORBEAR to ask me, why I weep;
Vext Cloe to her shepherd said;
'Tis for my two poor straggling sheep,
Perhaps, or for my squirrel dead.

For mind I what you late have writ?
Your subtle questions and replies?
Emblems, to teach a female wit
The ways, where changing cupid flies?

Your riddle purposed to rehearse
The general power that beauty has;
But why did no peculiar verse
Describe one charm of Cloe's face?

The glass, which was at Venus' shrine,
With such mysterious sorrow laid:
The garland (and you call it mine)
Which show'd how youth and beauty fade:

Ten thousand trifles light as these,
Nor can my rage, nor anger, move:
She should be humble, who would please;
And she must suffer, who can love.

When in my glass I chanced to look;
Of Venus what did I implore?
That every grace, which thence I took,
Should know to charm my Damon more.

Reading thy verse; who heeds, said I,
If here or there his glances flow?
O, free for ever be his eye,
Whose heart to me is always true!

My bloom indeed, my little flower
Of beauty quickly lost its pride:
For sever'd from its native bower,
It on thy glowing bosom dyed.

Yet cared I not what might presage
Or withering wreaths, or fleeting youth;
Love I esteem'd more strong than age,
And time less permanent than truth.

Why then I weep, forbear to know:
Fall, uncontroll'd, my tears, and free;

O Damon! 'tis the only woe,
I ever yet concealed from thee.

The secret wound with which I bleed
Shall lie wrapt up, even in my hearse;
But on my tomb-stone thou shalt read
My answer to thy dubious verse.

---

*Answer to Cloe Jealous.*

Dear Cloe, how blubber'd is that pretty face!
Thy cheek all on fire, and thy hair all uncurl'd:
Prythee quit this caprice; and (as old Falstaff says)
Let us e'en talk a little like the folks of this world.

How canst thou presume, thou hast leave to destroy
The beauties, which Venus but lent to thy keeping?
Those looks were design'd to inspire love and joy:
More ordinary eyes may serve people for weeping.

To be vex'd at a trifle or two that I writ,
Your judgment at once, and my passion you wrong:
You take that for fact, which will scarce be found wit,
Od's-life! must one swear to the truth of a song?

What I speak, my fair Cloe, and what I write, shows
The difference there is betwixt nature and art:
I court others in verse; but I love thee in prose:
And they have my whimsies, but thou hast my heart.

The god of us verse-men, you know, child, the sun,
How, after his journeys he sets up his rest:
If at morning o'er earth 'tis his fancy to run;
At night he declines on his Thetis's breast.

So when I am weary'd with wandering all day,
To thee, my delight, in the evening I come:
No matter what beauties I saw in my way;
They were but my visits, but thou art my home.

Then finish, dear Cloe, this pastoral war;
And let us like Horace and Lydia agree:
For thou art a girl as much brighter than her,
As he was a poet sublimer than me.

---

*To a Person who wrote ill, and spoke worse against me.*

Lye, Philo, untouch'd, on my peaceable shelf,
Nor take it amiss, that so little I heed thee,
I've no envy to thee, and some love to myself,
Then why should I answer, since first I must read thee?

Drunk with Helicon's waters and double-brew'd bub,
Be a linguist, a poet, a critic, a wag;
To the solid delight of thy well-judging club,
To the damage alone of thy bookseller, Brag.

Pursue me with satire, what harm is there in't?
But from all *viva voce* reflection forbear:
There can be no danger from what thou shalt print:
There may be a little from what thou may'st swear.

*For my own Monument.*

As doctors give physic by way of prevention,
Mat, alive and in health, of his tombstone took care;
For delays are unsafe, and his pious intention
May haply be never fulfill'd by his heir.

Then take Mat's word for it, the sculptor is paid;
That the figure is fine, pray believe your own eye;
Yet credit but lightly what more may be said,
For we flatter ourselves and teach marble to lie.

Yet, counting as far as to fifty his years,
His virtues and vices were as other men's are;
High hopes he conceived, and he smother'd great fears,
In a life party-colour'd, half pleasure, half care.

Nor to business a drudge, nor to faction a slave,
He strove to make interest and freedom agree;
In public employments industrious and grave,
And alone with his friends, lord, how merry was he!

Now in equipage stately, now humbly on foot,
Both fortunes he try'd, but to neither would trust;
And whirl'd in the round, as the wheel turn'd about,
He found riches had wings, and knew man was but dust.

This verse little polish'd, though mighty sincere,
Sets neither his titles nor merit to view;
It says that his relicks collected lie here,
And no mortal yet knows too if this may be true.

Fierce robbers there are that infest the highway,
So Mat may be kill'd, and his bones never found;
False witness at courts, and fierce tempests at sea,
So Mat may yet chance to be hang'd, or be drown'd.

If his bones lie in earth, roll in sea, fly in air,
To fate we must yield, and the thing is the same.
And if passing thou givest him a smile, or a tear,
He cares not—yet pr'ythee be kind to his fame.

# SUSANNA CENTLIVRE.

1723.

'If we do not allow her to be the very first of our female writers,' s ys the able author of the Biographia Dramatica, she has but one above her, and may justly be placed next to her predecessor in dramatick glory, the great Mrs. I ehn.'

Mrs. Centlivre's life was less chequered, and more decorous than that of any of her literary female contemporaries. She was, however, thrice married. Some of her earlier pieces were published under the name of Carrol, that of her second husband.

*Ode to Hygeia.*

BEST, of all our earthly wealth
Everlasting charmer, Health,
Blooming goddess, far more gay
Than the flowery meads in May.
When the airy warblers meet,
Than thy voice their songs less sweet,
When thou dost thy sighs refuse,
Gold and gems their value lose ;

Take thy downy joys away,
And no other joys will stay.
Wanting thee, what monarch knows
Taste of power, or sweet repose,
To enjoy thee is to live,
Thou dost all our blessings give.

Great Hygeia, lend an ear,
Britannia's prayer vouchsafe to hear,
Britannia on thy aid relies
Help! or else thy Walpole dies.
Though thou'st frequent cause to blame
The old ungrateful fickle dame;
Yet preserve her patriot's life,
In compassion to his wife.
Calm the tempest in that breast
Where great Walpole wont to rest.
Bid those eyes their streams forbear,
Whose look gives pleasure every where,
Hear us, Health's great goddess, hear.

Our prayers prevail—the statesman lives,
Behold the deity arrives,
And health again to Walpole gives;
Britannia's welfare to restore,
Oh, may he never want it more.

*To the Duchess of Bolton, upon seeing her Picture drawn unlike her.*

'Tis true on canvas none can trace
The lines of beauteous Bolton's face,
Or shadow out her air,
Perfection mocks the painter's art,
But turn your eyes into your heart,
You'll find her image there.

In visions thus to saints 'tis given,
To gaze upon the joys of Heaven,
And yet they all confess,
Something there is so glorious still,
Which all their art, with all their skill,
Can never once express.

# THOMAS D'URFEY.

1723.

Had D'Urfey lived in an age when vice had been less barefaced, his "happy knack of writing Satires and irregular Odes" might have pleaded something in his favour as a poet. We may, however, believe the effect of his ribaldry to have been innocent, when we find the moral Isaac Bickerstaff recommending his cause to the publisher, in the 67th Number of the GUARDIAN, and requiring their patronage to a Play performed for his benefit, when in his old age he was much reduced. There is every reason to suppose that this effort of friendship was successful. In his youth he had lived in the best societies, and was noticed by Charles II.; and country gentlemen, who thought that wit, like other plagues, might be caught by infection, made it a subject of boast among their fellow squires, if by accident they had breathed in the same room with Tom D'Urfey.

The first of the following specimens is remarkable for the difficulty which Purcell found in setting it to musick.—The second endeared D Urfey to the Tories.

*The Parson among the Peas.*

A NEW SONG.

ONE long Whitsun holliday,
Holliday, holliday, 'twas a jolly day;
Young *Ralph*, buxom *Phillida*, *Phillida*, a-well-a-day,
Met in the Peas:
They long had community,
He loved her, she loved him,
Joyful unity, nought but opportunity,
Scanting was wanting their bosoms to ease:
But now Fortune's cruelty, cruelty,
You will see, for as they lye,
In close hugg, Sir *Domine*, *Gemini*, *Gemini*,
Chanced to come by;
He read prayers i' th' family:
No way now to frame a lie,
They scared at old Homily, Homily, Homily,
Both away fly.
Home, soon as he saw the sight, full of spight,
As a kite runs the Recubite,
Like a noisy *Hypocrite*, *Hypocrite*, *Hypocrite*,
Mischief to say;

Save he wou'd fair *Phillida, Phillida, Phillida.*
Dre' that holy day,
But, poor Ralph, all well-a-day, well-a-day, well-a-day,
Turn'd was away,
Ads niggs, crys Sir *Domine, Gemini, Gomini,*
Shall a rogue stay,
To baulk me as commonly, commonly, commonly,
Has been his way,
No, I serve the family,
They know nought to blame me by,
I'll read prayers and Homily, Homily, Homily,
Three times a day.

---

## *THE KING's HEALTH.*

### *The First Strain.*

Joy to Great Cesar,
Long life, love, and pleasure;
'Tis a health that divine is,
Fill the bowle high as mine is:
Let none fear a feaver,
But take it off thus boys;
Let the king live for ever,
'Tis no matter for us boys.

*The Second Strain.*

Try all the loyal,
Defy all,
Give denyall;
Sure none thinks his glass too big here,
Nor any prig here,
Or sneaking whig here,
Of Cripple Tony's crew,
That now looks blue,
His heart akes too,
The tap won't do,
His zeal so true,
And projects new,
Ill fate does now pursue.

*The Third Strain.*

Let Tories guard the King,
Let Whigs in halters swing;
Let Pilk, and Shute be sham'd,
Let —— Oates be damn'd:
Let cheating Player be nick'd,
The turn-coat scribe he kick'd;
Let rebel city dons,
Ne'er beget their sons:
Let ev'ry Whiggish peer,
That rapes a lady fair,

And leaves his only dear,
The sheets to gnaw and tear,
Be punish'd out of hand,
And forced to pawn his land
T' attone the grand affair.

*The Fourth Strain.*

Great Charles, like *Jehovah*,
Spares those would un-king him;
And warms with his graces,
The vipers that sting him:
Till crown'd with just anger,
The rebel he seizes;
Thus Heaven can thunder,
When ever it pleases.

JIGG.

Then to the *Duke* fill, fill up the glass,
The son of our martyr, beloved of the king;
Envy'd and loved,
Yet blest from above,
Secured by an angel safe under his wing.

*The Sixth Strain.*

Faction and folly,
And state melancholy,

With *Tony* in *Whigland* for ever shall dwell;
Let wit, wine, and beauty,
Then teach us our duty,
For none e'er can love, or be wise, and rebel.

# CHARLES GILDON.

*Gillingham, near Shaftbury*, 1665—1723.

A formidable Critick, who, like most criticks, was more successful in detecting faults, than in producing beauties. His writings, whether dramatick or didactick, critical or poetical, deistical or anti-deistical, are now forgotten.

*To Sylvia. A Song.*

Sylvia, could your eyes but see
The wounds your killing beauties give;
A lover you might read in me,
Who, if you frown, disdains to live.

But oh! the artless fair ones know
No more than tongues or eyes persuade:
Tongues that deceive, and eyes that shew
Too often love an art is made.

For a sincere and tender passion:
Ah! how severe and hard a fate!

That faith's not known from oaths for fashion,
Nor naked truth from gay deceit.

Soft as your balmy breath's my flame,
When struggling love breaks out in sighs;
Immortal, as I'll make your name,
And as bewitching as your eyes.

But hold, fond Swain! Ah! tell no more!
For Heaven, and the heavenly fair
Their favours on the happy shower,
Leaving the wretch still to despair.

---

*To Sylvia. The Meeting.*

Gods! when we met how dull was I!
My tongue, that used to move
So glibly on the theme of love,
Now when 'twas real, lay motionless and still;
Nor would it to fair Sylvia tell
The eager pangs and torments of my mind:
But like a false deceitful friend,
Officious in my sun shine day,
Profering his service and his coin,
(When he was here I wanted none)

# DE LA RIVIERE MANLY.

1724.

This extraordinary woman was daughter of Sir Roger Manly, who is said to have written the first volume of the Turkish Spy. A near relation, who was also her guardian, seduced her by a false marriage, the villain being married. In consequence, she passed some years of wretchedness before her talents made her known to the world; and when she ceased to be miserable, she ceased also to be respectable.

Her New Atalantis was so obnoxious to the Whig Ministry that they issued a warrant to apprehend the printer and publisher. Mrs. Manly would not permit the innocent to suffer. She presented herself as the author. The Secretary of State, Lord Sunderland, was curious to know how she had obtained intelligence of certain particulars which he conceived had been above her own means of information. She replied, that she had written merely for her own amusement in the country, that no particular reflections, or characters were designed, and that no person was concerned with her. When this was not believed, and, in fact, disproved by many circumstances, she said, 'then it must be by inspiration, because knowing her own innocence, she could account for it no other way.' The Secretary replied, that "inspiration used to

be upon a good account, but her writings were stark naught.' She acknowledged that his Lordship's observation might be true; but as there were evil angels as well as good, what she had written might still be by inspiration.

With the Tory Administration she was in great favour and defended their disgraceful measures with spirit and ability. It is praise enough to say, that she was thought fit to continue the Examiner, after Swift relinquished it, that he often furnished her with hints, and sometimes permitted her to finish what he had begun.

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*To J. M———E, Esq.*

*Of Worcester College, Oxon.*

BY MRS. MANLY.

OXFORD, for all thy fops and smarts
Let this prodigious youth atone,
Whilst others frisk and dress at hearts,
He makes thy better part his own.

Yet small addition can'st thou give,
Nature gave all her wealth before;
How little can this son receive!
How full already is his store!

Others advance by slow degrees,
Long, long they feed, before they taste,
Their letters but with cars increase,
And good digestion comes the last.

But his vast mind compleatly form'd,
Was thoroughly finish'd when begun,
So all at once the world was warm'd,
On the great birth-day of the Sun.

# ELKANAH SETTLE.

*Dunstable*, 1666—1724.

If poor Elkanah had been bap'ized by any name in the common *Propria quæ maribus* of England, his ignomy might have slept with him in the grave, but his godfathers enabled his enemies to hand him down to everlasting remembrance.

It was Elkanah's misfortune that he should have been instigated to rival Dryden, and it is a fine specimen of the effect faction will produce upon taste, for there were many who believed and asserted that he excelled his antagonist. There remains a heavier charge against him than his natural dullness and his pardonable vanity. He was a scoundrel. The principles which he honestly espoused in his outset he abandoned for interest, and he was employed to animadvert upon the dying declaration of Russel and Sidney. After this, despised as well as despicable, we find him subsisting by writing Drolls for Bartholomew Fair, playing the Dragon in St. George for England, in a green leather case of his own invention, and dying in an alms house.

*From Azariah and Hushai.*

A POEM.

In impious times when priestcraft was at height,
And all the deadly sins esteemed light;
When that religion only was a stale,
And some bow'd down to God, and some to Baal;
When perjury was scarce esteem'd a sin,
And vice, like flowing tides, came rowling in;
When luxury, debauch, and concubine,
The sad effects of women and of wine,
Raged in Judea and Jerusalem,
Good Amazia of great David's stem,
God-like and great in peace did rule that land,
And all the Jews stoop'd to his just command.
Long now in Sion had he peace enjoy'd,
After that civil broils the land destroy'd:
Plenty and peace attended on his reign,
And Solomon's golden days return'd again;
When the old Canaanites, who there did lurk,
Began to find both God and King new work:
For Amazia, though he God did love,
Had not cast out Baal's priests, and cut down
every grove.
Too oft Religion's made pretence for sin,
About it in all ages strife has been;

But interest, which at bottom doth remain,
Which still converts all godliness to gain,
Whate'er pretence is made, is the true cause,
That moves the priest, and like the loadstone draws.
The Canaanites of old that land possess'd,
And long therein idolatry profess'd;
Till sins of priest, and of the common rout,
Caused God and his good Kings to cast them out.
Their idols were pull'd down, their groves destroy'd,
Strict laws against them, and their worship made.
The heathen priests were banish'd from the land
Of Baal, no temple suffer'd was to stand;
And all succeeding Kings made it their care,
They should no more rear up their altars there.
If some mild Kings did wink at their abode,
They to the Jews still proved a pricking-goad:
Growing more bold they penal laws defy'd,
And like tormenting thorns, stuck in their side.
The busy priests had lost their gainful trade,
Revenge and malice do their hearts invade;
And since by force they can't themselves restore,
Nor gain the sway they in Judea bore,
With hell they join their secret plots to bring
Destruction to Judea and its King.

* * * * * * *

# GEORGE SEWELL.

1726.

Dr. Sewell was a writer of some eminence in his day. He bore a principal part in the Fifth Volume of the Tatler, the Ninth of the Spectator, and in the translation of the Metamorphoses. Yet he died in very indigent circumstances, and was buried like a pauper, neither friend nor relative attending him to the grave.

## *The Favourite. A Simile.*

Written in the year 1712.

WHEN boys at Eton once a year
In military pomp appear,
He who just trembled at the rod,
Treads it a Heroe, talks a God,
And in an instant can create
A dozen Officers of State.
His little legion all assail,
Arrest without release or bail:
Each passing traveller must halt,
Must pay the tax, and eat the salt.

You don't love salt, you say—and storm—
Look o' these staves, Sir,—and conform.
But yet this sun, that shines so bright,
In sable gown will set at night,
And morn return with College appetite

Thus the new favourite in his plumes,
New manners and new airs assumes:
He who before was at your whistle,
Begins to bully, frown, and bristle;
And to his band of hireling Tartars
Gives pensions, places, titles, garters;
His schemes, his projects, all must be,
A law to Bob, his Grace, and me:
His friends stand close, and aid his power;
What, don't you like him?—to the tower.
You swear 'tis strange—but let this fume
In busy play itself consume:
See him chagrin'd at last retire
To a Welch farm and country fire;
With this to comfort fallen state,
The time has been when he was great.

# NICHOLAS BRADY.

*Bandon, County of Cork*, 1659—1726.

" He was (says Cibber) of a most obliging, sweet, affable temper, a polite gentleman, an excellent preacher, and no inconsiderable poet. His poetical labours, however, were confined to translating the Æneis, and versifying the Psalms. It is quite consistent with Shandean systems, that Tate and Brady should be christened Nahum and Nicholas.

*On the Duke of Marlborough.*

How, glorious Marlbro', shall we sing thy praise?
How shall we match thy laurels with our bays?
What Muse can stretch her wing o'er Blenheim's plain,
Ramillia's field, and all the grand campaign?
Success alone the privilege can claim,
Of keeping pace with thee, in this swift race of fame.

Should all the mighty Nine their pow'rs unite,
'T wou'd strain their pinions to attempt this flight,

And first they must some humbler trophy sing,
Poictiers and Cressy, and a captive king;
Thence by degrees to Marlbro's triumphs rise,
The pitch of English worth, and glory's noblest
prize.

O cou'dst thou but impart thy generous fire,
Cou'dst thou as warmly as thou fight'st inspire,
Then British Bards, swell'd with ecstatick rage,
Shou'd make our times outvy the Augustan age:
Ev'n Maro's Muse as far excell'd shou'd be,
As Tyber is by Thames, or Rome's best sons by
thee.

# SIR JOHN VANBRUGH.

1726.

As an Architect, Sir John Vanbrugh, perhaps discovered some symptoms of his Dutch descent, but his dramatick wit is pure English. He was a man universally beloved and esteemed.

## *FABLE,*

*Related by a Beau to Lot.*

A Band, a Bob-wig, and a Feather
Attack'd a lady's heart together.
The Band in a most learned plea,
Made up of deep philosophy,
Told her, if she would please to wed
A reverend beard, and take instead
Of vigorous youth,
Old solemn truth,
With books and morals into bed,
How happy she would be.

The Bob, he talked of management,
What wond'rous blessings Heaven sent

On care, and pains, and industry ;
And truly he must be so free.
To own he thought your airy he nix,
With powdered wigs, and dancing shoes,
Were good for nothing (na nd his soul !)
But prate, and talk, and play the fool.

He said 'twas wealth gave joy and mirth,
And that to be the dearest wife
Of one, who labour'd all his life
To make a mine of gold his own,
And not spend sixpence when he'd done
Was Heaven upon earth.

When these two blades had done, d'ye see,
The Feather (as it might be me),
Steps out, Sir, from behind the skreen,
With such an air and such a mien...
Look you, old gentleman,—in short
He quickly spoil'd the statesman's sport.
It proved such sunshine weather
That, you must know, at the first beck
The lady leapt about his neck,
And off they went together.

SONG.

I SMILE at love and all its art,
The charming Cynthia cry'd.
Take heed, for love has piercing darts,
A wounded swain reply'd.
Once freed and blest, as you are now,
I trifled with his charms;
I pointed at his little bow,
And sported with his arms:
'Till urged too far—Revenge, he cries,
A fatal shaft he drew,
It took its passage through your eyes,
And to my heart it flew.

To tear it thence I try'd in vain;
To strive, I quickly found
Was only to encrease the pain,
And to enlarge the wound.
Ah, much too well I fear you know
What pain I'm to endure,
Since what your eyes alone could do,
Your heart alone can cure.
And that (grant heaven I may mistake)
I doubt is doom'd to bear
A burden for another's sake,
Who ill rewards its care.

SONG.

Fly, fly, you happy shepherds fly,
Avoid Philira's charms;
The rigour of her heart denies
The heaven that's in her arms.
Ne'er hope to gaze and then retire,
Nor yielding, to be blest:
Nature, who form'd her eyes of fire,
Of ice composed her breast.

Yet, lovely maid this once believe,
A slave whose zeal you move;
The gods, alas, your youth deceive,
Their heaven consists in love.
In spite of all the thanks you owe,
You may reproach 'em this,
That where they did their form bestow,
They have deny'd their bliss.

SONG.

Not an angel dwells above
Half so fair as her I love,
He[illegible]ows how she'll receive me;

If she smiles, I'm blest indeed,
If she frowns, I'm quickly freed;
Heaven knows she ne'er can grieve me.

None can love her more than I,
Yet she ne'er shall make me die,
If my flame can never warm her;
Lasting beauty I'll adore,
I shall never love her more,
Cruelty will so deform her.

# WILLIAM PATTISON.

*Peasmarch, Sussex,* 1706—1727.

Pattison's unhappy story is well known, he dearly expiated youthful imprudence by want and wretchedness, and death.

## *Effigies Authoris.*

Oppress'd with griefs, with poverty, and scorn,
Of all forsaken, and of all forlorn,
What shall I do? or whither shall I fly?
Or what kind ear will hear the Muse's cry?
With restless heart from place to place I roam,
A wretched vagrant destitute of home;
Driven from fair Granta's shade by fortune's frown,
I came to court the flatterer in the town.
Three tedious days detain'd me on the road,
Whilst the winds whistled, and the torrents flow'd,
On my devoted head the gusty breeze,
Shook the collected tempest from the trees;

For shelter to the shades, I ran in vain,
The shades deceitful deluged me with rain.
Thus when fate frowns upon our happier days,
Our friend, perhaps, our bosom friend betrays,
But as vicissitudes controul our fate,
And griefs and joys maintain a doubtful state,
So now the Sun's emerging orb appears,
And with the spongy clouds dispels my fears,
In tears the transient tempest flits away,
And all the blue expansion flames with day.
My gazing eyes o'er pleasing prospects roll,
And look away the sorrows of my soul,
Pleased at each view, some rueful thought to draw,
And moralize on every scene I saw;
Here, with inviting pride blue mountains rise,
Like joys more pleasant to our distant eyes;
In golden waves, there tides of harvest flow,
Whilst idle poppies intermingling grow—
How like their brother fops an empty show!
In every bush the warbling birds advance,
Sing to the Sun, and on the branches dance;
No grief, no cares perplex their souls with strife,
Like bards they live a poor but merry life;
In every place alike their fortunes lie,
Both live in want, and unregarded die.
With like concern they meet approaching death,
In prison, or in field, resign their breath;

Musing I saw the fate I could not shun,
Shook my grave head, and pensive travell'd on:
But as Augusta's wish'd-for domes arise,
Peep o'er the clouds, and dance before my eyes.
What thoughts, what tumults fill'd my lab'ring breast,
To be conceived alone, but not express'd;
What intermingled multitude arose,
Lords, parsons, lawyers, baronets and beaux,
Fops, coxcombs, cits, and knaves of every class,
While some the better half, some wholly, ass,
On either side bewailing suppliants stand,
Speak with their looks, and stretch their wither'd hand.
In feeble accents supplicate relief,
And by their sorrows multiply my grief.
Moved by their wants, my fortune I deplore,
And deal a tribute from my slender store.
With joy, the favour they receive, and pray,
That God, the bounteous blessing, may repay:
Thus providently wise, the lab'ring swain
O'er the plough'd furrow strews the fertile grain:
The grateful plain o'er-pays his bounteous care
With tenfold blessings, and a golden year.

Now lost in thought, I wander up and down
Of all unknowing, and to all unknown;

Try in each place, and ransack ev'ry news,
To find some friend, some patron of the muse:
But where? or whom? alas! I search in vain,
The fruitless labour only gives me pain;
But soon each pleasing prospect fades away,
And with my money all my hopes decay.

But now the sun diffused a fainter ray,
And falling dews bewail'd the falling day,
When to St. James's park my way I took,
Solemn in pace, and sadden'd in my look:
On the first bench my wearied bones I laid,
For gnawing hunger on my vitals prey'd;
There faint in melancholy mood I sate,
And meditated on my future fate.
Night's sable vapours now the trees invade,
And gloomy darkness deepen'd ev'ry shade;
And now ah! whither shall the helpless fly,
From the nocturnal horrors of the sky;
With empty rage my cruel fate I curse,
While falling tears bedew my meagre purse;
What shall I do? or whither shall I run?
How 'scape the threat'ning fate I cannot shun;
There, trembling cold, and motionless I lay,
Till sleep beguil'd the tumults of the day.

* * * * * * *

# RICHARDSON PACK.

1728.

This gentleman, who distinguished himself at the battle of Villa Viçoza in 1710, and was in consequence promoted to a Majority, published a volume of Poems, with translations of the Lives of Miltiades and Cymon, from Cornelius Nepos, 1725. He also supplied the Memoirs of Wycherly, which were prefixed by Theobald to his works.

*Written at Sea in* 1709, *to a Friend on board the Admiral.*

To you, dear Cotton, who on board
Have all that land, or seas afford,
And, if you please, in Fortune's spight,
May laugh from morning until night,
Poor Pack in doleful cabbin shut,
No bigger than the Cynick's hut,
Makes bold to send this homely greeting,
Hoping, e'er long, a happy meeting.

The moon has thrice renew'd her prime,
(Aid me, some friendly Muse, with rhime!)
Since first our redcoats and their trulls,
Were stow'd on board these rotten hulls;
Where we condemn'd to dirt and fleas,
Live, God knows, little at our ease,
For all we're cramm'd with pork and pease.
Oft have I wish'd the coxcomb damn'd,
Who, weary of his native land,
First fell'd for masts the mountain pine,
And spoil'd good honest beef with brine.
'Tis true, whilst we indulged in claret,
I made some kind o' shift to bear it.
But what defence against the hip..
Now we're reduced from wine to flip?
Nay more, I fear I shall e'er long
Have neither liquor small or strong,
To quench my thirst, or cool my tongue.
Unless, my dear, I can prevail,
With you to beg, or else—to steal,
A dozen or two of wine or ale.
May you succeed! and so farewell.

FROM AN EPISTLE,

*To John Creed, of Oundle in Northamptonshire, Esq.*

Mombrico in Catalonia, Oct. 9, 1709.

* * * * * *

HAD I been turn'd for ways of thriving,
(As my grave father was contriving)
E'er this you might have heard me bawl
At Westminster, or Hicks's-Hall:
I, at the Temple had been plodding,
Instead of plund'ring and marauding.
But 'tis in vain to force the mind,
Which way soever 'tis inclined:
Else I should never spend my time in
This trifling dogrel vein of rhiming,
But in plain prose, and better sense,
Tell you what news there is from hence.

Our present theatre of war
Lies chiefly here among the fair:
How to subdue the ladies hearts,
And manage Cupid's pointed darts.
Each cavalier attacks his dame,
And all our little camp's in flame.
The Spaniards, to their cost, may feel
Our eyes are fatal as our steel.

F—— who, by nature form'd for love,
Alike does both the sexes move,
With amorous airs and wanton glances,
Tickles the young Senhora's fancies,
Whilst I, who turn'd of six-and-twenty,
Find Venus' treasure not so plenty,
With more success, and better grace
Supply the absent chaplain's place;
Admonish youth to fly from vice,
Abstain from whoring, cards, and dice,
And like an orthodox divine,
Damn all men's sins, yet stick to mine.

I rise each day by morning peep,
(For hunger will not let me sleep)
Then in fat chocolate I riot,
To bribe my stomach to be quiet.
At noon I twist at such a rate,
'T would do you good to see me eat.
The priests, who find me always cramming,
Pray against heresy and famine.
But how should men be stout and warlike,
Who feed on nought but fish and garlick.
'Tis beef and pork support the war,
And not their fasting, nor their prayer.

When cooler thoughts by chance prevail,
Sometimes from company I steal,
With Horace, Virgil, and Tibullus,
Or that most pleasant droll Catullus,
In private I enjoy the night,
And reap both profit and delight.

Thus in a merry idle scene,
I make a shift to steer between
Th' extremes of folly, or of vice,
And hope in time I may grow wise:
Then worn a little of my mettle,
I'll e'en go home, and wive, and settle.

# WILLIAM CONGREVE.

*Bardsa near Leeds*, 1672—1728.

Congreve's dramatick fame has obtained a place for his Poems in the general collection. The Ode selected here is said by Johnson to be the best of his irregular Pieces. Johnson, however, did not mean to imply that it was good, it is at least original, and perhaps incomparable for absurdity.

## *On Mrs. Arabella Hunt, singing.*

### IRREGULAR ODE.

Let all be hush'd, each softest motion cease,
Be every loud tumultuous thought at peace,
And every ruder gasp of breath
Be calm, as in the arms of death.
And thou, most fickle, most uneasy part,
Thou restless wanderer, my heart,
Be still; gently, ah leave,
Thou busy, idle thing, to heave.
Stir not a pulse; and let my blood,
That turbulent, unruly flood,
Be softly stay'd:
Let me be all, but my attention, dead.

Go, rest unnecessary springs of life,
Leave your officious toil and strife;
For I would hear her voice, and try
If it be possible to die.

Come, all ye love sick maids and wounded swains,
And listen to her healing strains
A wonderous balm between her lips she wears,
Of sovereign force to soften cares;
And this through every ear she can impart
(By tuneful breath diffused) to every heart.
Swiftly the gentle charmer flies,
And to the tender grief soft air applies,
Which, warbling mystick sounds,
Cements the bleeding panter's wounds.
But ah! beware of clamorous moan;
Let no unpleasing murmur, or harsh groan,
Your slighted loves declare:
Your very tenderest moving sighs forbear,
For even they will be too boisterous here.
Hither let nought but sacred silence come,
And let all saucy praise be dumb.

And lo! Silence himself is here;
Methink I see the midnight God appear.
In all his downy pomp array'd,
Behold the venerable shade;

An ancient sigh he sits upon,
Whose memory of sound is long since gone,
And purposely annihilated for his throne:
Beneath, two soft transparent clouds do meet,
In which he seems to sink his softer feet.
A melancholy thought, condensed to air,
Stolen from a lover in despair,
Like a thin mantle, serves to wrap
In fluid folds his visionary shape.
A wreath of darkness round his head he wears,
When curling mists supply the want of hairs;
While the still vapours, which from poppies rise,
Bedew his hoary face, and lull his eyes.

But hark! the heavenly sphere turns round,
And silence now is drown'd
In extacy of sound.
How, on a sudden, the still air is charm'd,
As if all harmony were just alarm'd!
And every soul, with transport fill'd,
Alternately is thaw'd and chill'd.
See how the heavenly choir
Come flocking to admire,
And with what speed and care
Descending angels cull the thinnest air!
Haste then, come all the immortal throng,
And listen to her song!

Leave your loved mansions in the sky,
And hither, quickly hither fly.
Your loss of heaven, nor shall you need to fear
While she sings, 'tis heaven here.

See how they crowd, see how the little cherubs skip!
While others sit around her mouth, and sip
Sweet Hallelujahs from her lip,
Those lips, where in surprise of bliss they rove;
For ne'er before did angels taste
So exquisite a feast,
Of musick and of love.
Prepare then, ye immortal choir,
Each sacred minstrel tune his lyre,
And with her voice in chorus join;
Her voice, which next to yours is most divine.
Bless the glad earth with heavenly lays,
And to that pitch the eternal accents raise,
Which only breath inspired can reach,
To notes, which only she can learn, and you can teach.
While we, charm'd with the loved excess,
Are wrapt in sweet forgetfulness
Of all, of all, but of the present happiness.
Wishing for ever in that state to lie,
For ever to be dying so, yet never die.

# SIR RICHARD BLACKMORE.

1729.

As every verbal Critick should have Bentley's Milton upon his table as a perpetual memento, so should Locke's opinion of 'Prince Arthur' be held in remembrance by all dabblers in metaphysicks when they presume to dabble in criticism.

The Preface to Sir R. Blackmore's Poems, printed in 1718, concludes with this remarkable passage: "I have expressed myself in this warm manner that the reader may be induced to believe that I am in earnest, and that in the *Divine Poems*, which he will find in this book, I do not only design to entertain his imagination, as far as I am capable, with the beauties of poetry, but likewise to produce in the mind generous passions and worthy resolutions." Of the two specimens subjoined, it is perhaps as necessary to apprise the reader of the warmth of one as of the severity of the other.

## *A Satyre upon Wit.*

*

Who can forbear and timely sit,
And see his native land undone by wit?

Boast not, Britannia, of thy happy peace,
What if campaigns and sea-engagements cease,
Wit, a worse plague, does mightily increase:
Some monstrous crimes to ages past unknown,
Must sure have pull'd this heavy judgment down
Whence insect-wits draw out their noisy warms,
And threaten ruin more than foreign arms:
O'er all the land the hungry locusts spread,
Gnaw every plant, taint every flowery bed,
And crop each budding virtue's tender head.

How happy were the old unpolish'd times,
As free from wit, as other modern crimes;
As our forefather's vig'rous were, and brave,
So they were virtuous, wise, discreet, and grave.
And did alike detest the wit and knave.
For wits and fools they justly thought the same,
And Jester was for both the common name.
Their minds for empire form'd, did long retain
Their noble roughness, and soft arts disdain:
For business born, and bred to martial toil,
They raised the glory of Britannia's Isle,
Which then her dreadful ensigns did advance,
To curb Iberia, and to conquer France.
But this degenerate, loose and foolish race
Are sunk to wits, and their great stock debase

Learning and sense decay, while jest is grown
The conversation of the laughing town,
Where manly virtues, which we once could boast,
Unnerved by mirth and levity, are lost.
So far this plague prevails, I fear, in vain
We now attempt its progress to restrain;
It takes men in the head, and in the fit
They loose their senses, and are gone in wit:
By various ways their frenzy they express,
Some with vile lines run staring to the press,
In lewdness some are wits, and some in dress.
Some seized, like Graver, with convulsions strain,
Always to say fine things, but strive in vain,
Urged with a dry tenesmus of the brain.

Had but the people, scared with danger, run
To shut up Will's, where this sore plague begun,
Had they the first infected man convey'd
Straight to Moorfields, the Pest-house for the head,
The wild contagion might have been suppress,
Some few had fallen, but we had saved the rest.
An act like this had been a good defence
Against our great mortality of sense;
But now the poison spreads, the bills run high,
At the last gasp of sense ten thousand lie.

We meet fine youth in every house and street,
With all the mortal tokens out of wit.

* * * * *

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*An Ode to the Divine Being.*

HAIL all perfection, source of bliss!
Hail self-existent cause of things,
Essential goodness, bright abyss,
Whence beatifick glory springs!

Blest object of my love intense,
I thee my joy, my treasure call,
My portion, my reward immense,
Soul of my soul, my life, my all.

Freely the pomps and triumphs here,
Illusive phantoms, I resign;
Princes, unenvy'd you may share
The canton'd world, while Heaven is mine.

You, who delights and pleasures court,
For me may all your senses cloy,
You may unrivall'd dance and sport,
While my blest Author I enjoy.

Have all the spacious Heav'ns around,
With him an object to compare,
On earth is any pleasure found
Which to his favour I prefer?

When cares invade on every side,
And restless passions urge my soul,
When gloomy grief its ponderous tide,
Does through my aking bosom roll;

Fountain of glory, Lord of light,
From thy bright face, one darted ray,
Will calm the storm, dispel the night,
And re-establish banish'd day.

# LAWRENCE EUSDEN.

## 1730.

Rowe's successor as Laureate, now best remembered by the contemptuous manner in which Buckingham celebrated his appointment.

At the restoration of the Order of the Bath, it is well known that Sir Robert Walpole took the Red Ribbon himself, that the honour might be thereby made acceptable to those persons to whom it should be given in lieu of the Garter. How such a circumstance could be mentioned in poetry may be learned in the first Specimen subjoined, extracted from an adulatory Epistle to the Minister, printed 1726. The second is taken from a strain of fulsome flattery in mediocre poetry.

*From an Epistle to the Noble and Right Honourable Sir Robert Walpole, Knight of the Most Noble Order of the Garter.*

* * * * * * *

HER Sons diminished, Chivalry deplored,
Till the great BRUNSWICK *Bath's* famed *Knights* restored.
While the big, solemn pomp slow moved along,
We view'd thee, shining 'mid the glorious throng,

Graced with a Royal Mark of crimson hue,
That crimson but a prelude to the blue.
So first *Aurora* with a reddening ray,
Streaks deep th' etherial plains, and wakes the day;
But when the disk of *Phœbus* high is borne,
Hid are the blushes of the rosie morn:
A two-fold beauty sooths th' attracted eye,
Here, radiant lustre, there, an azure sky.

* * * * * *

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FROM

## *A POEM,*

*On the happy Succession, and Coronation of his present Majesty.*

——— Strepitus fastidit inanes,
Inque animis hominum Pompâ meliore triumphat.
CLAUD.

As when learn'd sages optick arts display,
And from the darken'd room exclude the day,
Thro' the pierced oak th' insinuating light,
If *Phœbus* shines not, gives a ghastly sight;
Men, Towers and Temples, are inverted seen,
A rude, uncolour'd, gloomy, loveless scene!

But should the Sun again adorn the sky,
Glasses, twice-convex, to the chasm apply,
And strait a wonderous landscape charms the view:
Such lights! such shades not *Poussin* ever drew:
Gay Nature's paint!——such image, beauteous falls,
And trees, erect, wave green along the whiten'd walls.

So when great BRUNSWICK yielded to his fate,
O'er-cast, and chearless was *Britannia's* state,
Her cheeks to lose their bloomy hue begun,
And all her roses vanish'd with the Sun:
'Till a new BRUNSWICK, with an equal ray,
Recall'd at once her beauties, and the day:
Firm and unchanged, the spires and turrets stand!
Religion, join'd with Liberty's fair hand,
In triumph walk, and bless, with wonted smiles, the land!

Hail, mighty Monarch! whose desert alone
Would, without birth-right, raise Thee to a Throne!
Thy Virtues shine peculiarly nice,
Ungloom'd with a confinity to vice
What strains shall equal to thy glories rise,
First to the world, and borderer on the skies!

How exquisitely great, who cans't inspire
Such joys, that *Albion* mourns no more thy Sire!
Thy Sire! a Prince, she loved to that degree,
She almost trespass'd on the Deity!
Imperial weight he bore with so much ease!
Who but thyself, would not despair to please?
A dull, fat, thoughtless Heir, unheeded springs
From a long slothful line of restive kings;
And thrones, innur'd to a tyrannick race,
Think a new tyrant not a new disgrace;
Tho' by the change the State no bliss receives,
And *Nero* dies in vain, if *Otho* lives:
But when a ſtem, with fruitful branches crown'd,
Has flourish'd, in each various branch renown'd,
Still ever seen, (if they survive, or fall,)
All heroes, and their country's fathers all;
His great fore-runners when the last out-shone,
Who could a brighter, hope, or ev'n as bright, a Son?
Old *Rome* with tears the younger *Scipio* view'd,
Who not in fame her *African* renew'd.
Avaunt, degenerate grafts, or spurious breed!
'Tis a GEORGE only can a GEORGE succeed!
The shafts of Death the *Pelian* Art have found,
They bring at once the balm, that give the wound.

# ELIJAH FENTON.

*Shelton, Staffordshire,* 1730.

A Poet Minorite, whose productions are more characterised by indecency than wit. He is said to have been a moral man. What must have been the morality of an age when a moral man could write such poems, and Walter Harte, who certainly was a religious man, could present them to a young Lady, with commendatory verses in which the most obscene tales are recommended as "stories quaint to charm the hours away!"

## *AN ODE*

*To the Right Honourable John Lord Gower.*

*Written in the Spring,* 1716.

O'ER winter's long inclement sway,
At length the lusty spring prevails;
And, swift to meet the smiling May,
Is wafted by the western gales.

Around him dance the rosy hours,
And damasking the ground with flowers,
With ambient sweets perfume the morn:
With shadowy verdure flourish'd high,
A sudden youth the groves enjoy,
While Philomel laments forlorn.

By her awaked, the woodland choir
To hail the coming God prepares;
And tempts me to resume the lyre,
Soft warbling to the vernal airs.
Yet once more, O ye Muses! deign,
For me the meanest of your train,
Unblamed t' approach your blest retreat,
Where Horace wantons at your spring,
And Pindar sweeps a bolder string,
Whose notes th' Aonian hills repeat.

Or if invoked, where Thames's fruitful tides
Slow through the vales in silver volumes play;
Now your own Phœbus o'er the month presides,
Gives love the night, and doubly gilds the day.

Thither indulgent to my prayer,
Ye bright harmonious nymphs repair,

To swell the notes I feebly raise:
So with inspiring ardours warm'd,
May Gower's propitious ear be charm'd,
To listen to my lays.

Beneath the pole on hills of snow,
Like Thracian May, th' undaunted Swede
To dint of sword defies the foe;
In fight unknowing to recede:
From Volga's banks, the imperious Czar
Leads forth his fury troops to war:
Fond of the softer southern sky:
The Soldan galls th' Illyrian coast;
But soon the miscreant moony host
Before the victor-cross shall fly.

But here no clarion's shrilling note
The Muse's green retreat can pierce;
The grove, from noisy camps remote,
Is only vocal with my verse:
Here wing'd with innocence and joy,
Let the soft hours that o'er me fly
Drop freedom, health, and gay desires:
While the bright Seine t' exalt the soul,
With sparkling plenty crowns the bowl,
And wit and social mirth inspires.

Enamour'd of the Seine, celestial fair,
The blooming pride of Thetis' azure train!
Bacchus, to win the nymph who caused his care,
Lash'd his swift tigers to the Celtick plain:
There secret in her sapphire cell
He with the Naiads wont to dwell;
Leaving the nectar'd feasts of Jove:
And where her mazy waters flow,
He gave the mantling vine, to grow
A trophy to his love.

Shall man from nature's sanction stray,
With blind opinion for his guide;
And, rebel to her rightful sway,
Leave all his bounties unenjoy'd?
Fool! time no change of motion knows;
With equal speed the torrent flows,
To sweep fame, power, and wealth away:
The past is all by death possess'd;
And frugal fate that guards the rest,
By giving, bids him live to-day.

O Gower! through all that destin'd space
What breath the powers allot to me
Shall sing the virtues of thy race
United, and complete in thee.

O flower of ancient English faith,
Pursue th' unbeaten patriot-path,
In which confirm'd thy father shone:
The light his fair example gives,
Already from thy dawn receives
A lustre equal to its own.

Honour's bright dome, on lasting columns rear'd,
Nor envy rusts, nor rolling years consume;
Loud Pæans echoing round the roof are heard,
And clouds of incense all the void perfume.
There Phocion, Lælius, Capel, Hyde,
With Falkland seated near his side,
Fix'd by the Muse the Temple grace:
Prophetick of thy happier fame,
She, to receive thy radiant name,
Selects a whiter space.

# DANIEL DE FOE.

1660—1731.

De Foe was more successful as an author than as a tradesman, and recommended himself to King William by his "True-born Englishman," which he wrote in opposition to Tutchin's, "Foreigners." The History of Robinson Crusoe will however, render him more deservedly popular than all his poetry and politicks, in which latter he dealed largely.

*From the True-Born Englishman.*

PART II.

THE breed's describ'd: Now, *Satire*, if you can,
Their temper show, for *Manners make the Man*.
Fierce, as the *Britain*; as the *Roman*, brave;
And less inclined to conquer, than to save:
Eager to fight, and lavish of their blood;
And equally of fear and forecast void.
The *Pict* has made 'em sowre, the *Dane* morose:
False from the *Scot*, and from the *Norman* worse.

What honesty they have, the Saxons gave them,
And that, now they grow old, begins to leave them.
The climate makes them terrible and bold;
And *English* beef their courage does uphold.
No danger can their daring spirit pull,
Always provided that their belly's full.

In close intrigues their faculty's but weak,
For generally whate'er they know, they speak:
And often their own councils undermine,
By their infirmity and not design;
From whence the learned say it does proceed,
That *English* treasons never can succeed:
For they're so open-hearted, you may know
Their own most sacred thoughts, and others too.
The lab'ring poor, in spight of double pay,
Are sawcy, mutinous, and beggarly:
So lavish of their money and their time,
That want of forecast is the nation's crime,
Good drunken company is their delight,
And what they get by day, they spend by night.
Dull thinking seldom does their heads engage,
But drink their youth away, and hurry on old age.
Empty of all good husbandry and sense;
And void of manners most, when void of pence.

Their strong aversion to behaviour's such,
They always talk too little, or too much.
So dull, they never take the pains to think:
And seldom are good-natur'd, but in drink.

* * * * *

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*From Reformation of Manners.*

A SATYR.

Now Satire, give another wretch his due,
Who's chosen to reform the city too;
Hate him, ye friends to honesty and sense,
Hate him in injured beauty's just defence;
A knighted Booby insolent and base,
"*Whom man no manners gave, nor God no grace.*"
The scorn of women, and the shame of men,
Match'd at threescore to innocent fifteen;
Hag-rid with jealous whimsies lets us know,
He thinks he's cuckold '*cause he should be so.*
His virtuous wife exposes to the town,
And fears her crimes, because he knows his own.

* * * * *

Satyr, be bold and, fear not to expose
The vilest magistrate the nation knows:
Let furies read his naked character.
Blush not to write what he should blush to hear;
But let them blush, who in a Christian state
Made such a Devil be a magistrate.

- In *Britain*'s eastern provinces he reigns,
And serves the Devil with excessive pains:
The nation's shame, and honest mens surprize,
With drunkard in his face, and madman in his eyes.

The sacred bench of justice he prophanes,
With a polluted tongue, and bloody hands:
His intellects are always in a storm,
He frights the people which he should reform.
Antipathies may some diseases cure,
But Virtue can no contraries endure.
All Reformation's stopt where Vice commands,
Corrupted heads can ne'er have upright hands.
Shameless his class of justices he'll swear,
And plants the vices he should punish there.
His mouth's a sink of oaths and blasphemies,
And cursings are his kind civilities;
His fervent prayer to Heaven he hourly sends,
But 'tis to damn himself and all his friends;

He raves in vice, and storms that he's confined,
And studies to be worse than all mankind.
Extreams of wickedness are his delight,
And 's pleased to hear that he 's distinguisht by 't.
Exotick ways of s' ging he improves,
We curse and hate, he censures where he loves;
So strangely retrograde to all mankind,
If crost he damns himself, if pleased his friend.

* * * * *

# JABEZ HUGHES

1685—1731.

Jabez Hughes was the younger brother of John, he survived him and edited his poems.

## *The Wish.*

Ye pow'rs, who sway the skies above,
The load of mortal life remove:
I cannot, lab'ring thus, sustain
Th' excessive burthen of my pain!
A dance of pleasures, hurrying by,
Enduring griefs, a glimpse of joy,
With blessings of a brittle kind,
Inconstant, shifting as the wind,
Are all your suppliant has known,
Since first his lingering race begun.
In pity, then, pronounce my fate,
And here conclude my shorten'd date;
'Tis all I ask you, to bestow
A safe retreat from future woe!

*A Thought in Affliction.*

WHERE shall the persecuted fly,
To shun the blows of angry Fate?
No succour, no relief is nigh:
How can I bear this ruin'd state!

Unpity'd, unsustain'd, oppress'd,
On ev'ry side, at once distress'd,
All fly from my contagious woes,
And Sorrow's waves upon me close!

Help, Heav'n! in this my utmost need,
On thee, my earnest hope is stay'd;
Let innocence, at last, succeed,
And be thou present to my aid!

On hurtful Malice, justly frown,
And suffering Virtue's cause assert.
By Vice insulting, trampled down;
The threaten'd danger, oh! avert!

On thy assistance I depend,
My certain and unfailing prop;
By which for a successful end,
I look with confidence of hope.

And see, at length, expected joy,
Tho' long-protracted, makes return!
Thus, slowly, in the clouded sky,
And lingering breaks the chearful morn

My fears are o'er, and foul despair,
Which rack'd my ever-anxious breast,
Is fled with every haunting care,
And left my soul becalm'd in rest.
So stalking ghosts, at dawning light,
Post swiftly to their native night.

---

*To the Memory of John Hughes, Esq.*

From thy long languishing, and painful strife
Of breath with labour drawn, and wasting life,
Accomplish'd Spirit! thou at length art free,
Born into bliss and immortality!
Thy struggles are no more; the palm is won;
Thy brow's encircled with the Victor's crown;
While lonely left, and desolate below,
Full grief I feel, and all a Brother's woe!
Yet wou'd I linger on, a little space,
Before I close my quick-expiring race,

Till I have gather'd up, with grateful paine,
Thy *Works*, thy dear imperishing remains;
An undecaying monument to stand,
Raised to thy name by thy own skilful hand.
Then let me wing from earth my willing way,
To meet thy soul in blaze of living day,
Rapt to the skies, like thee, with joyful flight,
" An inmate of the Heavens, adopted into light!"

*March* 30, 1720.

# JOHN GAY.

*Barnstaple*, 1688—1732.

Two additional volumes professing to be the Miscellaneous Works of this well-known Poet were printed in 1773, in which several poems, and among them three cantos in continuation of Gondibert were inserted as his, which certainly he never wrote.

His Fables though the most popular of his Works are by no means the most valuable. His Eclogues were written to ridicule Ambrose Philips, but in attempting the burlesque, Gay copied nature, and his unexpected success might have taught his contemporaries a better taste. Few Poets seem to have possessed so quick and observing an eye.

The first specimen is well known, but is selected for the rare union of wit and tenderness, that is to be found in it.

*From Sweet William's farewell to Black-eyed Susan.*

O Susan, Susan, lovely dear,
My vows shall ever true remain;

Let me kiss off that falling tear
We only part to meet again.
Change, as ye list, ye winds; my heart shall be
The faithful compass that still points to thee.

Believe not what the landmen say,
Who tempt with doubts thy constant mind.
They'll tell thee, sailors, when away,
In every port a mistress find:
Yes, yes, believe them when they tell thee so,
For thou art present wheresoe'er I go.

If to fair India's coast we sail,
Thy eyes are seen in diamonds bright,
Thy breath is Africk's spicy gale,
Thy skin is ivory so white.
Thus every beauteous object that I view,
Wakes in my soul some charm of lovely Sue.

---

*From a new Song of Similes.*

My passion is as mustard strong;
I sober sad:
Drunk as a piper all day long,
Or like a March-hare mad.

Round as a hoop the bumpers flow;
I drink yet can't forget her;
For though as drunk as David's sow,
I love her still the better.

* * * * * * *

Like a stuck pig I gaping stare,
And eye her o'er and o'er;
Lean as a rake with sighs and care,
Sleek as a mouse before.

Plump as a partridge was I known,
And soft as silk my skin,
My cheeks as fat as butter grown;
But as a groat now thin!

* * * *

Brisk as a body-louse she trips,
Clean as a penny drest;
Sweet as a rose her breath and lips,
Round as the globe her breast.

Full as an egg was I with glee;
And happy as a king.
Good Lord! how all men envy'd me!
She lov'd like any thing.

## THE BIRTH OF THE SQUIRE.

*In imitation of the Pollio of Virgil.*

Ye Sylvan Muses, loftier strains recite:
Not all in shades and humble cots delight.
Hark! the bells ring; along the distant grounds
The driving gales convey the swelling sounds;
Th' attentive swain forgetful of his work,
With gaping wonder, leans upon his fork.
What sudden news alarms the waking morn?
To the glad Squire a hopeful heir is born.
Mourn, mourn, ye stags, and all ye beasts of chase;
This hour destruction brings on all your race:
See the pleas'd tenants duteous offerings bear,
Turkies and geese, and grocer's sweetest ware;
With the new health the ponderous tankard flows,
And old October reddens every nose.
Beagles and spaniels round his cradle stand,
Kiss his moist lip, and gently lick his hand.
He joys to hear the shrill horn's echoing sounds,
And learns to lisp the names of all the hounds.
With frothy ale to make his cup o'erflow,
Barley shall in paternal acres grow.
The bee shall sip the fragrant dew from flowers,
To give methyglin for his morning hours;

For him the clustering hop shall climb the pole,
And his own orchard sparkle in his bowls.
His sire's exploits he now with wonder hears;
The monstrous tales indulge his greedy ears;
How, when youth strung his nerves and warm'd his veins,
How rode the mighty Nimrod of the plains.
He leads the staring infant through the hall,
Points out the horny spoils that grac'd the wall;
Tells, how this stag through three whole counties fled.
What rivers swam, where bay'd, and where he bled.
Now he the wonders of the fox repeats,
Describes the desperate chase, and all his cheats;
How in one day, beneath his furious speed,
He tired seven coursers of the fleetest breed;
How high the pale he leap'd, how wide the ditch;
When the hound tore the haunches of the * witch;
These stories, which descend from son to son,
The forward boy shall one day make his own.
Ah, too fond mothers, think the time draws nigh,
That calls the darling from the tender eye;

* The most common accident to sportsmen to hunt a witch in the shape of a hare.

How shall his spirit brook the rigid rules,
And the long tyranny of grammar schools?
Let younger brothers o'er dull authors plod,
Lash'd into Latin by the tingling rod;
No, let him never feel that smart disgrace;
Why should he wiser prove than all his race?
When ripening youth with down o'ershades his chin,
And every female eye incites to sin;
The milk-maid (thoughtless of her future shame)
With smacking lip shall raise his guilty flame;
The dairy, barn, the hay-loft, and the grove,
Shall oft be conscious of their stolen love.
But think, Priscilla, on that dreadful time,
When pangs and watery qualms shall own thy crime.
How wilt thou tremble when thy nipple's preſt,
To see the white drops bathe thy swelling breast!
Nine moons shall publicly divulge thy shame,
And the young 'squire forestall a father's name.
When twice twelve times the reaper's sweeping hand
With levell'd harvests has bestrown the land;
On fam'd St. Hubert's feast, his winding horn
Shall cheer the joyful hound, and wake the morn:
This memorable day his eager speed
Shall urge with bloody heel the rising steed.

O check the foamy bit, nor tempt thy fate,
Think of the murders of a five-bar gate!
Yet prodigal of life, the leap he tries,
Low in the dust his groveling honour lies,
Headlong he falls, and on the rugged stone
Distorts his neck, and cracks the collar bone.
O venturous youth, thy thirst of game allay:
May'st thou survive the perils of this day!
He shall survive; and in late years be sent
To snore away debates in parliament.
The time shall come, when his more solid sense
With nod important shall the laws dispense;
A Justice with grave Justices shall sit;
He praise their wisdom, they admire his wit.
No greyhound shall attend the tenant's pace,
No rusty gun the farmer's chimney grace;
Salmons shall leave their covers void of fear,
Nor dread the thievish net or triple spear;
Poachers shall tremble at his awful name,
Whom vengeance now o'ertakes for murder'd game.

Assist me Bacchus, and ye drunken powers,
To sing his friendships and his midnight hours!
Why dost thou glory in thy strength of beer,
Firm cork'd and mellow'd till the twentieth year;
Brew'd, or when Phœbus warms the fleecy sign,
Or when his languid rays in Scorpio shine?

Think on the mischiefs which from hence have
sprung!
It arms with curses dire the wrathful tongue;
Foul scandal to the lying lip affords,
And prompts the memory with injurious words.
O where is wisdom when by this o'erpower'd?
The State is censured, and the maid deflower'd!
And wilt thou still, O Squire brew ale so strong?
Hear then the dictates of prophetick song.
Methinks I see him in his hall appear,
Where the long table floats in clammy beer,
'Midst mugs and glasses shatter'd o'er the floor,
Dead drunk, his servile crew supinely snore;
Triumphant, o'er the prostrate brutes he stands,
The mighty bumper trembles in his hands;
Boldly he drinks, and like his glorious sires,
In copious gulps of potent ale expires.

# JOHN DENNIS.

1657—1733.

To collect the many excellent anecdotes, and to appreciate fully the merits of this remarkable man would require more space than here can be allotted. An unhappy temper once hurried him to attempt murder, and the same malady provoked and exposed him to the ridicule of his contemporary wits and witlings. His critical Works should be collected.

*Upon our Victory at Sea, and burning the French Fleet at La Hogue, in* 1692.

I SING the naval fight, whose triumph fame
More loudly than our cannon shall proclaim;
Which with heroick force burst *Europe's* chain,
And made fair *Britain* empress of the main:
O BRITAIN'S mighty genius! who wert by,
Who with new warmth didst thy brave sons supply,
And drive the *Gallick* Demon trembling thro' the sky;

My breast with that immortal fury fire,
Which did thy godlike combatants inspire.
Bold as their fight, and happy be my song,
As fierce, as great, as sounding, and as strong:
Then might my verse be heard on every shore,
And in its sound express the thundering cannons roar.

Now while their line the impatient *English* form,
On comes proud *Tourville* rattling like a storm,
Sent by some Devil to dissolve (in vain)
The two vast Empires of the land and main;
Whose transitory rage the globe annoys,
And to disturb mankind, itself destroys.
With deafening shouts the *English* rend the skies,
While victory hovering o'er their pendants flies;
The lust of empire, and the lust of praise,
Does high and low to godlike courage raise;
All bravely bent the last extremes to try,
And conquer, or magnanimously die.

Now the fleets join, and with their horrid shocks,
*Britannia's* shores resound, and *Gallia's* rocks;
The more resistance the brave *English* meet,
They their broadsides more furiously repeat:
As th' elm which of its arms the axe bereaves,
Now strength and vigour from its wounds receives;

Their rage by loss of limbs is kindled more,
And with their guns like hurricanes they roar:
Like hurricanes the knotted oak they tear,
Scourge the vex'd ocean, and torment the air;
While earth, air, sea, in wild confusion hurl'd,
With universal wreck and chaos threat the world

Such would the noise be, should this mighty all
Crushed, and confounded into atoms fall:
Bullets amain, unseen by mortal eye,
Flying in legions thro' the darken'd sky,
Kill like destroying angels as they fly.
Here a grenado falls, and blazing burns,
While pale as death the amazed spectator turns;
And now it bursts, and with a mortal sound,
Deals horrible destruction all around:

There a red bullet from our cannon blown,
Into a first-rate's powder-room is thrown:
Tost by a whirlwind of tempestuous fire,
A thousand wretches in the air expire;
From whence transported to the world below,
Howling, an impious colony they go.

There a chain'd shot, with whirling rage, deprives
More than one ship of entrails, limbs, and lives;

Death, who set out with it, does lagging stay,
Or limps behind it, panting in its way.

And now from the *Britannia* in a croud,
Huge bolts with fury rend their nitrous cloud;
Not mighty *Jove's* could pass more fierce or loud,
When brandished by the god, in dust they laid
Those sons of earth who durst his heaven invade:
*Enceladus* on *Ossa Pelion* casts,
When, lo! all three the avenging thunder blasts.
And the *Britannia* like destruction hurl'd
On the invaders of its floating world:
By her they with their moving mountains fell,
Like vast *Typhœus*, flaming sent to Hell.

Great Russell does their Admirals assail,
With thunder, lightning, and with iron hail;
To have seen the amazing sight, one would have sworn,
*Vulcanian* islands from their seats were torn:
That *Strombolo* afloat did thundering rush,
And the inferiour Isles———
With inextinguishable fury crush.

O would that fury animate my verse,
That godlike rage which is both wise and fierce;

That rage which in the fight inspired thy breast,
Then might thy praise be gloriously express'd;
Thy noble acts in equal numbers shown,
Which thou might'st then, triumphant RUSSELL, own.
But who could e'er command celestial fire?
The god does whom, and when he lists, inspire;
Now down he rushes, and my breast he shakes,
And now to Heaven his towering flight he takes.
Then e'er he leaves me, and my blood grows cold,
The battle's vast event in haste he told.

THE *French*, at last, of treacherous aid deceived.
By loudest storms would gladly be relieved:
Their ships which in magnificent array,
But just before did their proud flags display,
And seem'd with war and destiny to play;
Now from our rage, despoil'd of rigging, tow,
Or burn, or up into the air they blow.

THUS a large row of oaks does long remain
The ornament and shelter of the plain;
With their aspiring heads they reach the sky,
Their huge extended arms the winds defy.
The tempest sees their strength, and sighs, and passes by:

When *Jove* concerned that they so high aspire,
Among them sends his own revenging fire;
Which does with dismal havock on them fall,
Burns some, and tears up some, but rends them all.
From their dead trunks their mangled arms are torn,
And from their heads their scatter'd glories borne;
Upon the heath they blasted stand and bare,
And those, whom once they shelter'd, now they scare.

# CONSTANTIA GRIERSON.

*Ireland*, 1706—1733.

More known as an excellent scholar than as a poetess. What few of her poems have been preserved are printed with Mrs. Barber's.

*The Speech of Cupid, upon seeing himself painted by the Honourable Miss Carteret, (now Countess of Dysert,) on a Fan.*

IN various forms have I been shown,
Tho' little yet to mortals known;
In antient Temples painted blind,
Nor less imperfect in my mind:
Abroad I threw my random darts,
And, spiteful, pierced ill-suited hearts:
The steady Patriot, wise and brave,
Is to some giddy jilt a slave;
The thoughtful Sage oft weds a shrew;
And vestals languish for a beau:
The fiery youth's unguided rage,
The childish dotages of age;

These, and ten thousand follies more,
Are placed to injured CUPID's score.
As such, is LOVE by realms adored,
As such, his giddy aid implored:
Tho' oft the thoughtless nymph, and swain,
That sued me thus, have sued in vain.

YET, long insulted by mankind,
Who from false figures judged my mind;
And on me all the faults have thrown,
They were themselves ashamed to own;
I from this picture plainly see,
A mortal can be just to me;
That awful sweetness can display,
With which angelick minds I sway;
With which I rule the good on earth,
And give exalted passions birth:
The form of LOVE, so long unknown,
At last by bright Charissa's shown:
Her hand does every beauty trace
That can adorn a heavenly face;
And of my graces more unfold,
Than ever paint, or verse, of old.

Now hear the God, whom worlds revere,
What He decrees for her declare.

THOU, lovely nymph! shalt shortly prove
Those sweets, thou paint'st so well in love:
Thou soon that charming swain shalt see,
Whom Fate and I design for thee;
His head adorn'd with every art;
With every grace his glowing heart,
That throbs with every fond desire,
Thy charms can raise, or LOVE inspire.
You from each other shall receive
The highest joys I know to give:
(Tho' to thy parents, long before,
I thought I empty'd all my store)
While your exalted lives shall show
A sketch of heavenly bliss below;
The bliss of every godlike mind,
Beneficent to human kind;
And I to mortals shine confess'd
Both in your *paint*, and in your *breast*.

---

*To Mrs.* MARY BARBER, *under the Name of* SAPPHIRA: *occasioned by the Encouragement she met with in England, to publish her Poems by Subscription.*

LONG has the warrior's, and the lover's fire,
Employed the Poet, and ingrossed the lyre;

And justly too the world might long approve
The praise of heroes and of virtuous love;
Had tyrants not usurp'd the hero's name,
For low desires debased the lover's flame;
If on those themes, all Triflers had not writ,
Guiltless of sense, or elegance, or wit.

Far different themes we in thy verses view;
Themes, in themselves, alike sublime, and new:
Thy tuneful labours all conspire to show
The highest bliss the mind can taste below;
To ease those wants, with which the wretched pine;
And imitate beneficence divine:
A theme, alas! forgot by bards too long;
And, but for thee, almost unknown to song.

Such wise reflections in thy lays are shown,
As Flaccus' Muse, in all her pride, might own:
So elegant and so refined, thy praise,
As greatest minds, at once, might mend and please:
No florid toys, in pompous numbers drest;
But justest thoughts, in purest stile, exprest:
Whene'er thy Muse designs the heart to move,
The melting reader must, with tears approve:

Or when, more gay, her spritely satire bites,
'Tis not to wound, but to instruct, she writes.

Cou'd ***, or ***, from the tomb,
Which shades their ashes till the final doom,
The dire effects of vicious writings view,
How would they mourn to think what might ensue!
Blush at their works, for no one end design'd,
But to embellish vice, and taint the mind!
No more their dear-bought fame wou'd raise their pride;
But terrors wait on talents misapplied.

Not so Sappho: her unsullied strain
Shall never give her soul one conscious pain;
To latest times shall melt the harden'd breast,
And raise her joys by making others blest.

These works, which modesty conceal'd in night,
Your candour, generous Britons, brings to light;
Born, by your arms, for Liberty's defence,
Born, by your taste, the arbiters of sense:
Long may your taste, and long your empire stand,
To honour wit, and worth, from every land.

Oh! cou'd my conscious muse but fully trace
The silent virtues which SAPPHIRA grace;
How much her heart, from low desires refined;
How much her works, the transcript of her mind;
Her tender care, and grief for the distrest;
Her joy unfeign'd, to see true merit blest;
Her soul so form'd for every social care;
A friend so generous, ardent, and sincere;
How would you triumph in yourselves to find
Your favours shewn to so complete a mind;
To find her breast with every grace inspired,
Whom first you only for her lays admired.
Thus the great Father of the *Hebrew* state,
Who watch'd for weary'd strangers at his gate;
The good He thought conferr'd on men unknown,
He found to more exalted beings shown.

*CONSTANTIA GRIERSON.*

Dublin, Jan. 5, 1732.

# GEORGE GRANVILLE, LORD LANSDOWNE.

1667—1735.

A noble imitator of Waller,—not a good one. Having lost his friends at Court with the family of the Stuarts, he sought the society of his muse in retirement.

*Occasioned by "Verses sent to the Author in his Retirement. Written by Mrs. Elizabeth Higgins."*

Cease, tempting Siren, cease thy flattering strain,
Sweet is thy charming song, but sung in vain:
When the winds blow, and loud the tempests roar,
What fool would trust the waves, and quit the shore?
Early, and vain, into the world I came,
Big with false hopes and eager after fame;
Till looking round me, ere the race began,
Madmen, and giddy fools, were all that ran;
Reclaim'd betimes, I from the lists retire,
And thank the gods, who my retreat inspire.
In happier times our ancestors were bred,
When virtue was the only path to tread:

Give me, ye gods! but the same road to fame,
Whate'er my fathers dared, I dare the same.
Changed is the scene, some baneful planet rules
An impious world, contrived for knaves and fools.
Look now around, and with impartial eyes
Consider, and examine all who rise;
Weigh well their actions, and their treacherous ends,
How greatness grows, and by what steps ascends;
What murders, treasons, perjuries, deceit;
How many crush'd, to make one monster great.
Would you command? Have fortune in your power?
Hug when you stab, and smile when you devour?
Be bloody, false, flatter, forswear, and lie,
Turn pander, pathick, parasite, or spy;
Such thriving arts may your wish'd purpose bring,
A minister at least, perhaps a king.
Fortune, we most unjustly partial call,
A mistress free, who bids alike to all;
But on such terms as only suit the base,
Honour denies and shuns the foul embrace.
The honest man, who starves and is undone,
Not fortune, but his virtue keeps him down.
Had Cato bent beneath the conquering cause,
He might have lived to give new Senates laws;

But on vile terms disdaining to be great,
He perish'd by his choice, and not his fate.
Honours and life, th' usurper bids, and all
That vain mistaken men good-fortune call,
Virtue forbids, and sets before his eyes
An honest death, which he accepts, and dies:
O glorious resolution! noble pride!
More honour'd, than the tyrant lived, he died;
More loved, more praised, more envy'd in his doom,
Than Cæsar trampling on the rights of Rome.
The virtuous nothing fear, but life with shame,
And death's a pleasant road that leads to fame.
On bones, and scraps of dogs let me be fed,
My limbs uncover'd, and exposed my head
To bleakest colds, a kennel be my bed.
This, and all other martyrdom for thee,
Seems glorious, all, thrice beauteous honesty!
Indifferent, ye powers! let fortune tempt or frown
I stand prepared, my honour is my own.
Ye great disturbers, who in endless noise,
In blood and rapine seek unnatural joys,
For what is all this bustle but to shun
Those thoughts with which you dare not be alone?
As men in misery, opprest with care,
Seek in the rage of wine to drown despair.

Let others fight, and eat their bread in blood,
Regardless if the cause be bad or good;
Or cringe in courts, depending on the nods
Of strutting pigmies who would pass for gods.
For me, unpractised in the courtiers school,
Who loath a knave, and tremble at a fool;
Who honour generous Wycherley oppress,
Possest of little, worthy of the best,
Rich in himself, in virtue that outshines
All but the fame of his immortal lines,
More than the wealthiest lord, who helps to drain,
The famish'd land, and rolls in impious gain:
What can I hope in courts? or how succeed?
Tygers and wolves shall in the ocean tread,
The whale and dolphin fatten on the mead,
And every element exchange its kind,
Ere thriving honesty in courts we find.
Happy the man, of mortals happiest he,
Whose quiet mind from vain desires is free;
Whom neither hopes deceive, nor fears torment,
But lives at peace within himself content,
In thought, or act, accountable to none,
But to himself, and to the gods alone:
O sweetness of content! seraphick joy!
Which nothing wants, and nothing can destroy.

Where dwells this peace, this freedom of the mind!
Where, but in shades remote from human kind;
In flowery vales, where nymphs and shepherds meet,
But never comes within the palace gate.
Farewell then cities, courts, and camps, farewell,
Welcome, ye groves, here let me ever dwell,
From cares, from business, and mankind remove!
All but the Muses and inspiring love;
How sweet the morn! how gentle is the night!
How calm the evening! and the day how bright!
From hence as from a hill, I view below
The crowded world, a mighty wood in show,
Where several wanderers travel day and night,
By different paths, and none are in the right.

# SAMUEL WESLEY.

*Dorsetshire, 1735.*

This gentleman was in the church, and was father to John Wesley, the great teacher of the Methodists. His imagination seems to have been playful and diffuse; had he written during his son's celebrity, some of his pieces might perhaps have been condemned by the godly as profane.

In a lively and witty Epistle to the reader, prefixed to a small book of poems called "Maggots" he says, "In the next place, since it comes uppermost, I am to tell ye *bona fide*, that is in English, *in verbo sacerdotis*, that all are here my own *pure maggots*, the natural issue of my own brain-pan, bred and born there."

## *A PINDARIQUE,*

### *On the grunting of a Hog.*

FREEBORN *Pindarick* never does refuse,
Either a lofty, or an humble muse:
Now in proud *Sophoclean* buskins sings,
Of heroes, and of kings,
Mighty numbers, mighty things,

Now out of sight she flies,
Rowing with gaudy wings
Across the stormy skies,
Then down again,
Herself she flings,
Without uneasiness, or pain
To lice, and dogs,
To cows, and hogs,
And follows their melodious grunting o'er the plain.

Harmonious hog draw near!
No bloody butcher's here,
Thou need'st not fear.
Harmonious hog draw near, and from thy beauteous snout
Whilst we attend with ear,
Like thine prick't up devout;
To taste thy sugary voice, which here, and there,
With wanton curls, vibrates around the circling air,
Harmonious hog! warble some anthem out!
As sweet as those which quavering *Monks* in days of yore,
With us did roar,
When they alas!

That the hard-hearted abbot such a coyl should keep,
And cheat 'em of their first, their sweetest sleep;
When they were ferretted up to *midnight mass*:
Why should not other pigs on organs play,
As well as they.

Dear hog! thou king of meat!
So near thy Lord mankind,
The nicest taste can scarce a difference find!
No more may I thy glorious gammons eat!
No more,
Partake of the free farmers *Christmas* store,
Black puddings which with fat would make your mouth run o'er.
If I, tho' I should ne'er so long the sentence stay,
And in my large ears scale, the thing ne're so discreetly weigh,
If I can find a difference in the notes,
Belcht from the applauded throats
Of rotten play-house songsters-all-divine,
If any difference I can find between their notes, and thine,
A noise they keep with tune, and out of tune,

And round, and flat,
High, low, and this, and that,
That Algebra, or thou, or I might understand as soon.

Like the confounding lute : innumerable strings
One of them sings;
Thy easier musick's ten times more divine;
More like the one string'd, deep, majestick trump-marine :
Prythee strike up, and cheer this drooping heart of mine !
Not the sweet harp that 's claim'd by *Jews*,
Nor that which to the far more ancient *Welch* belongs,
Nor that which the wild *Irish* use,
Fighting even their own wolves with loud hub-bubbaboos.
Nor *Indian* dance, with *Indian* songs,
Nor yet,
(Which how should I so long forget ?)
The crown of all the rest,
The very cream o' th' jest :
Amptuous noble *Lyre*—the tongs;
Nor, tho' poetick *Jordan* bite his thumbs,
At the bold world, my Lord Mayor's flutes, and kettle drums;

Not all this instrumental dare,
With thy soft, ravishing, vocal musick ever to compare.

---

*A King turned Thresher.*

FAREWELL ye gay bubbles, fame, glory, renown!
Farewell you bright thorns that are pinn'd to a crown,
Your little enchantments no more shall prevail;
Look, look where my sceptre is turned to a flail.
O who can the bliss of a monarch discern,
Whose subjects are mice, and whose palace a barn?
In spight of cursed fortune he kings it below,
While he looks all around him, and sees not a foe.
The groans of the murdered in death and despair,
Ne'er reach his calm kingdom, but dye in the air:
Fierce battles roar on; but too weak is the voice,
For he threshes and threshes, and drowns all the noise.
The soul of Domitian sunk into a clod,
Dyonisius his sceptre was light as his rod;
And the little-great Charles, with his shovel and spade,
Dug a hole, and lay down in the grave he had made.

But a thousand times brighter my stars do appear,
And I ne'er was a monarch in earnest till here:
On a heap of fresh straw I can laugh and lye down,
And pity the man that 's condemn'd to a crown.
No armyes of frogs here croak by my throne,
I can rise, I can walk, I can eat all alone.
Relieved from the siege of importunate men,
I enjoy my original freedom agen.
Scarce peeps out the sun with a blushing young ray,
Ere my brisk feathered bell-man will tell me 'tis day;
Proud with his serallio behind and before,
He cheerly triumphing, struts along by the door.
Here 's an honest brown George, which my scrip does adorn,
Here 's a true houshold loaf of the hiew o' my corn;
Here 's a good rammel-cheese, but a little decay'd,
As fat as the cream out of which it was made.
When death shall cross proverbs and strike at my heart,
When the best of my flails is no fence for his dart;
I 'll open my arms, not a groan, not a sigh,
Dropt soft on the straw, with a smile I will dye.

# MARY BARBER.

*Published*, 1735.

Swift thought highly of this lady, and recommended her Poems and her dedication of them to Lord Orrery, strongly in a letter to that nobleman. He says, "they generally contain something new and useful, tending to the reproof of some vice or folly, or recommending some virtue. She never writes on a subject with general unconnected topicks, but always with a scheme and method, driving to some particular end; wherein many writers in verse and of some distinction are so often known to fail. In short, she seemeth to have a true poetical genius, better cultivated than would well be expected either from her sex, or the scene she hath acted in, as the wife of a citizen." Her Poems were published by subscription, 1735.

## *Stella and Flavia.*

STELLA and *Flavia*, every hour,
Unnumbered hearts surprise:
In *Stella's* soul lies all her pow'r,
And *Flavia's*, in her eyes.

More boundless *Flavia's* conquests are,
And *Stella's* more confined:
All can discern a face that 's fair,
But few a lovely mind.

Stella like *Britain's* monarch, reigns
O'er cultivated lands;
Like *Eastern* tyrants, Flavia deigns
To rule o'er barren lands.

Then boast, fair *Flavia*, boast your face,
Your beauty's only store:
Your charms will ev'ry day decrease,
Each day gives Stella more.

---

*On seeing an Officer's Widow distracted who had been driven to Despair, by a long and fruitless solicitation for the Arrears of her Pension.*

O WRETCH! hath madness cured thy dire despair?
Yes—all thy sorrows now are light as air:
No more you mourn your once-loved husband's fate,
Who bravely perish'd for a thankless state.

For rolling years thy piety prevail'd;
At length, quite sunk—thy hope, thy patience fail'd:
Distracted now you tread on life's last stage,
Nor feel the weight of poverty and age:
How blest in this, compared with those, whose lot
Dooms them to misgries, by you forgot!

Now, wild as winds, you from your offspring fly,
Or fright them from you with distracted eye:
Rove thro' the streets; or sing, devoid of care,
With tatter'd garments, and dishevell'd hair;
By hooting boys to higher phrenzy fired,
At length you sink, by cruel treatment tired,
Sink into sleep, an emblem of the dead,
A stone thy pillow, the cold earth thy bed.

O tell it not; let none the story hear,
Lest *Britain's* martial sons should learn to fear:
And when they next the hostile wall attack,
Feel the heart fail, the lifted arm grow slack;
And pausing cry—tho' death we scorn to dread,
Our orphan offspring, must they pine for bread?
See their loved mothers into prisons thrown;
And unrelieved in iron bondage groan?

Britain, for this impending ruin dread;
Their woes call loud for vengeance on thy head:
Nor wonder, if disasters wait your fleets;
Nor wonder at complainings in your streets:
Be timely wise; arrest th' uplifted hand,
Ere pestilence or famine sweep the land.

---

*An unanswerable Apology for the Rich.*

All-bounteous Heaven, *Castalio* cries,
With bended knees, and lifted eyes,
When shall I have the power to bless,
And raise up Merit in distress?
How do our hearts deceive us here!
He gets ten thousand pounds a year.
With this the pious youth is able,
To build, and plant, and keep a table.
But then, the Poor he must not treat;
Who asks the wretch, that wants to eat?
Alas! to ease their woes he wishes,
But cannot live without ten dishes.
Tho' six would serve as well, 'tis true;
But, one must live as others do.
He now feels wants, unknown before,
Wants still encreasing with his store.

The good *Castalio* must provide
Brocade, and jewels, for his bride;
Her toilet shines with plate emboss'd,
What sums her lace and linen cost!
The cloaths, that must his person grace,
Shine with embroidery and lace.
The costly pride of *Persian* looms,
And *Guido's* paintings, grace his rooms.
His wealth *Castalio* will not waste,
But must have every thing in taste.
He 's an Œconomist confest,
But what he buys must be the best.
For common use, a set of plate;
Old china when he dines in state.
A coach and six, to take the air,
Besides a chariot, and chair.
All those important calls supplied,
Calls of necessity, not pride,
His income's regularly spent;
He scarcely saves to pay his rent.
No man alive would do more good,
Or give more freely, if he could.
He grieves, whene'er the wretched sue,
But what can poor Castalio do?

Would Heaven but send ten thousand more,
He'd give—just as he did before.

# THOMAS YALDEN.

*Oxford*, 1669—1736.

Yalden obtained a place among the Poets under the critical administration of Doctor Johnson. As his Hymn to Darkness has been pronounced his best Poem it is here selected, for what has been admired may possibly find admirers again.

## *Hymn to Darkness.*

DARKNESS, thou first great parent of us all,
Thou art our great original:
Since from thy universal womb
Does all thou shadest below, thy numerous offspring, come.

Thy wonderous birth is even to time unknown,
Or, like eternity, thou'dst none;
Which did its first being owe
Unto that awful shade it dares to rival now.

Say, in what region dost thou dwell,
To reason inaccessible?
From form and duller matter free,
Thou soar'st above the reach of man's philosophy.

Involved in thee, we first receive our breath,
Thou art our refuge too in death:
Great monarch of the grave and womb,
Where'er our souls shall go, to thee our bodies come.

The silent globe is struck with awful fear,
When thy majestick shades appear:
Thou dost compose the air and sea,
And earth a sabbath keeps, sacred to rest and thee.

In thy serener shades our ghosts delight,
And court the umbrage of the night;
In vaults and gloomy caves they stray,
But fly the morning's beams, and sicken at the day.

Though solid bodies dare exclude the light,
Nor will the brightest ray admit;
No substance can thy force repel,
Thou reign'st in depths below, dost in the centre dwell.

The sparkling gems, and ore in mines below,
To thee their beauteous lustre owe;
Though form'd within the womb of night,
Bright as their sire they shine with native rays of light.

When thou dost raise thy venerable head,
And art in genuine night array'd,
Thy negro beauties then delight;
Beauties, like polished jet, with their own darkness bright.

Thou dost thy smiles impartially bestow,
And know'st no difference here below:
All things appear the same by thee,
Thou light distinction makes, thou giv'st equality.

Thou, darkness, art the lover's kind retreat,
And dost the nuptial joys complete;
Thou dost inspire them with thy shade,
Givest vigour to the youth, and warm'st the yielding maid.

Calm as the bless'd above the Anchorites dwell,
Within their peaceful gloomy cell.
Their minds with heavenly joys are filled;
The pleasures light deny, thy shades for ever yield.

In caves of night, the oracles of old
Did all their mysteries unfold:
Darkness did first religion grace,
Gave terrors to the God, and reverence to the place.

When the Almighty did on Horeb stand,
Thy shades enclosed the hallowed land;
In clouds of night he was array'd,
And venerable darkness his pavilion made.

When he appear'd arm'd in his power and might,
He veil'd the beatifick light;
When terrible with majesty,
In tempests he gave laws, and clad himself in thee.

Ere the foundation of the earth was laid,
Or brighter firmament was made,
Ere matter, time, or place, was known,
Thou, monarch darkness, sway'dst these spacious realms alone.

But, now the moon (though gay with borrow'd light)
Invades thy scanty lot of night:
By rebel subjects thou'rt betray'd,
The anarchy of stars depose their monarch shade.

Yet fading light its empire must resign,
And nature's power submit to thine:
And universal ruin shall erect thy throne,
And fate confirm thy kingdom evermore thy own.

# EUSTACE BUDGELL.

*Exeter*, 1685—1736.

The cousin of Addison and an important contributor to the Tatler, Spectator and Guardian, his other Works have for the most part perished, for they were upon temporary, or personal subjects. His latter years were unfortunate. He was ill-used by the great, he was imprudent, the South Sea Scheme absorbed the larger part of his fortune, and at length he threw himself into the Thames.

A passage in his dedication to the late Queen Caroline, of the poem from which the extract is taken is worth copying into every scholar's common place-book. "Every man may be a scholar who has strong eyes, a plodding head, a phlegmatick temper, and leisure to study; but if with all these happy talents he has a wrong judgment and an ill taste, he is but hourly adding to a collection of absurdities, and grows every day either a more insufferable pedant, or distinguished coxcomb."

*From a Poem on his Majesty's late journey to Cambridge and Newmarket.*

BRITANNIA's king, in arms, in arts renown'd,
With martial wreaths, and peaceful olives crown'd,

His mind unbending from severer cares,
From Europe's counsels and the world's affairs,
Of Granta's learned seats prefers the charms
And quits awhile even Carolina's arms.
See, as in solemn state he moves along,
How all the way the pleased transported throng
On their great Monarch fix their ardent eyes,
And with applauding thunder rend the skies:
Hark, how to Heaven their suppliant voice they raise,
Imploring health and length of glorious days.
For this, his steers unyoked, the painful hind,
Leaves the long furrow half unploughed behind;
Soon as he sees the royal train advance,
Eager he presses for a single glance;
The godlike aspect strikes his ravish'd sight,
And his heart flutters with unknown delight;
Thus passes through his realm Britannia's lord,
Like the young sun in Eastern climes adored,
Like that bright orb with a diffusive ray,
Chears all and makes the face of nature gay.

And now, O Cam, to thy illustrious domes,
Thy royal guest, thy king, thy patron comes;
With loyal raptures, and in decent state,
The learned throng upon their sovereign wait;
His gracious presence all obedient greet,
And fall in crouds submissive at his feet:

But most the laurel'd tribe in transport gaze,
On the great subject of their future lays;
While thus intent they view his form serene,
His awful look and his majestick mien;
Their fancies in a blaze of glory lost,
Doubt which immortal virtue merits most;
His publick labour which all Europe shares,
Or his more private and domestick cares;
The consort's fondness, or the generous arts,
Of reigning in a free-born peoples' hearts.
His open ear to all, and free access,
Each subject's wrong impartial to redress,
His never ceasing study to call forth
Virtue oppress'd, and undistinguish'd worth,
His constant justice join'd with winning ease,
His martial prowess or his love of peace.
The fair with different eyes observant trace,
The softer lines and beauties of his face;
His easy greatness, his engaging air,
And charms that might the coldest heart ensnare,
Yet aw'd by duty, struggling with desire,
They check the growing flame and silently admire.

And now assembled with his learned seers,
Such is his love of arts, the king appears;
In graceful order all around him stand,
The lettered youth, the hopes of Britain's land

* * * * *

Meanwhile great Brunswick, nodding from his throne,
Confirms their rights, and yet asserts his own;
By his creating voice, propitious, wise,
Physicians, lawyers, and divines arise;
Even here his regal grandeur he maintains,
And in the council of the Muses reigns.

* * * * *

Nor think, O Prince from whom these honours spring,
Such condescensions are beneath a king;
Without a genius to transmit his deeds,
In vain the patriot wakes, the hero bleeds;
But in the poet's and historian's page,
They act, and shine again through every age.
Achilles lives in Homer's verse alone,
Æneas now had been a name unknown;
Lost in the mass of unremembered things,
Had not the Mantuan poet plumed his wings:
Thy glorious predecessor great Nassau,
Who rescued nations, who gave Europe law;
Of common mortals must have felt the doom,
And been forgot in ages yet to come;
Had not his Halifax embalm'd his name,
And Addison secured his deathless fame

* * * *

# H. PRICE.

*Published*, 1736.

He was a Landwaiter in the Port of Poole, and published, in 1736, a translation of the Batrachomuomachia, which he dedicated to Lord Hinton.

*Man that is born of a Woman, &c.*

How short, how narrow is the span!
How few the years allowed to man!
And even in those few years he feels,
And groans beneath a thousand ills.

As springs the flower, in some gay mead,
Then sudden hangs its drooping head:
So does our boasted strength decay,
And like the shadow fly away.

For every moment that we breathe,
'Tis hastening to the gates of death;
And who can needful help afford
In that sad hour, but thou, O Lord?

Conscious of guilt to thee we cry,
And raise the hand, and lift the eye;
Yet sure our sins may justly move
Thine anger rather than thy love.

But, O most holy! most adored!
Superior King! Almighty Lord!
Have mercy when we yield our breath,
Nor doom us to eternal death.

The secrets of our hearts are known
To thee, O God! and thee alone:
Be gracious then, and let us find
Thee ever good, and ever kind.

---

*To William Okeden, Esq; imitated from Casimir.*

THE snowy treasures of the sky,
That on the glittering mountains lie,
Soon from their brows will melt away,
Struck by the sun's dissolving ray.

But when old age begins to spread
Its reverend emblems round thy head;
There, Okeden, shall they shine display'd
Till thou thyself in dust art laid.

Let fate but only spare thy youth,
And fate shall justify thy truth,
When changed from what thou wert before,
She bids thee die, and be no more.

See! mighty Marlborough, once the boast
Of all th' embattled British host,
Beneath the dreadful stroke expires,
Unbraced his nerves, extinct his fires.

For strength is nought, and tears shall flow,
In vain, when heaven designs the blow:
If thou can'st wish to stretch thy days,
Let all thy actions merit praise.

That man is old, whom, when he dies,
His country views with weeping eyes:
Fame is his due; and that shall save
His name from darkness and the grave.

# ELIZABETH ROWE.

1674—1737.

A woman of exemplary piety and virtue. Her poems shew much spirit and cultivation, and are chiefly characterised by their devotion. They are at times a little more enthusiastick than is allowable even for poetry, and are sometimes distorted by metaphysicks, but generally their beauties prevail over their faults.

*On the death of the Honourable Henry Thynne, Esq. only son of the Right Honourable Thomas, Lord Viscount Weymouth.*

Ye stately buildings, and ye fair retreats,
That lately seemed, of guiltless joys the seats;
You groves, and beauteous gardens, where we find
Some graceful tracts of Weymouth's active mind;
Put off your chearful looks, and blooming air,
And wear a prospect suited to despair:
Such as the melancholy muse requires,
When funeral grief the mournful song inspires.

The muses here Amyntas should deplore,
Who visits these delightful walks no more.
The noble youth, adorn'd with ev'ry grace,
The boasted hope and glory of his race,
No more shall these inviting shades frequent;
What merit can the fatal hour prevent?

Lament, ye gloomy grotts, and charming bowers,
Pine at your roots, ye various plants and flowers,
Decay'd may all your painted blossoms fall,
Nor let the genial ray your life reveal,
Nor e'er again your gentle tribute bring,
(Gay Nature's pride) to crown the fragrant spring:
Tho' in her prime the lovely season here,
Till now, has triumph'd round the changing year;
And blooming still the wintry turns defy'd,
Nor blasting air, nor nipping frost has try'd,
While the glad sun ev'n linger'd in his race,
And blest with constant smiles the happy place.
Ye tender myrtles mourn, nor let your boughs
Hereafter deck one joyful lover's brows.
Ye folding bays, and laurel's sacred shade,
At once let all your wreathing glories fade.
May raging tempests in the grove contend,
And from the stately firs their branches rend:
Nor let their shade receive the feather'd throng,
Which chear the evening with their tuneful song;

Nor ever here let balmy zephyrs stray,
And with their fragrant breath perfume the opening day.

Ye swelling fountains, be for ever dry,
Or far from these unhappy borders fly;
Nor let the skill of any daring hand,
To grace these walks your dancing spouts command,
Nor sportive Tritons from their native course
Aloft in air, their silver currents force;
While deep cascades the musing thought delight,
And rushing waves to soft repose invite.
Let the proud pedestals no longer prop
Their marble loads, but into ruins drop;
The forms of heroes, and poetic gods,
But ill become these desolate abodes;
Amyntas is no more; who best could trace
Their fine proportions, judge of ev'ry grace
The speaking gesture, and pathetick face,
Whatever air a noble thought exprest,
An image met in his own generous breast.
Nor sculpture, nor heroick numbers told
A great design, or glorious name enroll'd;
But moved in him an emulating flame,
And had occasion try'd, his deeds had been the same.

Accomplish'd youth! why wast thou snatch'd away?
A thousand lives should have redeem'd thy stay.
Must worth like thine, so sort a period find,
And leave so many useless things behind,
Unthinking forms, the burthen of the state;
While a whole nation suffers in thy fate?

---

*On Love.*

VICTORIOUS love, thou sacred mystery!
What muse in mortal strains can speak of thee?
We feel the effect, and own thy force divine,
But vainly would the glorious cause define.
In part thy power in these cold realms is known;
But in the blest celestial seats alone,
Thy triumphs in their splendid heights are shown.
Thy gentle torch, with a propitious light,
And spotless flame, burns there for ever bright.
Expressless pleasure, and transporting grace,
With lasting beauty, shine upon thy face.
By every tongue thy charms are there confest,
And kindle joys in every heavenly breast:
For thee they touch the soft, melodious string,
And love in glad triumphant accents sing,
Almighty love, whence all their raptures spring.

## A HYMN,

IN IMITATION OF CANT. V. VI, VII

Ye pure inhabitants of light,
Ye virgin minds above,
That feel the sacred violence,
And mighty force of love.

By all your boundless joys, by all
Your love to human kind,
I charge you to instruct me where,
My absent Lord to find.

I've search'd the pleasant vales and plains,
And climb'd the hills around;
But no glad tidings of my love,
Among the swains have found.

I've oft invoked him in the shades,
By every stream and rock;
The rocks, the streams, and echoing shades,
My vain industry mock.

I traced the city's noisy streets,
And told my cares aloud;
But no intelligence could meet
Among the thoughtless crowd.

I searched the temple round, for there
He oft has blest my sight,
And half unveil'd, of his loved face
Disclosed the heavenly light.

But with these glorious views, no more
I feast my ravish'd eyes,
For veil'd with interposing clouds,
My eager search he flies.

Oh, could I in some desert land
His sacred foot-steps trace,
I'd with a glad devotion kneel,
And bless the happy place.

I'd follow him o'er burning sands,
Or where perpetual snow
With horrid aspect cloathes the ground,
To find my Lord, I'd go.

Nor stormy seas should stay my course,
Nor unfrequented shore,
Nor craggy Alps, nor desert wastes
Where hungry lions roar.

Thro' ranks of interposing deaths
To his embrace I'd fly,
And to enjoy his blissful smiles,
Would be content to die.

*To Mr. Prior, on his Solomon.*

A MUSE devoted to celestial things,
Again for thee profanes the immortal strings;
The stars, the myrtle shade, and rosy bower
She quits, to revel in thy ivory tower;
The music of the spheres and heavenly throngs
She minds no more, to listen to thy songs.
Enchanted with thy lovely Hebrew king,
Gabriel in vain displays his purple wing;
Boasts of his golden zone, and bright attire,
His starry crown, soft voice and charming lyre;
With all his fine address, and glittering shew,
The muse abandons the celestial beau:
Perverted by the Jewish monarch's eyes,
She fondly turns apostate to the skies,
And envies Abra's beauty, while it shines
With undecaying bloom in Prior's lines.

# MATTHEW GREEN.

1696—1737.

Author of the Spleen, a poem of considerable merit. He filled a place in the Custom-House in London.

## *AN EPIGRAM,*

*On the Reverend Mr. Laurence Eachard's, and Bishop Gilbert Burnet's histories.*

GIL's history appears to me
Political anatomy,
A case of skeletons well done,
And malefactors every one.
His sharp and strong incision pen
Historically cuts up men,
And does with lucid skill impart
Their inward ails of head and heart.
Laurence proceeds another way,
And well-dress'd figures does display:
His characters are all in flesh,
Their hands are fair, their faces fresh;

And from his sweetning art derive
A better scent than when alive;
He wax-work made to please the sons,
Whose fathers were Gil's skeletons.

---

## *The Sparrow and Diamond.*

A SONG.

I lately saw what now I sing,
Fair Lucia's hand display'd;
This finger graced a diamond ring,
On that a sparrow play'd.

The feather'd play-thing she caress'd,
She stroak'd its head and wings;
And while it nestled on her breast,
She lisp'd the dearest things.

With chisel bill a spark ill set
He loosen'd from the nest,
And swallow'd down to grind his meat,
The easier to digest.

She seized his bill with wild affright,
Her diamond to descry;
'Twas gone! she sicken'd at the sight,
Moaning, her bird would die.

The tongue-ty'd knocker none might use,
The curtains none undraw,
The footmen went without their shoes,
The street was laid with straw.

The doctor used his oily art
Of strong emetick kind,
The apothecary play'd his part,
And engineer'd behind.

When physick ceased to spend its store
To bring away the stone,
Dicky, like people when given o'er,
Picks up when let alone.

His eyes dispell'd their sickly dews,
He pecked behind his wing;
Lucia recovering at the news,
Relapses for the ring.

Meanwhile within her beauteous breast
Two different passions strove;
When avarice ended the contest,
And triumph'd over love.

Poor little, pretty, fluttering thing,
Thy pains the sex display,
Who only to repair a ring
Could take thy life away!

Drive avarice from your breasts, ye fair,
  Monster of foulest mien,
Ye would not let it harbour there,
  Could but its form be seen.

It made a virgin put on guile,
  Truth's image break her word,
A Lucia's face forbear to smile,
  A Venus kill her bird.

# THOMAS SHERIDAN.

*County of Cavan, Ireland, 1723.*

The friend, and butt of Swift and his contemporaries, of whom it is said by the Dean, "He is a generous honest good-natured man; but his perpetual want of judgment and discretion makes him act as if he were neither generous, honest, nor good-natured." Doctor Sheridan was somewhat wrong headed.

## *A new Simile for the Ladies.*

I often tried in vain to find
A simile for womankind;
A simile, I mean, to fit 'em;
In every circumstance to hit 'em.
Through every beast and bird I went,
I ransacked every element;
And after peeping through all nature,
To find so whimsical a creature,
A Cloud presented to my view;
And strait this parallel I drew:

Clouds turn with every wind about,
They keep us in suspense and doubt,
Yet oft perverse, like womankind,
Are seen to scud against the wind :
And are not women just the same ?
For, who can tell at what they aim ?
Clouds keep the stoutest mortals under,
When bellowing they discharge their thunder;
So when the alarum-bell is rung,
Of Xanti's everlasting tongue ;
The husband dreads its loudness more
Than lightening's flash, or thunder's roar,
Clouds weep as they do, without pain ;
And what are tears but woman's rain ?
The clouds about the welkin roam ;
And ladies never stay at home.
The clouds build castles in the air ;
A thing peculiar to the fair ;
For all the schemes of their forecasting
Are not more solid nor more lasting.
A cloud is bright by turns, and dark ;
Such is a lady with her spark :
Now with a sullen pouting gloom
She seems to darken all the room ;
Again she's pleased, his fears beguiled,
And all is clear when she has smiled.

In this they're wond'rously alike,
(I hope the simile will strike)
Though in the darkest dumps you view 'em,
Stay but a moment you'll see through 'em.
The clouds are apt to make reflexion,
And frequently produce infection;
So Celia with small provocation
Blasts every neighbour's reputation.
The clouds delight in gaudy shew,
For they like ladies have their beau,
The gravest matron will confess
That she herself is fond of dress.
Observe the clouds in pomp array'd
What various colours are display'd,
The pink, the rose, the violet's dye,
In that great drawing-room the sky:
How do these differ from our graces
In garden-silks, brocades, and laces?
Are they not such another sight,
When met upon a birth-day night?
The clouds delight to change their fashion;
Dear ladies be not in a passion,
Nor let this whim to you seem strange,
Who every hour delight to change.
In them and you alike are seen
The sullen symptoms of the spleen;

The moment that your vapours rise,
We see them dropping from your eyes.
In evening fair you may behold
The clouds are fringed with borrow'd gold.
And this is many a lady's case
Who flaunts abroad in borrow'd lace.
Grave matrons are like clouds of snow,
Their words fall thick, and soft, and slow;
While brisk coquets, like rattling hail
Our ears on every side assail.
Clouds, when they intercept our sight,
Deprive us of celestial light:
So when my Chloe I pursue,
No heaven besides I have in view.
Thus, on comparison, you see,
In every instance they agree;
So like, so very much the same,
That one may go by t' other's name.
Let me proclaim it then aloud
That every woman is a cloud.

---

*Doctor Sheridan, to Dean Swift.*

DEAR Dean since in cruxes and puns you and I deal,
Pray, why is a woman a sieve and a riddle?

'Tis a thought that came into my noddle this morning,
In bed as I lay Sir, tossing and turning.
You'll find, if you read but a few of your histories,
All women as Eve, are women in mysteries.
To find out this riddle I know you'll be eager,
And make every one of the sex a Belphegor.
But that will not do, for I mean to commend 'em:
I swear without jest, I an honour intend 'em.
In a sieve Sir, their ancient extraction I quite tell,
In a riddle I give you their power and their title.
This I told you before, do you know what I mean Sir?
*Not I by my troth Sir.*—Then read it again Sir.
The reason I send you these lines of rhyme double
Is purely through pity to save you the trouble
Of thinking two hours for a rhyme as you did last:
When your Pegasus canter'd in triple, and rid fast.
As for my little nag, which I keep at Parnassus,
With Phœbus's leave, to run with his asses,
He goes slow and sure, and he never is jaded,
While your fiery steed is whipp'd, spurr'd, bastinaded,

# JOSEPH MITCHELL,

*Scotland, about* 1684—1738.

The man who returned Thompson's Werter to him with this foolish and impertinent couplet.

Beauties and faults so thick lie scattered here,
Those I could read if these were not so near.

By Cibber's account he seems to have been vicious and dishonest. He was called Sir Robert Walpole's poet, and during great part of his life entirely depended upon his bounty. His poems were printed in two volumes, 1729.

*The Charms of Indolence, dedicated to a certain lazy Peer.*

THY charms, O sacred Indolence, I sing,
Droop, yawning Muse, and moult thy sleepy wing.
Ye lolling powers, (if any powers there be,
Who loll supine) to you I bend my knee:
O'er my lean labour, shed a vapoury breath,
And clog my numbers, with a weight like death.

I feel the arrested wheels of meaning stand:
With poppy tinged, see! see! yon waving wand.
Morpheus, I own the influence of thy reign;
A drowsy sloth creeps, cold, thro' every vein.
Turr'd, like the Muses' magistrate, I sit,
And nod, superiour in a dream of wit.
Action expires, in honour of my lays,
And mankind snores encomiums to my praise.
Hail, holy state of unalarm'd repose!
Dear source of honest, and substantial prose!
Thou blest asylum of man's wearied race!
Nature's dumb picture, with her solemn face!
How shall my pen, untired, thy praise pursue?
O woe of living to have aught to do!
'Till the Almighty fiat waken'd life,
And wandering chaos rose in untry'd strife;
Till atoms jostled atoms, in the deep,
Nature lay careless, in eternal sleep.
No whispering hope, no murmurring wish, possest
A place, in all the extended realms of rest.
The seeds of being undisturb'd remain'd,
And indolence, thro' space, unbounded reign'd.
Thence, lordly sloth, thy high descent we trace!
The world's less ancient than thy reverend race!
Antiquity's whole boast is on thy side,
That great foundation of the modern pride!

Thou wert grown old before the birth of man,
And reign'dst before formation's self began.
From thee creation took its new-born way,
When infant nature smiled on opening day.
Now, winking, weary of the oppressive light,
It longs to be re-hush'd in lulling night:
For each bold starter from thy powerful reign
Returns, at length, thy humble slave again.
Oh! happy he, who, conscious of thy sweets,
Safe to thy circling arms, betimes retreats.
Raised on thy downy carr, he shuns all strife,
And lolls along the thorny roads of life.
Indulgent dreams his slumbering senses please,
And his numb'd spirits shrink to central ease.
Nor passion's conflicts his soft peace infest,
Nor danger rouzes his unlistening rest.
Stretch'd in supine content, afloat, he lies,
And drives down time's slow stream, with unfix'd eyes.
Lethargick influence bars the approach of pain,
And storms blow round him, and grow hoarse in vain.
Forgetfulness plays balmy round his head,
And Halcyon fogs hang lambent o'er his bed.
O sovereign sloth! to whom we quiet owe,
Nature's kind nurse! soft couch for weary woe!

Safe in thy arms the unbusied slumberer lies,
Lives without pain, and, without sighing, dies!
States rise or fall, his lot is still the same,
For he 's above mischance, who has no aim.
How cursed the man, who still is musing found!
His mill-horse soul forms one eternal round;
When wiser beasts lie lost, in needful rest,
He, madman! wakes, to war on his own breast.
Thoughts dash on thoughts, as waves on waves increase,
And storms of his own raising wreck his peace.
Now, like swift coursers, in the rapid race,
His spirits strain for speed—now, with slow pace,
The sinking soul, tired out, scarce limps along,
Sullen, and sick, with such extremes of wrong.
What art thou, life, if care corrodes thy span?
A gnawing worm! a bosom-hell to man!
If e'er distracting business proves my doom,
Thou, Indolence, to my deliverance come.
Distil thy healing balm, like softening oil,
And cure the ignoble malady of toil.
Thou, best physician! can'st the sulphur find,
That dries this itch of action on the mind.
Malice, and lust, voracious birds of prey,
That out-soar reason, and our wishes sway;
Desire's wild seas, on which the wise are tost,
By pilot indolence, are safely crost.

Hu h'd in soft rest, they q[illegible] captive, lie,
And wanting nourishment, grow faint and die.
By thee O sacred Indolence, the sons
Of honest Levi loll like lazy drones,
While batter'd hirelings drudge, in saying prayer,
Thou takest sleek doctors to thy downy care.
Well dost thou help, to form the double chin,
Dilate the paunch, and raise the reverend mien.
By thee, with stol'n discoures they are pleas'd,
That we, with worse, may not be dully teez'd:
A happiness! that laymen ought to prize,
Who value time, and would be counted wise.
From thee, innumerable blessings flow!
What coffee-man does not thy virtues know?
Tobacconists and news-mongers revere
Thy lordly influence, with religious fear.
Chairs, coaches, games, the glory of a land,
Are all the labours of thy lazy hand.
The Excise, the Treasury, strengthen'd by thy aid,
Own thy great use, and energy, in trade.
Who does not taste the pleasures of thy reign?
Princes, themselves, are servants in thy train.
Diogenes! thou venerable shade,
Thou wert, by Indolence, immortal made.
Thee most I envy of all human race,
E'en in a tub, thou held'st thy native grace,

Thy soul out-soar'd the vulgar flights of life,
And look'd abroad, with scorn, at noise and strife.
To thy hoop'd palace no bold business press'd,
No thought usurp'd the kingdom of thy breast.
Thou to high-fated Alexander's face
Maintaind'st, that ease was nobler far than place,
The insulted world before him bow'd the knee:
Thou sat'st unmoved, more conqueror than he.
Scarce, O ye advocates for wit's wild chase,
Can your long heads be reconciled to grace!
In drowsy dulness, deep devotion dwells,
But searchful care contented faith expels.
Did ever Indolence produce despair,
Or, to rash wishes, prompt the impatient heir?
When murmurings, and rebellions, shake a state.
Does love of rest, or action, animate?
When did two sleepers clash in murderous war,
Or love of ease draw wranglers to the bar?
O'er sea and land, the world's wide space around,
Poize ev'ry loss, and probe each aking wound;
Then say which most, or business, or repose,
Worries our lives, and wakes us into woes?
What first gave talons to coercive law?
Small need to keep the indolent in awe!
Hatch'd we our South-Sea egg, by want of thought?
Are jobbers airy arts, in slumber taught?

What state was ever bubbled out of sense,
By good, unfeared, unmeaning Indolence?
Weigh and consider, now, which cause is best,
And yawning, yield—there's happiness in rest.
O how I pity those deluded fools,
Who drudge their days out in bewildering schools!
Who seeking knowledge, with assidious strife,
Lose their long toil, and make a hell of life!
Grasping at shadows, they but beat the air,
And cloud the spirits they attempt to clear.
Jargon of tongues, perplexive terms of art,
And mazy maxims, but benight the heart.
No end, no pause, of painful search they know,
But, still proceeding, aggrandize their woe;
Their nakedness of soul with fig-leaves hide,
And wrap their conscious shame in veils of pride.
Erring, they toil some shadowy gleam to find,
And wandering, feel their way, sublimely blind.
Learning in this, in that scale, doubt be laid,
And mark how pomp is, by plain truth outweigh'd.
Hereafter then, ye poring students cease,
Nor maze your minds, nor break your chain of peace.
Make truce with leisure for awhile and view,
What empty nothings your desires pursue.
Remember Adam's fatal itch, to know,
Was the first bitter spring of human woe.

Think how presumptuous 'tis for breathing clay,
To tread Heav'ns winding paths, and lose its way
Think what short limits understanding boasts,
And shun the enticements of her shoaly coasts.
With Solomon, that prudent sage! and me,
From fruitless labour set your spirits free.
Bind up bold thought, in slumber's silky chain,
Since all we act, and all we know, is vain.

# SAMUEL WESLEY.

1739.

Master of Blundell's School at Tiverton. Student of Christ Church, Oxford, and near twenty years Usher in Westminster School. His Poems were published in 4to. 1736.

*On the setting up Mr. Butler's Monument in Westminster-Abbey.*

WHILE Butler, needy wretch, was yet alive,
No generous patron would a dinner give:
See him, when starved to death and turn'd to dust,
Presented with a monumental bust!
The poet's fate is here in emblem shown,
He asked for bread, and he received a stone.

*Advice to One who was about to write, to avoid the Immoralities of the Ancient and Modern Poets*

If e'er to writing you pretend,
Your utmost aim and study bend,
The paths of virtue to befriend,
However mean your ditty;
That while your verse the reader draw
To reason's and religion's laws,
None e'er hereafter may have cause
To curse your being witty.

No gods, or weak or wicked feign,
Where foolish blasphemy is plain;
But good to wire-draw from the strain
The critick's art perplexes:
Make not a pious chief forego
A Princess he betray'd to woe,
Nor shepherd unplatonick, show
His fondness for Alexis.

With partial blindness to a side,
Extol nor surly stoick pride,
When wild ambition's rapid tide
Bursts nature's bonds asunder
Nor let a hero loud blaspheme,
Rave like a madman in a dream,
'Till Jove himself affrighted seem,
Not trusting to his thunder.

Nor chuse the wanton Ode, to praise
Unbridled loves, or thoughtless days,
In soft Epicurean lays;
A numerous melting lyrick:
Nor satire, that would lust chastise
With angry warmth and maxim wise,
Yet, loosely painting naked vice,
Becomes its panegyrick.

Nor jumbled atoms entertain
In the void spaces of your brain;
Deny all gods, while Venus vain
Stands without vesture painted:
Nor shew the foul nocturnal scene
Of courts and revellings unclean,
Where never libertine had been
Worse than the poet tainted.

Nor let luxuriant fancy rove
Through nature, and through art of love,
Skill'd in smooth Elegy to move,
Youth unexperienced firing:
Nor gods as brutes expose to view
Nor monstrous crimes, nor lend a clue
To guide the guilty lover through
The mazes of desiring.

Nor sparrow mourn, nor sue to kiss,
Nor draw your fine-spun wit so nice,
That thin-spread sense like nothing is
Or worse than nothing shewing:
Nor spight in Epigram declare,
Pleasing the mob with lewdness bare,
Or flattery's pestilential air
In ears of princes blowing.

Through modern Italy pass down,
(In crimes inferior she to none)
Through France, her thoughts in lust alone
Without reserve proclaiming:
Stay there, who count it worth the while,
Let us deduce our useful stile
To note the poets of our isle,
And only spare the naming.

Sing not loose stories for the nonce,
Where mirth for bawdry ill atones,
Nor long-tongued wife of Bath, at once,
On earth and heaven jesting:
Nor while the main at virtue aims,
Insert, to sooth forbidden flames,
In a chaste work, a squire of dames,
Or Paridell a feasting.

Nor comick licence let us see,
Where all things sacred outraged be,
Where plots of mere adultery
Fill the lascivious pages:
One only step can yet remain,
More frankly, shamelessly unclean,
To bring it from behind the scene,
And act it on the stages.

Nor make your tragick hero bold
Out-bully Capaneus of old,
While justling gods his rage behold,
And tremble at his frowning:
Nor need'st thou vulgar wit display,
Acknowledged in dramatick way
Greatest and best; O spare the lay
Of poor Ophelia drowning.

Nor dress your shame in courtly phrase,
Where artful breaks the fancy raise,
And ribaldry unnamed the lays
Transparently is seen in:
Nor make it your peculiar pride
To strive to shew what others hide,
To throw the fig-leaf quite aside,
And scorn a double meaning.

Nor ever prostitute the muse,
Malicious, mercenary, loose,
All faith, all parties to abuse;
Still changing, still to evil:
Make Maximin with heaven engage,
Blaspheming Sigismonda rage,
Draw scenes of lust in latest age,
Apostle of the Devil.

Detest prophaning holy writ,
A rock where heathens could not split:
Old Jove more harmless charm'd the pit,
Of Plautus's creation;
Than when the adulterer was show'd
With attributes of real God:
But fools, the means of grace allow'd,
Pervert to their damnation.

Mingle not wit with treason rude,
To please the rebel multitude:
From poison intermix'd with food
What caution e'er can screen us?
Ne'er stoop to court a wanton smile,
Thy pious strains and lofty stile,
Too light let nor an Alma soil,
Nor paltry dove of Venus.

Such plots deform the tuneful train,
Whilst they false glory would attain,
Or present mirth, or present gain,
Unmindful of hereafter.
Do you mistaken ends despise,
Nor fear to fall, nor seek to rise,
Nor taint the good, nor grieve the wise,
To tickle fools with laughter.

What tho' with ease you could aspire
To Virgil's art or Homer's fire;
If vice and lewdness breathes the lyre,
If virtue it asperses!
Better with honest Quarles compose
Emblem, that good intention shews,
Better be Bunyan in his prose,
Or Sternhold in his verses.

# JOHN OLDMIXON.

1711

A morose, malevolent, dishonest party writer, but not destitute of ability. He published a volume of Poems, 1696 in imitation of Anacreon, and in the preface he declares that he has "endeavoured every where to be easy and natural," and says, "You will find nothing in this little volume, but what was the real sentiments of my heart at the time I writ it; and he that will not give himself a greater liberty, has no need to fear being thought forced, or unnatural, which is the greatest vice in verses of Love and Gallantry." What pretensions a man can have to ease or nature, who vents himself in laborious whinings upon trifles, the following specimens will evince.

*To Cloe.*

Prithee Cloe not so fast
Let's not run and wed in haste!
We've a thousand things to do,
You must fly and I pursue;
You must frown, and I must sigh
I intreat, and you deny.

Stay—If I am never cross,
Half the pleasure will be lost,
Be or seem to be severe,
Give me reason to despair;
Fondness will my wishes cloy,
Make me careless of the joy.
Lovers may of course complain
Of their trouble and their pain;
But if pain and trouble cease
Love without it will not please.

---

*On a Perfume taken out of a young Lady's Bosom.*

Begone! bold rival from my fair,
Thou hast no plea for business there;
'Twere needless where the lily grows,
To add perfumes, or to the rose;
Faint are the sweets which thou canst give
To those which in her bosom live;
Thence tender wishes, amorous sighs,
Love's breath, the richest odours rise.
Not all the spices of the East,
Nor India's grove, nor Phenix' nest,
Send forth an odour to compare
With what we find to please us there.

Where nature has been so profuse
Thy little arts are of no use.
Thou canst not add a grace to her,
She 's all perfection every where.
Speak saucy thing, for I will know
How much to her and me you owe.
Whence comes this sweetness so divine?
Speak, is it her's or is it thine?
Ha! Varlet, by the fragrant smell
'Tis her's, all her's, I know it well;
I know you robb'd Olivia's store,
But hence! for you shall steal no more
Begone she has no room for thee,
Olivia's bosom must be free
For nothing but for love and me.

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*To the Bath and Zelinda in it.*

Oh! could I change my form like Jove,
In showers like him, I'd feast my love,
And mingling with the waters play,
Around Zelinda's breast as they.
Ah! happy waves you may at large
Sport in the bosom of your charge,
Survey her limbs and all her charms;
And wanton in her virgin arms.

Be civil yet and have a care
You ben't too saucy with my fair,
Your rival I shall jealous grow,
Nor can one eager touch allow,
You wildly rove, you kiss, embrace
Her body and reflect her face.
You're too officious and presume
To wander where you should not come.
You croud too thick, you stay too long,
You hurt her with your eager throng;
But warm her into love and stay,
I shall excuse your bold delay,
Soften her frozen heart and move
Zelinda's soul to think of love.
Ah! melt her breast, for pity, do,
That I may be as blest as you.

---

*To Corinna.*

Say Corinna, do you find,
Nothing in your bosom kind,
Is it never less severe,
Or d'ye never wish it were.
Yes, I read it in your eyes,
Hear it, know it by your sighs;

Sighs that gently steal their way,
Tell me all that you can say,
Tell me when you seem serene,
You're not always calm within;
But are vext with tumults there,
Such as oft disturb the fair.
Say Corinna is it true?
Say, for I 'm a lover too
And can tell you what to do;
He that 's worthy to be blest
Should be first of truth possest.
Young and constant he must be
Fixt like you and fond like me,
One that all affronts can bear,
Exiles, jealousy, despair;
One on whom you can depend,
For a lover and a friend,
Plead not now for an excuse,
Man does naught like this produce:
Justice madam, bids you see
All these qualities in me.
Justice tells you I am he.

# THOMAS TICKELL.

*Bridekirk, near Carlisle,* 1686—1740.

Goldsmith has said of Tickell, that through all his poetry there is a strain of *ballad-thinking* to be found. This praise is not perhaps peculiarly applicable. Few of our minor poets are so free from faults; the proportion ore to dross is great, but the ore is not gold.

## *To a Lady before Marriage.*

O, FORM'D by nature, and refined by art!
With charms to win, and sense to fix the heart!
By thousands sought, Clotilda, can'st thou free
Thy crowd of captives, and descend to me?
Content in shades obscure to waste thy life
A hidden beauty, and a country wife.
O, listen, while thy summers are my theme,
Ah, soothe thy partner in his waking dream.
In some small hamlet on the lonely plain,
Where Thames, through meadows rolls his mazy train;

Or where high Windsor, thick with greens array'd,
Waves his old oaks, and spreads his ample shade,
Fancy has figured out our calm retreat;
Already round the visionary seat
Our limes begin to shoot, our flowers to spring,
The brooks to murmur, and the birds to sing.
Where dost thou lie, thou thinly-peopled green?
Thou nameless lawn, and village yet unseen?
Where sons, contented with their native ground,
Ne'er travell'd further than ten furlongs round;
And the tann'd peasant, and his ruddy bride,
Were born together, and together died.
Where early larks best tell the morning light,
And only Philomel disturbs the night;
'Midst gardens here my humble pile shall rise,
With sweets surrounded of ten thousand dyes;
All savage where the embroider'd gardens end,
The haunt of echoes shall my woods ascend;
And oh, if heaven the ambitious thought approve,
A rill shall warble cross the gloomy grove,
A little rill, o'er pebbly beds convey'd,
Gush down the steep, and glitter through the glade.
What cheering scents those bordering banks exhale!
How loud that heifer lows from yonder vale!
That thrush how shrill! his note so clear, so high,
He drowns each feather'd minstrel of the sky.

Here let me trace, beneath the purpled morn,
The deep mouth'd beagle, and the sprightly horn.
Or lure the trout with well dissembled flies,
Or fetch the fluttering partridge from the skies.
Nor shall thy hand disdain to crop the vine,
The downy peach, or flavour'd nectarine;
Or rob the bee-hive of its golden hoard,
And bear th' unbought luxuriance to thy board.
Sometimes my books by day shall kill the hours,
While from thy needle rise the silken flowers,
And thou, by turns, to save my feeble sight,
Resume the volume, and deceive the night.
Oh when I mark thy twinkling eyes oppress,
Soft whispering, let me warn my love to rest;
Then watch thee, charm'd, while sleep locks every sense,
And to sweet heaven commend thy innocence.
Thus reigned our fathers o'er the rural fold,
Wise, hale, and honest, in the days of old;
Till courts arose, where substance pays for show,
And specious joys are bought with real woe.
See Flavia's pendants, large, well-spread, and right,
The ear that wears them hears a fool each night:
Mark how th' embroider'd colonel sneaks away,
To shun the withering dame that made him gay;

That knave, to gain a title, lost his fame,
That raised his credit by a daughter's shame;
This coxcomb's ribband cost him half his land,
And oaks unnumber'd, bought that fool a wand
Fond man, as all his sorrows were too few,
Acquires strange wants that nature never knew,
By midnight lamps he emulates the day,
And sleeps, perverse, the cheerful suns away;
From goblets high-emboss'd, his wine must glide,
Round his closed sight the gorgeous curtain slide;
Fruits ere their time to grace his pomp must rise,
And three untasted courses glut his eyes.
For this are nature's gentle calls withstood,
The voice of conscience, and the bonds of blood;
This wisdom thy reward for every pain,
And this gay glory all thy mighty gain.
Fair phantoms woo'd and scorn'd from age to age,
Since bards began to laugh, or priests to rage.
And yet, just curse on man's aspiring kind,
Prone to ambition, to example blind,
Our children's children shall our steps pursue,
And the same errors be for ever new.
Mean while in hope a guiltless country swain,
My reed with warblings cheers th' imagin'd plain

Hail humble shades, where truth and silence dwell!
Thou noisy town, and faithless court farewell!
Farewell ambition, once my darling flame!
The thirst of lucre, and the charm of fame!
In life's by-road, that winds through paths unknown,
My days, though number'd shall be all my own.
Here shall they end, (Oh might they twice begin!)
And all be white the fates intend to spin.

# JANE BRERETON.

1685—1740.

A virtuous and amiable woman, daughter of Mr. Thomas Hughes, of Bryn-Griffith, in Flintshire. She wrote under the name of Melissa, and her Works were published by subscription, in 1744. The praise of relatives and those with whom one's life is passed can never be mean praise; and the following Poem written after her death, by Mrs. Brereton's daughter, has sufficient merit of its own to be valuable.

*To the Memory of a Mother.*

Why sinks my heart beneath a weight of woe?
Why throbs my breast? my tears incessant flow?
Why flies the slumber from my aching eyes;
What prompts the sigh, when morning gilds the skies?
Day's chearful orb, why hateful to my sight?
Why seeks my soul the mournful gloom of night?
Ask Death the cause—too well the tyrant knows,
From his relentless hand proceed my woes.
To thee, blest shade! I chearless tune the lay,
All, for thy love, my bleeding heart can pay;
As now that love a sad remembrance brings,
The Muse must weep—yet while she weeps, she sings!
How did her care, her tenderness engage
The artless fondness of my infant age;
And, when advancing in the years of youth
Teach me the ways of wisdom and of truth?

The happy hours flew unperceived along,
While native wit flow'd tuneful, from her tongue:
Her gentle numbers charm'd the listening ear,
Melissa's name was to the Muses dear.
Nature, in her, with care unwonted join'd
The beauteous frame, and still more beauteous mind;
Neither diminish'd by affected art,
Nor guile deform'd, nor pride debased her heart;
Above her sex's foibles was her aim,
Too just, too good, to flatter or defame;
To friendship ever true, in converse free,
And dear to all—but oh! most dear to me.
With every virtue was her bosom warm,
And pure religion brighten'd ev'ry charm.
But say, lamented shade, should I repine
That thou hast changed the mortal for divine?
More than I've lost in thee, to thee is given:
I've lost a parent—thou hast gain'd a heaven.—
With spotless Rowe you tread th' etherial plains,
And wake the golden lyre to heavenly strains,
Harmonious join the blest angelick choirs,
God all the theme—while God the song inspires.
Long as I wander thro' the maze of life,
Amidst delusive joys, and cares, and strife,
Fix'd in my breast thy memory shall reside,
Thy virtue fire me, and thy precepts guide.
Thus shall I fearless feel the hand of Death,
Like thee, in peace, resign my trembling breath,
My soul exulting meet her pitying God,
And join thy raptures in the blest abode.

CAROLINA.

## *AN EPISTLE*

*To Sir Richard Steele, on the Death of Mr. Addison.*

If I, O Steele! presumptuous shall appear,
And these unskilful notes offend thy ear;
Forbear to censure what I've artless writ,
No well-bred man e'er damn'd a woman's wit
But sure there's none of all the inspired train,
Who do not of my indolence complain.
Ingrate, or indolent! or why, thus long,
Should Addison require his funeral-song?
When a loved Monarch quits his cares below,
The meanest subjects join the common woe;
But from the fav'rite who his worth best knew,
A tribute of superior grief is due.
Shall Ramsay, and Melissa lays produce?
That a mechanick's, this a woman's muse.
While thou, wit's sole surviving hope, supine
The melancholy theme dost still decline.
Exert that fire that glows within your breast,
Nor longer thus in lazy silence rest;
Aloft your skilful Muse can wing her flight,
And emulate his strains whose praise you write.
For me, the meanest of the tuneful train,
To attempt the unequal task were fond and vain;
But could I sing—Oh sacred shade! thy praise
Alone should claim, alone inspire my lays.

Thou kind preceptor of the tender fair!
Great was the charge, and generous the care.
You shew'd us virtue so celestial bright,
So amiable in so divine a light;
Ashamed at last false glories we resign'd,
By thee instructed to improve the mind.
How oft reclined beneath a sylvan shade,
Have I thy Marcia read, thy matchless maid!
In her superior worth, and virtue shine;
Her wisdom, manners, her whole self divine;
In her a great exalted mind appears;
And gentle Lucia melts my soul to tears.
Here, O ye fair, in this bright mirror learn,
Your minds with never-fading charms t' adorn!
On these accomplishments bestow some care,
'Tis no great merit, to be only fair.
His Rosamonda shall for ever prove,
A mark to keep us safe from guilty love.
Beauty's a snare, unless with virtue join'd,
An angel-form, should have an angel-mind;
But when the bard displays the artful scene,
The suppliant beauty, and the vengeful queen,
In melting notes sings her disasterous love;
With tears we pity what we can't approve.

How learn'd he was, O Steele! do thou declare;
For that 's a task beyond a woman's sphere.

Some works there are, wrought up by rules of art,
Where poor excluded Nature had no part;
But he the Stagirite's strict axioms knew
And still to nature, as to art was true.
He touch'd the heart, the passions could command,
'Twas nature all, but mended by his hand.
Sublime his style, his sentiments refined
Full of benevolence to all mankind.
In more than theory he religion knew,
And kept the heavenly goddess still in view;
Rapt on her wings, his soul extatick soars,
Leaves our dull orb, a better world explores,
And now he's reach'd the etherial plains above,
The eternal seat of harmony and love;
Blest harmony, and love anew inspire,
With hymns, like theirs, he joins the angelick quire.
He's gone! oh! never, never to return;
Around his tomb, ye sacred Muses, mourn.
Your pious tears on the cold marble shed,
You loved him living, now lament him dead!
Cold is that breast, where glow'd your hallow'd fire;
Silent that voice, whose notes you did inspire;
Still lies that hand, the lyre harmonious strung,
Unmoved the generous heart, and mute the tuneful tongue!

That dome, where his remains now lie confined,
Holds not the clay that held a nobler mind.
Here peaceful rest, to wait Heaven's great decree;
Soft be thy slumbers, sweet thy waking be!
Who can his Warwick's anxious woes express,
The bitter anguish, and the deep distress?
The lovely mourner does not grieve alone;
But distant Cambria echoes to each groan;
Her native country lends this poor relief,
We weep, we sigh, with sympathetick grief.
Even I, oppress'd with sorrows of my own,
Suspend them all to mourn her Addison.
O will she deign to accept these lowly lays,
My humble muse thus offers to his praise!

O may the lovely child, the budding fair,
Soothe all her griefs, and sweeten every care.
Still grow in virtue, as she grows in years,
'Till she in full-blown excellence appears!
May she be perfect, as his fancy wrought,
"The poet's race excel the poet's thought!"
Let blooming charms united Marcia grace,
Her sire's exalted wit, her mother's beauteous face.

*On Mr. Nash's Picture at full length, between the Busts of Sir Isaac Newton, and Mr. Pope.*

THE old Egyptians hid their wit
In Hieroglyphick dress,
To give men pains to search for it,
And please themselves with guess.

Moderns to tread the self-same path
And exercise our parts,
Place figures in a room at Bath:
Forgive them, God of Arts!

Newton, if I can judge aright,
All wisdom doth express;
His knowledge gives mankind new light,
Adds to their happiness.

Pope is the emblem of true wit,
The sun-shine of the mind;
Read o'er his works for proof of it,
You'll endless pleasure find.

Nash represents man in the mass,
Made up of wrong and right;
Sometimes a knave, sometimes an ass,
Now blunt, and now polite.

The picture, placed the busts between,
Adds to the thought much strength,
Wisdom and Wit are little seen,
But Folly's at full length.

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## *To Philotimus.*

PHILOTIMUS, if you'd approve
Yourself a faithful lover,
You must no more my anger move,
But in the mildest terms of love
Your passion still discover.

Though born to rule, you must submit
To my commands with awe;
Nor think your sex can you acquit,
For Cupid's empire won't admit,
Nor own a salique law.

# NICHOLAS AMHURST.

*Marden, Kent, 1742.*

The preface to Amhurst's poems is written with the spirit of a man who thinks himself injured, without waiting to consider whether the world would be of his opinion—it is very severe against Dr. Delaune, the head of St. John's College, whence he was ejected for his disagreement with the institutions of Oxford. In London he engaged in conducting the Craftsman, then in full popularity.

*To my Friend the Author of the Tragedy of*
SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

WHILST two great bards our grateful country mourns,
And sheds the debt of sorrow o'er their urns;
Transfused in thee, revive their generous fires,
And Liberty again her sons inspires.
Thrice happy Poet! in thy numbers glow
The elegance of Garth, and force of Rowe.
From yon bright arch thy spreading fame they see,
And triumph in a successor like thee.

Behold! to cure the frenzy of the age,
A second Cato rises on the stage;
The same their sufferings, for a cause the same;
Nor yields the English to the Roman name.

Oppress'd with noise, and drunken party-strife,
Where Isis flows, I waste a painful life,
Stunn'd with the terrours of impending woes,
And Prelates to the Church insatiate foes;
Of uncouth logick terms condemn'd to hear
The same pedantick Crambe all the year,
*Pro formâ* to dispute the questions round,
And trace the windings of scholastick ground,
To College walls reluctantly confined,
Check'd in the native freedom of my mind;
Or on the stage with corresponding eyes,
I would have seen thy British Hero rise,
For virtue and religion hear him plead,
And boldly for a thankless nation bleed;
But partial laws that happiness deny'd,
Against my will I laid the wish aside,
Content to read thee in thy genuine light,
Where no proud scenes attract the dazzled sight,
Stript of the pomp and trappings of the stage,
Strong is thy diction, and sublime thy rage;
Great in yourself, you want no foreign art
To raise compassion, and awake the heart,

The secret springs of nature to control,
And touch the different passions of the soul.
Accept, my friend, these tributary lays,
(If by that name I may presume to praise,)
Permit me, last, thy full applause to crown,
And join the publick Chorus of the Town.

---

*On the Tenth of June.*

If Fame says true, on this auspicious morn,
A beggar, coward, and a fool was born;
By lazy, lineal right, three crowns he claims,
And clothes his wandering friends with mimick names;
Proud of his fancied birth, he boasts his race,
And apes his mighty sires in every grace.
With the first Charles in bigotry he vies,
Fierce like the second to the battle flies,
Like James he's gracious, and like Anna wise.

---

*To a Friend in London, upon my returning to College.*

While you, dear Tom, in London city,
Associate with the fair and witty;

Possess'd with strange romantick pride,
She stabb'd herself, forsooth, and died;
For she would no example give,
For future prostitutes to live:
(Lord help her! if the sex will sport,
They never want examples for't.)
This feat of her's alarm'd the age,
And set the nation in a rage;
Each Roman cit was seized with dread,
Thought the horns sprouting on his head;
With doubts and jealousies perplext,
Lest his own turn should be the next:
And therefore all resolve as one,
To rout both father and the son;
Bad you may think was Tarquin's case;
Him they expel and all his race,
His name and even the name of kings,
(For rapes were then no trivial things)
The state grew popular and common,
And all by one poor silly woman.
But tho' this deed in former days
Procured our Madam wonderous praise;
Yet let not any modern beauty
Hence rashly judge that 'tis her duty,
For every little breach of honour,
To take Lucretia's airs upon her;

(For in this strict religious season
Such cautions can't be void of reason)
In ancient times the Roman dame,
To save her virtue and her fame,
According to the Pagan creed,
Might do a meritorious deed;
She might—but in a Christian nation
Self-murther's worse than violation.

---

*On the Tenth of June.*

If fame says true, on this auspicious morn,
A beggar, coward, and a fool was born;
By lazy, lineal right, three crowns he claims,
And cloathes his wand'ring friends with mimick names;
Proud of his fancied birth, he boasts his race,
And apes his mighty sires in every grace.
With the first Charles in bigotry he vies,
Fierce like the second to the battle flies,
Like James he 's gracious, and like Anna wise.

---

*To a Friend in London, upon my returning to College.*

While you, dear Tom in London city,
Associate with the fair and witty;

And, gayly rambling o'er the town,
Take the brisk juice in bumpers down;
Or, charm'd with the persuasive stage,
Laugh at the follies of the age;
To College wretched I return,
And day and night with spleen I burn:
From jovial friends, from pipe and bottle,
To prayers and musty Aristotle;
From decent meals and wholesome wines,
To foggy * coll and mutton loins,
From well-bred mirth to stupid puns,
Of pedants and of College dons,
My happy course of life I change;
No more I dress, no more I range,
But pensive mope within all day,
And sleep and rhime the hours away,
A gentle song to Laura send,
Or scribble something to my friend;
This morning as I stalk'd about,
These lines to thee I hammer'd out.

Thou, Tom, with rapture and delight
Enjoy'st the fair one in thy sight,
The fair one too perhaps on thee
Smiles, as she tattles o'er her tea:

* College Ale.

Whilst far from these distracted eyes,
My absent Laura's image flies,
To her my constant thoughts I bend,
In sighs to her my wishes send,
In vain from sighs I hope relief,
And thinking but augments my grief;
Her distant lips I seem to kiss,
And cheat myself with fancy'd bliss.

Excuse me, that I say no more,
My veins with raging fires boil o'er,
Wild roll my eyes, my heart grows sad,
Pox take me, if I don't run mad.

# WILLIAM HINCHLIFFE.

*Southwark*, 1692—1742.

A bookseller in London, who presented an Ode to George the First, on his arrival at Greenwich, collected a volume of Poems, 1718, and published another, consisting entirely of his own productions, entitled Poems Amorous, Moral, and Divine. These, as he himself says, "were composed in that season of life when the Passions generally retain a dominion over Reason; when the mind is a novice in Reflection." This he gives as an excuse for the "little levities and amorous liberties of some of the Love Poems."—Perhaps none is more pre-eminent in nonsense than the following Ode.

As a specimen of the divine the 98th Psalm will serve.

*Upon seeing Philesia at her Window, viewing a Wedding.*

## *A PINDARICK ODE.*

Now blessings on you both, ye happy pair,
Smooth be your days, and blissful all your nights,

Let sweet content crown every circling year,
And Hymen pour on you profuse delights!
Be thou, O bridegroom, long
Thus comely, sprightly, gay, and strong,
And be thy spouse still beautiful and young,
And both for ever burn with mutual deathless love!
Cease your surprize to hear a stranger bless
Your nuptials; I can do no less!
Since it admits debate,
Whether they now create,
To you, or me more happiness,
For 'tis to them I owe the mighty bliss I prove.

When Hymen trims his sacred lamp at night,
And animates himself your amorous fires;
Those joys will not exceed this heavenly sight,
Nor raise such fervour, nor such high desires.
For sure a flame like mine,
So pure, so bright, and so divine,
Within no human breast did ever shine:
Oh! my Philesia's eyes dart strong exalted love.
This blissful view of her is more to me,
Than to you love's enjoyments be:
I feel my raptured heart
Pierced thro' with pleasing smart;
And gaze with more felicity
Than the compleated vows of other lovers move,

*To Philesia, the day before her coming to Town.*

A SONG.

As the fond Turtle mourns his absent mate,
And sadly seeks his little love,
Amid the silent sprays regrets his fate,
And flutters, lonely, through the grove;

So droops my soul, thus banish'd from my fair,
For the sweet influence of thy eye!
Joyless, oppress'd with melancholy care,
I sigh, I languish, pine, and die.

In vain, alas! to sooth my am'rous pain,
I softly strike the speaking strings;
To lull my woes, attempt some pleasing strain,
And chant a thousand tender things.

In vain, alas!—For while thy absence lasts,
The speaking strings, ungrateful, sound:
No pleasing strain my sicken'd Fancy tastes;
And tender things inflame my wound.

But tho' black Night o'ershades the mournful skies,
And in dark sable clothes the spheres;

Yet, radiant Morn beholds the sun arise,
And with triumphant beams appear,

So thou, to-morrow, wilt return, my love,
Again to bless my ravish'd sight:
Then all my gloomy sorrows shall remove,
And yield to joy, and gay delight.

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*A Song of Thanksgiving, or Part of the 98th Psalm paraphrased.*

Rejoice, thou world and all that dwell therein!
Ye numerous sons of Adam, first begin
This universal song; do you confess
Your Saviour's love, his boundless bounties bless:
Let his amazing acts your breasts inspire
With high poetick thoughts, and sacred fire.
He Death and Hell with his strong arm assail'd;
And o'er them both victoriously prevail'd:
The wine-press of his father's wrath he trod,
And, singly, bore the vengeance of a God:
While floods of ire upon his soul were hurl'd,
He stood, and saved (himself!) a sinking world!
Yield then the tribute of your noblest praise,
New songs like his unheard-of mercies raise:

" For wondrous things has our Redeemer done;
" And with his own Right-Hand the conquest won."

* * * * *

Ye shining orbs who in bright circles roll,
And spread your cheering rays from pole to pole;
His praises in your silent course declare,
And to each distant zone and climate bear;
By him your radiant spheres at first were form'd,
And with gay beams of streaming light adorn'd:
You saw him from the vanquish'd grave arise,
And mount triumphant thro' the spangled skies.
Ye blustering winds, to him your homage pay,
Whose dread command both winds and storms obey:
Boreas, begin and with thy hoarser voice
Roar a loud bass; whilst others shall rejoice
In shriller strains, and whistle as they pass
Thro' the tall trees, or brush the bending grass:
" For wondrous things has our Redeemer done,
" And with his own Right-Hand the conquest won."

* * * * *

Ye beasts, who range for prey the lonesome wood;
And ye, who graze the springing herb for food;
From fury now, and trembling terror free
Forget awhile your native enmity:

Ye Lybian tygers, come with fleecy rams,
And wolves rapacious, mix with tender lambs,
The princely lion, with the generous horse;
Come all of savage rage, or sinewy force:
Let every creature bear a part to raise
One mighty Hallelujah to his praise.
Let thus, all nature gladly join to sing
The triumphs of our Saviour and our King:
Let thus, one universal song go round,
And Heaven's high roof the joyful noise resound:
"For wondrous things has our Redeemer done,
"And with his own Right-Hand the glorious conquest won."

# WILLIAM SOMERVILE.

*Edston, Warwickshire,* 1692—1742.

The Chase will preserve the Writer's name and reputation when his other Works are neglected, for it is the production of a sportsman, a scholar, and a poet. Shenstone has described his private character in one of those happy sentences, which being once heard is never to be forgotten. 'I loved Mr. Somervile, because he knew so perfectly what belonged to the *flocci-nauci-nihili-pilification* of money.'

## *ADDRESS*

*To his Elbow Chair, new-clothed.*

My dear companion, and my faithful friend!
If Orpheus taught the listening oaks to bend;
If stones and rubbish, at Amphion's call,
Danced into form, and built the Theban wall;
Why should'st not thou attend my humble lays,
And hear my grateful harp resound thy praise?
True, thou art spruce and fine, a very beau;
But what are trappings and external show?

To real worth alone I make my court;
Knaves are my scorn, and coxcombs are my sport
Once I beheld thee far less trim and gay;
Ragged, disjointed, and to worms a prey;
The safe retreat of every lurking mouse;
Derided, shunn'd; the lumber of my house.
Thy robe how changed from what it was before!
Thy velvet robe, which pleased my sires of yore.
'Tis thus capricious fortune wheels us round;
Aloft we mount—then tumble to the ground.
Yet grateful then, my constancy I proved;
I knew thy worth; my friend in rags I loved;
I loved thee more; nor like a courtier, spurn'd
My benefactor when the tide was turn'd.
With conscious shame, yet frankly, I confess,
That in my youthful days—I loved thee less.
Where vanity, where pleasure call'd, I stray'd;
And every wayward appetite obey'd.
But sage experience taught me how to prize
Myself; and how this world, she bade me rise
To nobler flights regardless of a race
Of factious emmets; pointed where to place
My bliss, and lodged me in thy soft embrace.

There on thy yielding down I sit secure;
And patiently what heaven has sent, endure;

From all the futile cares of business free,
Not fond of life, but yet content to be:
Here mark the fleeting hours, regret the past;
And seriously prepare to meet the last.

So safe on shore the pension'd sailor lies;
And all the malice of the storm defies:
With ease of body blest, and peace of mind,
Pities the restless crew he left behind;
Whilst, in his cell, he meditates alone
On his great voyage, to the world unknown.

# JAMES HAMMOND.

*About* 1710—1742.

One Prologue of fourteen lines is all that Hammond has left except his Love Elegies. Of these Poems and of such as these, the shortest specimen is always the best.

## *ELEGY VIII.*

*He despairs that he shall ever possess Delia.*

Ah, what avails thy lover's pious care?
His lavish incense clouds the sky in vain,
Nor wealth nor greatness was his idle prayer,
For thee alone he prayed, thee hoped to gain.

With thee I hoped to waste the pleasing day,
Till in thy arms an age of joy was past;
Then, old with love, insensibly decay,
And on thy bosom gently breathe my last.

I scorn the Lydian river's golden wave,
And all the vulgar charms of human life,
I only ask to live my Delia's slave,
And, when I long have served her, call her wife.

I only ask, of her I love possest,
To sink, o'ercome with bliss, in safe repose,
To strain her yielding beauties to my breast,
And kiss her wearied eye-lids till they close.

Attend, O Juno! with thy sober ear,
Attend, gay Venus, parent of desire;
This one fond wish, if you refuse to hear,
Oh, let me with this sigh of love expire!

# LORD PAGET.

1742.

This nobleman was son and heir to the Earl of Uxbridge, and died in the 51st year of his age.

A few copies of his Miscellanies in Prose and Verse were printed in the year 1741, to be circulated only among his most intimate friends.

*An Essay on Human Life.*

PLEASURE but cheats us with an empty name,
Still seems to vary, yet is still the same;
Amusement's all its utmost skill can boast,
By use it lessens, and in thought is lost.
The youth that riots, and the age that hoards;
Folly that sacrifices things to words;
Pride, wit, and beauty in one taste agree,
'Tis sensual, or 'tis mental luxury.
Sad state of nature, doom'd to fruitless pain,
Something to wish and want, but never gain:

Restless we live, and disappointed die,
Unhappy tho' we know not how, or why.

* * * * * * *

Fools ever vain, at some distinction aim,
And fancy madness is the way to Fame:
No matter how the deathless name's acquired,
By Countries ravaged, or a Temple fired:
Alike transmitted down to latest times,
A Trajan's virtues, and a Nero's crimes.
Means are indifferent so the end's obtain'd,
Richard was guilty, but what then? he reign'd.
Would you be good and great, the hope is vain,
The business is not to deserve, but gain:
Fortune is fickle, and but short her stay,
He comes too late that takes the farthest way.

Is this, O grandeur! then thy envy'd state,
To raise men's wonder, and provoke their hate?
By crimes procured, and then in fear enjoy'd,
By mobs applauded, and by mobs, destroy'd!
Say, mighty Cunning, which deserves the prize,
The courtier's promises, or trader's lies?
Some short-lived profit all the pains rewards
Of bankrupt dealers, and of perjur'd lords.

"
Honest alike, you own, but wiser far,
The knave upon the bench than at the bar:

Where lies the diff'rence? only in degree,
And higher rank is greater infamy.
Poor rogues in chains but dangle to the wind,
Whilst rich ones live the terror of mankind.

Pomp, power, and riches, all mere trifles are,
When purchased by the loss of character:
Chance may the wise betray, the brave defeat,
But they correct, or are above their fate.
Credit once lost can never be retrieved,
How few will trust the man who once deceived!
Craft, like the mole, works only under ground,
Is lost in day-light, and destroy'd when found.

Nations mistaken, reasonings ill apply'd,
And sophisms that conclude on either side,
Alike the unwary, and the weak, mislead,
Who judge of men and things, as each succeed.
Did rivals fall by Borgia's vile deceit,
A Machiavel will call a Borgia great;
The lucky cheat proclaims the villain wise,
And fraud and murder are but policies.
The same despair which made good Cato die,
To Cæsar gave his last great victory.
Had right decided, and not fate, the cause,
Rome had preserved her Cato, and her laws.

Fortune sets off the bad, as tawdry dress
Shews but the more the wearer's homeliness.
So mad Caligula's vain triumph tells,
That all his conquests are but cockle-shells.
True merit shines in native splendor bright,
Whilst false but glares awhile, and hurts the sight:
As midnight vapours cast a glimmering blaze,
And to the darkness owe their feeble rays.
The wise Egyptians when their monarch dy'd,
By truths sure standard all his actions try'd.
When no false lustre, wealth, or pow'r appears
To bias judgment by its hopes or fears;
Then conquering chiefs profuse of subjects' blood,
And lazy dotards, indolently good;
That trust their people to a favourite's care,
Whose peaceful rapines cost 'em more than war,
By injured thousands, wrongs are doom'd to be
Perpetual marks of scorn and infamy.

Fortune with fools, and wit with knaves you find,
'Tis social virtue, shews the noble mind.
Above low wisdom, Cunning's mean pretence,
There is no counterfeiting excellence:
The artful head may act the honest part,
But all true honour rises from the heart.

Which served his country best, let story shew,
A guilty Clodius, or good Cicero?
Faults are in all; but here the difference lies,
Clodius had vices, Tully vanities.
Who loves mankind by social duty taught,
Will never think their good too dearly bought;
What tho' he sacrifice the vain desire
Of some gay baubles, which the world admire;
Despising riches, and abhorring power,
When blasted with the name of plunderer:
Still he may taste life's greatest good, content;
For who so happy as the innocent?
Jugurtha murder'd, bribed, and fought his way
From subject station to imperial sway;
But insecure, 'midst all his guilty state,
The man was wretched, tho' the monarch great;
Like Cromwell, daring in the doubtful fight,
But pale and trembling in the dead of night.

* * * * * * *

*Two against One.*

Our Grandsire Adam was full sad
  Whilst he lived all alone;
On t'other hand he grew quite mad,
  When once he Eve had known.

He needs must let his fair one go,
  To ramble out, we find;
The devil picked her up; and so
  They both against him joined.

'Twas Two to One! what could he do;
  In short the man was cheated;
Had he been wise, or she been true,
  The devil had been defeated.

# RICHARD WEST.

1716—1742.

The friend of Gray, whose friendship has preserved his name and procured him a place among the English Poets. He had written but two Poems in his native language, of which one is original.

*Ode to May.*

DEAR Gray! that always in my heart
Possessest far the better part,
What mean these sudden blasts that rise,
And drive the zephyrs from the skies?
O join with mine thy tuneful lay,
And invocate the tardy day.

Come fairest nymph! resume thy reign,
Bring all the graces in thy train:
With balmy breath and flowery tread
Rise from thy soft ambrosial bed,
Where in Elysian slumber bound
Embowering myrtles veil thee round.

Awake, in all thy glories drest,
Recal the zephyrs from the west;
Restore the sun, revive the skies,
At mine and Nature's call arise!
Great Nature's self upbraids thy stay,
And misses her accustom'd May.

See! all her wants demand thy aid,
The labours of Pomona fade;
A plaint is heard from every tree,
Each budding flow'ret calls for thee;
The birds forget to love and sing,
With storms alone the forests ring.

Come then with pleasure at thy side,
Diffuse thy vernal spirit wide;
Create where'er thou turn'st thy eye
Peace, plenty, love, and harmony,
Till every being share its part,
And heaven and earth be glad at heart.

# JOSIAH RELPH.

*Sebergham, Cumberland, 1712—1713.*

The life of this interesting man has been written with much feeling by his countryman the late learned Mr. Boucher. He was the son of a Cumberland *Statesman*, who on a paternal inheritance which could not exceed, if it even amounted to, thirty pounds a year, brought up a family of three sons and a daughter, one of whom he educated for a learned profession. Josiah was sent first to Appleby School,—one of the many excellent schools of this country,—then to Glasgow; he afterwards engaged in a grammar school in his native place, and succeeded to the perpetual curacy there, but there is no reason to believe, that his income was ever more than fifty pounds.

It appears from his diary that his step-mother was harsh and unkind to him and to his sister, whom he dearly loved, the father siding with his wife; an injury which he felt the more poignantly from his having either entirely, or very near, made up to him all the expense he had been at in his education. "In a lonely dell," says Mr. Boucher, "by a murmuring stream, under the canopy of heaven, he had provided himself a table and a stool, and a little raised seat or altar of sods; hither in all his difficulties and distresses, in imitation of his Saviour, he retired and prayed; rising from his knees he generally committed to paper the meditation on which he had been employed, or the resolves he had then formed. On business and emergencies which he deemed still more momentous, he with-

drew into the church, and there walking in the aisles, in that aweful solitude, poured out his soul in prayer and praise to his maker. His sermons were usually meditated in the church-yard, after the evening had closed. The awe which his footsteps excited at that unusual hour is not yet forgotten by the villagers."

He continued his school when his constitution was visibly giving way to that disorder which at length proved mortal, being accelerated by his ascetick mode of living. "A few days before his death he sent for all his pupils, one by one, into his chamber,—a more affecting interview it is not possible to conceive; one of them, who is still living, acknowledges he never thinks of it without awe; it reminds him, he says, of the last judgment. He was perfectly composed, collected and serene. His valedictory admonitions were not very long, but they were earnest and pathetick. He addressed each of them in terms somewhat different, adapted to their different tempers and circumstances; but in one charge he was uniform,—lead a good life that your death may be easy, and you everlastingly happy. He died of a consumption before he had compleated his 32d year. After many years, a monument was erected to his memory by Mr. Boucher."

The characters as well as imagery of the Cumbrian Pastorals were taken from real life; there was hardly a person in the village who could not point out those who had sate for his Cursty and Peggy. The amorous maiden was well known, and died a few years ago, at a very advanced age.

His poems evince not any indication of his ascetick disposition, and have been twice published, first by his pupil the Reverend Mr. Denton.

*Hay-Time, or the Constant Lovers.*

WARM shone the sun, the wind as warmly blew,
No longer cool'd by draughts of morning dew;
When in the field a faithful pair appear'd,
A faithful pair, full happily endear'd:
Hasty in rows they raked the meadows pride,
Then sank amid the softness, side by side,
To wait the withering force of wind and sun,
And thus their artless tale of love begun.

CURSTY.

A finer hay-day *seer*[a] was never seen,
The greenish sops already luik less green,
As *weel*[b] the greenish sops will suin be dry'd,
As Sawney's 'bacco spred by th' *ingle-side*.[c]

PEGGY.

And see how finely striped the fields appear,
Striped like the gown '*at*[d] I on Sundays wear;
White shows the rye, the *lig*[e] of *blaker*[f] hue,
The bluimen *pezz*[g] greenment wi' reed and blue.

CURSTY.

Let other lads to spworts and pastimes run,
And spoil their Sunday *clease*,[h] and clash their shoon,

[a] *Sure.* [b] Well. [c] Fireside. [d] That.
[e] Barley. [f] Yellower. [g] Pease. [h] Cloathes.

If Peggy in the field my partner be,
To work at hay is better spowrt to me.

PEGGY.

Let other lasses ride to Rosley-fair,
And *mazle*[i] up and down the market there,
I envy not their happy treats and them,
Happier mysell if Cursty bides at heame.

CURSTY.

It's hard *aw*[k] day the heavy *scy*'[l] to swing,
But, if my lass a holesome breakfast bring,
Ee'n mowing-time is better far, I swear,
Than *Cursenmas*[m] and aw its dainty chear.

PEGGY.

Far is the *gursin*[n] off, top full the *kits*,[o]
But, if my Cursty bear the milk by fits,
For gallopin to wakes I ne'er *gen wood*,[p]
For every night's a wake, or full as good.

CURSTY.

Can thou remember, I remember 't weel,
*Sin*,[q] call *wee* things,[r] we *clavered*[s] o'er yon *steel*,[t]
Lang *wully*-wands[u] for hoops I *yust*[x] to *bay*[y]
To meake my *canny*[z] lass a leady gay.

[i] Wander. [k] All. [l] Scythe. [m] Christmas.
[n] Pasture. [o] Pails. [p] Go mad. [q] Since.
[r] Little. [s] Clambered. [t] Stile. [u] Willow.
[x] Used. [y] Bend. [z] Handsome, fine.

PEGGY.

Then *dadged*[a] we to the bog owr meadows *drue*,[b]
To plet a sword and *seevy*[c]-cap for thee;
Set off with seevy-cap and seevy-sword
My Cursty luik'd as great as anny loord.

CURSTY.

Beneath a dyke, full many a langsome day,
We sat, and *beelded*[d] houses fine o' clay;
For dishes, acorn-cúps stuid *dess'd*[e] in rows,
And broken pots for *dublers*[f] *mens'd*[g] the *waurs*.

PEGGY.

O may we better houses get than *thar*,[i]
Far larger dishes, dublers brighter far,
And ever mair delighted may we be
I to meake Cursty fine, and Cursty me.

CURSTY.

Right oft at schuil I've spelder'd owr thy rows,
Full many a time I've foughten in thy cause,
And when in winter miry ways let in,
I bore thee on my back thro' thick and thin.

a Walked leisurely. b Long. c Rushy.
d Built. e Laid carefully together.
f Platters. g Decorated. h Walls.
i These.

PEGGY.

As suin as e'er I learn'd to *kest a loup* [k]
Waran mittens *wapp'd* [l] thy fingers warmly up;
And when at heels I spy'd thy stockings out,
I darn'd them suin, or suin set on a clout.

CURSTY.

O how I liked to see thee on the *fleer*! [m]
At spworts, if I was trier, to be seer
I reach'd the *fancy* [n] *ruddily* [o] to thee,
For *nin* [p] danced hawf sae weel in Cursty's *ee*. [q]

PEGGY.

O how I swet, when, for the costly prize
Thou grupp'd some lusty lad of greater size;
But when I saw him scrawlen on the plain,
My heart aw *flacker'd* [r] for't, I was sae *fain*. [s]

CURSTY.

See! owr the field the whirling sunshine *whiews*, [t]
The shadow fast the sunshine fair pursues;
From Cursty thus oft Peggy seem'd to haste,
As fair she fled, he after her as fast.

PEGGY.

Ay, laddy, seem'd indeed, for, truth to tell,
Oft wittingly I *stummer'd*, [u] oft I fell,

[k] To knit. [l] Wrapt. [m] Floor. [n] The ribband, a prize for dancers. [o] Readily. [p] None. [q] Eye. [r] Fluttered. [s] Glad. [t] Flies. [u] Stumbled.

Pretendin some unlucky *wramp* [x] or strean,
For Cursty's kind guid-natur'd heart to *mean*. [y]

CURSTY.

Sweet is this kiss as smell of *dwallowed* [z] hay,
Or the fresh prumrose on the furst o' May;
Sweet to the teaste as pears or apples *moam*, [a]
Nay, sweeter than the sweetest honeycomb.

PEGGY.

But let us rise,—the sun's *our* [b] Carrock-fell
And luik!—*whae's* [c] you *'ats* [d] walking to the well?
Up, Cursty, up! for God's sake let me gang,
For fear the maister put us in a sang!

---

*St. Agnes's Fast, or the Amorous Maidea.*

How lang I've fasted, and 'tis hardly four,
This day I doubt *'ill* [e] neer be *gitten* [f] owr;
And theer's as lang a night, aleis! beside,
I *lall* [g] thought fasts *seck* [h] fearfu' things to bide.

Fie, Roger, fie! a *sairy* [i] lass to wrang,
And let her aw this trouble undergang;

x Wrench. y Pity. z Withered. a Mellow.
b Over. c Who is. d That is. e Will.
f Got. g Little. h Such. i Poor.

What *gars*[k] thee stay?—indeed its badly *dun*![l]
Come—come thy ways,—thou *mud*[m] as weel come suin;
For come thou *mun*,[n] aw mothers wise agree,
And mothers wise can never *seer*[o] aw *lee*.[p]

As I was *pouren*[q] pezz to scaw'd ae night
O' ane wi' *neen*[r] it was my luck to light,
This fain I underneath my bouster laid,
And gat as fast as e'er I cou'd to bed:
I dreamt,—the pleasant dream, I's ne'er forgit,
And ah! this cruel Roger comes not yet!

A pippin frae an apple fair I cut,
And clwose atween my thoomb and finger put,
Then cry'd, *whore wons*[s] my luive? come tell me true!
And even *forret*[t] stright away it fleu;
It flew as Roger's house it *wad hev*[u] hit,
And ah! this cruel Roger comes not yet!

I *laited*[x] last aw Hallow-Even lang,
For growen nuts the bussas *neak'd*[y] amang:

[k] Makes. [l] Done. [m] Mayest. [n] Must. [o] Sure.
[p] Lie. [q] Pulling. [r] Nine. [s] Where lives.
[t] Forward. [u] Would have. [x] Sought. [y] Naked.

Wi' twea at last I met; to aither nut
I gave a neame, and baith i' th' *ingle*[z] put;
Right bonnily he burnt, nor flinched a bit,
And ah! this cruel Roger comes not yet!

Turnips ae Saturday I paired, and *yell*[a]
A pairing sav'd, my sweet-heart's neame to tell;
Slap fell it on the fleer, aw ran to view
And *cawt*[b] it like a C. but cawt not true;
For nought, I's seer, but R. the scrawl wad fit,
And ah! this cruel Roger comes not yet!

A fortune-teller leately com about,
And my twea guid King Gweorge's I powt out;
Baith, baith, (and was not that a pity!) went,
And yet I cannot caw them badly spent;
She *sign'd*[c] a bonny lad and a large kit,
And ah! this cruel Roger comes not yet!

When t' other night the bride was put to bed,
And we wad try whea's turn was *neest*[d] to wed,
Oft owr the shoulder flung the stocking fell,
But not *yen*[e] *hat*[f] the mark, except mysell;
I on her feace directly meade it bit,
And ah! this cruel Roger comes not yet!

z Fire. a Whole. b Called. c Forctold.
d Next. e One. f Hit.

But what need I to *fash*[g] me ony mair,
He'll be obleeged, avoid he'r ne'er sae sare,
To come at last; its *own'd*,[h] it seems, to be,
And, weel I waite, what's own'd yen cannot flee,
Or sud he never come and *thur*[i] fulfil,
Sud cruel Roger prsive sae cruel still,
I mun not, like a fuil, gang fast aw day
And kest mysell just wittenly away.

She said, and softly slipping cross the floor,
With easy fingers oped the silent door:
Thrice to her head she rais'd the luncheon brown,
Thrice lick'd her lips, and three times laid it down;
Purpos'd at length the very worst to prove,
'Twas easier sure to die of ought than love.

---

## *The Poet's Petition.*

If Phœbus his Poet's petition would crown,
I'd ask a retreat in a snug country town,
Near which a clear stream in a valley should glide,
With fountains and meadows and groves by its side;
And then my ambition no farther should stray,
But to better my life and to better my lay,
To virtue's improvement, and vice's decay.

g *Facher.* Fr. h Destined. i These.

A competent fortune should be my next call,
Too great for contempt, and for envy too small;
I would work, not for need, but my fancy to please,
With various enjoyment of labour and ease.

A friend of like temper and honesty tried,
Should double my joys and my sorrows divide,
But far from my cottage let beauty remove,
Nor poison my innocent pleasures with love.

At town I or seldom or never would come,
Unless when no subject of satire's at home;
Or (since sweetest pleasures the soonest will cloy)
To give a new relish to surfeiting joy.

And when those dear pleasures no more shall be mine,
Not weary with life, nor yet loth to resign,
In death I would gently dissolve as in rest,
And this epitaph should be wrote in each breast.
The Poet's ambition no farther did stray,
But to better his life, and better his lay,
To virtue's improvement, and vice's decay.

## *EPIGRAM.*

Lollius, with head bent back and close-shut eyes,
All service-time devoutly snoring lies.
Its great dislike in *fies!* the parish speaks,
And wonders Lollius thus the sabbath breaks.
But I think Lollius keeps the sabbath best,
For why?—he makes it still a day of rest.

---

## *The Worm Doctor.*

Vagus, advanced on high, proclaims his skill
By cakes of wonderous force the worms to kill;
A scornful ear the wiser sort impart
And laugh at Vagus's pretended art;
But well can Vagus what he boasts perform,
For Man, as Job has told us, is a Worm.

# SAMUEL SAY.

1743.

A fellow student of Watts and Hughes, at a dissenting Academy. He published Poems and two Essays on Metre, 4to. He was an amiable man, and an ornament to his profession. It is curious to find in one of his sermons, that he has said more on the true principles of the "Graces," than is to be found in all the laboured letters of Lord Chesterfield.

*To a Lady working a Flowered Petticoat for Cecilia.*

BLEST garment, that shall those soft limbs enfold,
Proud of thy flowing train and mingled gold:
And blest the hands, whose artful fingers form
The mystick stories which that robe adorn!
Oh! had but Nature more my make refined,
And with the man the female softness join'd;
Then undistinguish'd might my shape remain,
Like Thetis' son amid the virgin train:

Then for her wear my needle should have wrought
Embroider'd figures by my passion taught.
Love would direct my artless hands, and guide
The slender thread thro' the fine woof to slide.
Here I, my sex conceal'd, the gentle fire,
Would into her unwary breast inspire,
While near me the bright Dame (affected pride
And modest virgin-blushes laid aside)
In native innocence secure should stand,
Commend my labours, and approve my hand.
What nor my pen, nor faultering tongue could dare,
The bolder Needle, fearless, should declare;
And the dumb shadow's silent voice proclaim
My humble love, and court the haughty dame.

---

*The Dream. Addressed to Morpheus.*

O THOU! that with thy drowsy wand
Canst wakeful eyes to rest command;
Suspend the lover's anxious care,
And make a truce with black Despair.

While thy mimick power, of shapes
Numberless, that in the cell
Of the busy Fancy dwell,
Pleasing dreams and visions makes.

Tell me from what glorious store
Thou hast brought the richest form
That did ever night adorn,
——Or visit sleeping minds before.

So like Belphœbe, so divine
Did the beauteous image shine,
Wretched Timias thought him blest;
Of the heavenly Dame possest.

Sweet it look'd, and so it smiled
As when first th' indulgent maid,
My unweary heart beguil'd,
And to fatal love betray'd.

Sleep! why shou'd'st thou thus deceive
One too easy to believe?
Why with his vain hopes conspire
To flatter thus his fond desire?

Rather let him see disdain
In her angry looks appear;
In her eyes the tokens clear
Of sad resolves t' encrease his pain.

Let some hated Ghost, whose pride
Thousand hapless souls have sigh'd,
That knows to frown, put on the face,
And Belphœbe's borrow'd grace.

Bid the haughty Shadow come,
In her voice and in her mien
An unusual fierceness seen
Sternly to pronounce his doom.

Then, perhaps, from hopeless love
Thou his wretched mind may'st move;
Or thy brother Death release,
Whom in vain you strive to ease.

But if the hand, that should save,
Never will the cure apply,
Let him then sleep in his grave;
Let a wretch despair and die!

But if you with pow'rful art,
Can soften minds, and change the thought;
That Belphœbe may be brought
To sigh, and love, and feel my smart.

Then may oft such dreams return,
When in mutual fires we burn;
Till our hands and hearts shall join,
And I shall ever call her mine!

*A Hymn on* 1 *Chron. xvii.* 16. *And David the King came, and sat before the Lord, and said, Who am I, O Lord God, and what is mine House, that thou hast brought me hitherto?*

LORD! in this last concluding eve,
Thy name I will adore;
Who, to my many years of life
One year hast added more.

Nor life alone, but health, and strength
Thro' all the indulgent year:
And liberty, than life itself
To me more justly dear.

Thy bounty has with richest store,
My table daily spread:
Richly am I, or kindlier, Lord,
With food convenient fed.

And when the timely hours of sleep
To needful rest invite;
Thou dost my peaceful slumbers watch,
And guard me every night.

When distant friends secure I reach'd,
Thy Providence I own;
Whilst in infected towns I lodg'd,
And travel'd roads unknown.

In deaths and dangers, every place
Did health and peace afford:
Safe I went out, and safe return'd,
For thou went with me, Lord!

Oh! may thy presence guard me still,
And guide in all my ways;
For in the midst of snares I walk,
And tread a dangerous maze.

And whilst our errors, Lord, and all
Thy mercies I review:
I wonder—and adore the grace
That brought me hitherto!

# HENRY CAREY.

1748.

Harry Carey, for by that name he is better known, was the author of Chrononhotonthologos, and of the satires which fixed upon Ambrose Philips the nickname of Namby-Pamby. Though a musician by profession, he hated and ridiculed the absurdity of the Italian Opera, on which he wrote a burlesque called the Dragon of Wantly, and afterwards a sequel called the Dragoness, which his friend John Frederick Lampe set to musick, and did them both justice. The popular ballad of "Sally in our Alley" is his, and was composed by him in consequence of overhearing the courtship of two young persons in humble life, while walking in the fields. The simplicity and nature that is in it will ever entitle it to favour. Carey had the rare merit of regarding decency, though he was a humourist and a song-writer. His life was led without reproach, but it was unfortunate, and he died by his own hands.

*A Satyr on the Luxury and Effeminacy of the Age.*

BRITONS! for shame, give all these follies o'er,
Your antient native nobleness restore:

Learn to be manly, learn to be sincere,
And let the world a Briton's name revere.
Let not my countrymen become the sport,
And ridicule of every foreign court;
But let them well of men and things discern,
Their virtues follow, not their vices learn.

Where is the noble race of British youth,
Whose ornaments were wisdom, learning, truth?
Who, e'er they travell'd, laid a good foundation
Of liberal arts, of manly education;
Nor went, as some go now, a scandal to their nation.
Who travel only to corrupt the mind;
Import the bad, and leave the good behind.

To learning, and to manly arts estranged,
(As if with women sexes they'd exchanged)
They look like females, dressed in boys' attire,
Or Salmon's waxwork babies, propp'd by wire:
And, if a brace of powdered coxcombs meet,
They kiss and slabber in the open street.
Curse on this damn'd, Italian pathic mode,
To Sodom and to Hell the ready road!
May they when next they kiss, together grow,
And never after separation know.

Our petits maitres now are so polite,
They think it ungenteel to read or write:
Learning with them is a most heinous sin,
Whose only study is to dress, and grin,
To visit, to drink tea, gallant a fan,
And every foolery below a man.

Powder'd and gumm'd the plaister'd fop appears,
The monkey's tail hangs 'twixt the ass's ears,
Just emblem of the empty apish prig,
Who has more grin than grace, less wit than wig.
'Stead of a sword, their persons to secure
They wear a bodkin rather, or a skewer;
But with a tossil of prodigious make,
To shew they wear the weapon for the top-knot's sake.

Saucy and pert, abrupt, presumptive, loud,
These shadows triumph o'er the vulgar crowd;
But let a man of sense and soul appear,
They fly before him like the timorous deer:
For, be they ne'er so healthy or so young,
Their courage only lies upon their tongue.

They talk not of our army, or our fleet,
But of the warble of Cuzzoni sweet,
Of the delicious pipe of Senesino,
And of the squalling trull of Harlequino;

Who, were she English, with united rage
Themselves would justly hiss from off the stage:
With better voice, and fifty times her skill,
Poor Robinson is always treated ill:
But, such is the good nature of the town,
'Tis now the mode, to cry the English down.

Nay, there are those as warmly will debate
For the Academy, as for the State;
Nor care they whether credit rise, or fall,
The Opera with them is all in all.
They'll talk of tickets rising to a guinea,
Of pensions, dutchesses, and Bononcini;
Of a new eunuch in Bernardi's place,
And of Cuzzoni's conquest, or disgrace.

Not but I love enchanting musick's sounds
With moderation, and in Reason's bounds;
But would not, for her Syren charms, reject
All other business, with supine neglect.
When leisure makes it lawful to be gay,
Then tune your instruments, then sing and play;
Musicians! I shall give what you deserve,
Yet will let not all other artists starve:
But ever deal with a more liberal hand
To him, who sings what I can understand.

I hate this singing in an unknown tongue,
It does our reason and our senses wrong;
When words instruct, and musick cheers the mind,
Then is the art of service to mankind:
But when a castrate wretch, of monstrous size,
Squeaks out a treble, shrill as infant cries,
I curse the unintelligible ass,
Who may, for ought I know, be singing mass.

Or when an Englishman, a trimming rogue,
Compounds his English with a foreign brogue,
Or spoils Italian with an English tone,
(Which is of late a mighty fashion grown,)
It throws me out of patience, makes me sick,
I wish the squalling rascal at old Nick;
Far otherwise it is with honest Dick:
Like Clytus he, with noble Græcian pride,
Throws all unmanly Persian arts aside;
Sings when he's ask'd, his singing at an end,
He's then a boon, facetious, witty friend.
How much unlike those fools who sing or play,
Yet for themselves have scarce a word to say:
Who shall one moment with their music please,
The next with stupid conversation teaze!

But above all those men are most my jest,
Who, like uncleanly birds, bewray their nest.
When Englishmen implicitly despise
Their own produce, can English merit rise?
Nipp'd in the bud, or suffered once to blow,
How can it ever to perfection grow?

Yet erst for arts and arms we've been renown'd,
Our heroes and our bards with garlands crown'd;
Are we at last so despicable grown,
That foreigners must reign in arts alone,
And Britain boast no genius of its own?

Can then our British Syrens charm no more,
That we import these foreign minstrels o'er,
At such expence from the Italian shore?
Are all our English women ravens grown?
And have they lost their melody of tone?
Must Music's science be alone deny'd
To us, who shine in every art beside?
Is then our language grown a very joke,
Not fit by human creatures to be spoke?
Are we so barbarous, so unpolite?
We but usurp superior merit's right.
Let us to them our wealth, our dwellings yield,
To graze with savage brutes in open field:

And when we've learn'd to squeak Italian, th
If they so please we may come home again.
Is musick then of such importance grown
All other knowledge must be overthrown?
Let then the learned Judge resign the bench
To some fine singer, some Italian wench:
Let the Divine forget the labour'd text,
With tones and semi-tones to be perplext:
The Merchant too regard his trade no more,
But learn to sing at sight and write in score.
Let us forget our ancient barbarous speech,
And utter nought but what Italians teach:
Let's send our useless dross beyond the sea
To fetch polite Imperial and Bohea:
Let our Toupets to such a length extend,
That vanquished France shall copy, but not mend:
And Italy itself be forced to say
We fiddle and we sing as well as they.

---

*The Distressed Father; or the Author's Tears over his dear Daughter Rachel.*

Oh! lead me where my darling lies,
Cold as the marble stone;
I will recal her with my cries,
And wake her with my moan.

Come from thy bed of clay, my dear!
See! where thy father stands;
His soul he sheds out tear by tear,
And wrings his wretched hands.

But ah, alas, thou canst not rise,
Alas, thou canst not hear,
Or at thy tender father's cries,
Thou surely would'st appear.

Since then my love, my soul's delight,
Thou canst not come to me,
Rather than want thy pleasing sight,
I'll dig my way to thee.

---

*To the Memory of Mr. George Haydon, Author of many excellent Compositions in Musick.*

HAYDON! these little legacies of thine
Glow with the tincture of a warmth divine:
The master shines in all that thou hast done;
And Envy's self must now thy merit own.
I loved thee living, and thy shade revere,
What more but silence, and a friendly tear.

# RICHARD SAVAGE.

*London*, 1697—1743.

The strange misfortunes of this worthless man, have given him a fame which his writings would never have obtained.

*Verses to a young Lady.*

POLLY, from me, though now a love-sick youth,
Nay though a poet hear the voice of truth!
Polly, you're not a beauty, yet you're pretty;
So grave, yet gay; so silly, yet so witty;
A heart of softness, yet a tongue of satire;
You've cruelty, yet even with that, good nature:
Now you are free, and now reserved awhile;
Now a forced frown betrays a willing smile.
Reproach'd for absence, yet your sight denied;
My tongue you silence, yet my silence chide.
How would you chide me, should your sex defame!
Yet, should they praise, grow jealous, and exclaim.

If you despair, with some kind look you bless;
But if I hope, at once all hope suppress.
You scorn; yet should my passion change or fail,
Too late you'd wimper out a softer tale.
You love; yet from your lover's wish retire;
Doubt, yet discern; deny, and yet desire.
Such Polly, are your sex—part truth, part fiction,
Some thought, much whim, and all a contradiction.

---

*The Gentleman. Addressed to John Jolliffe, Esq.*

A DECENT mien, an elegance of dress,
Words, which, at ease, each winning grace express;
A life, where love, by wisdom polish'd shines,
Where Wisdom's self again, by love, refines;
Where we to chance for friendship never trust,
Nor ever dread from sudden whim disgust;
To social manners, and the heart humane,
A nature ever great, and never vain;
A wit, that no licentious pertness knows;
The sense, that unassuming candour shows;
Reason, by narrow principles uncheck'd,
Slave to no party, bigot to no sect;
Knowledge of various life, of learning too;
Thence taste, thence truth, which will from taste ensue:

Unwilling censure, though a judgment cl
A smile indulgent, and that smile sincere;
An humble, though an elevated mind;
A pride, its pleasure but to serve mankind
If these esteem and admiratic a raise;
Give true delight, and gain unflattering pr
In one wish'd view, th' accomplish'd man
These graces all are thine, and thou art he.

---

*The Poet's Dependance on a Statesman.*

SOME seem to hint, and others proof will bring,
That, from neglect, my numerous hardships spring.
Seek the great man! they cry—'tis then decreed,
In him, if I court fortune, I succeed.

What friends to second? who for me should sue,
Have interests, partial to themselves, in view.
They own my matchless fate compassion draws;
They all wish well, lament, but drop my cause.
There are who ask no pension, want no place,
No title wish, and would accept no grace.
Can I intreat, they should for me obtain
The least, who greatest for themselves disdain?

A statesman, knowing this, unkind, will cry,
Those love him: let those serve him!—why
should I?
Say, shall I turn where lucre points my views;
At first desert my friends, at length abuse?
But, on less terms, no promise he complies:
Years bury years, and hopes on hopes arise;
I trust, am trusted on my fairy gain;
And woes on woes attend, an endless train.

Be posts disposed at will!—I have, for these,
No gold to plead, no impudence to teaze.
All secret service from my soul I hate;
All dark intrigues of pleasure, or of state.
I have no power, election votes to gain;
No will to hackney out polemick strain;
To shape, as time shall serve my verse or prose,
To flatter thence, nor slur, a courtier's foes;
Nor him to daub with praise, if I prevail;
Nor shock'd by him with libels to assail.
Where these are not, what claim to me belongs?
Though mine the muse and virtue, birth and wrongs.

Where lives the Statesman, so in honour chear,
To give where he has nought to hope, or fear?
No!—there to seek, is but to find fresh pain:
The promise broke, renewed and broke again;

To be, as humour deigns, received, refus'
By turns affronted, and by turns amus'd,
To lose that time, which worthier thought
To lose the health, which should those
inspire;
To starve and hope; or like cameleons fe
On ministerial faith, which means but ai

But still, undrooping, I the crew disdain,
Who, or by jobs, or libels wealth obtain.
Ne'er let me be, through those, from want exempt;
In one man's favour, in the world's contempt:
Worse in my own!—through those to posts who
rise,
Themselves, in secret, must themselves despise;
Vile, and more vile, till they, at length, disclaim
Not sense alone of glory, but of shame.

What though I hourly see the servile herd,
For meanness honoured, and for guilt prefer'd;
See selfish passion, public virtue seem;
And public virtue an enthusiast dream;
See favoured falsehood innocence belie'd,
Meekness depress'd and power-elated pride;
A scene will show, all-righteous vision haste;
The meek exalted, and the proud debas'd!

Oh to be there—to tread that friendly shore
Where falsehood, pride, and statesmen are no more!
But ere indulged—ere Fate my breath shall claim,
A Poet still is anxious after fame,
What future fame would my ambition crave?
This were my wish—I could aught my memory save,
Say, when in death my sorrows lie reposed,
That my past life no venal view disclosed;
Say, I well knew, while in a state obscure,
Without the being base, the being poor;
Say, I had parts, too moderate to transcend,
Yet sense to mean, and virtue not t'offend,
My heart supplying what my head denied;
Say, that by Pope esteem'd I lived and died,
Whose writings, the best rules to write could give;
Whose life, the nobler science how to live.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

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